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By Gustav Ludwig Moritz Strauss, M.D.

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"What is Man's Life?
Suff'ring and Strife,
Sighs, Sobs, and Tears;
A Jot of Joy—a Sea of Sorrow;
A dark 'To-day,' beset with Fears
Of darker still 'To-morrow.'"

Infelix.

"What is Man's Life on Earth?
All Peace and Rest and Mirth;
Of Pleasures full, with Troubles light;
All Gladness, Smiles and Laughter.
A happy 'Here,' with Promise bright
Of happier still 'Hereafter.'"

Felix.

IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

REMINISCENCES

OF

AN OLD BOHEMIAN

SENEX LOQUAX.—OLD AGE IS GARRULOUS

D. Strauss

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON
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Inscribed

TO

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT

THE SECRETARY OF THE

ROYAL LITERARY FUND

(*Ac præcipuè pluribus pater et mihi*)

AS A FEEBLE MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S HEARTFELT GRATITUDE TO
THE MAN, AND ADMIRATION OF THE SCHOLAR

REMINISCENCES

OF

AN OLD BOHEMIAN.

"I write what's uppermost, without delay."

REMINISCENCES, simply reminiscences—a few leaves culled from a long life's ledger, dipping here and there, almost at random, and without regard to chronological order—not an ambitious attempt at an autobiography, nor, indeed, least of all, "confessions," after the manner of Jean Jacques.

Of an old Bohemian.

Old—yes! Though I have for many long years fought hard against the admission, I make it here at once, fully and handsomely, in homage to truth and fact. Yes, I am an old man—old in years, older still in bitter experience and in suffering.

One's age, like all else in this world, is relative, and not to be reckoned by the mere tale of years one has lived; but, like military service in time of war, to be computed rather by the number of campaigns one has passed through in the incessant hard struggle against adversity, that falls to the share of most mortals.

There are aged men of barely thirty summers yet, as there are sprightly evergreens of more than seventy

winters. Of some it may be said that they have hardly ever been young; of others, that they seem never to grow old. I may, in a certain sense, claim to belong almost equally to both classes. Early misfortunes, losses and crosses, had, ere yet my spring was fairly on, graven so many lines in my face, and ploughed so many furrows in my brow, that the winter of my life now finds but little room for additions.

A Bohemian—yes, in the fullest sense of the term. A Bohemian of the true old school, which is now fast dying out—the greater the pity, perhaps.

Of Bohemianism it may be said, as of greatness, that some men are born to it, some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them. Now, as for me, I may truly aver that, though not exactly born to Bohemianism in the common acceptation of the term as applied in literary and artistic circles, yet I took to it naturally and kindly when circumstances thrust it upon me, and I found it, accordingly, a facile and pleasing task to achieve it.

It may savour of conceit in an obscure old man to wish to place the reminiscences of his humble life on record. However, as the most learned sage may find something new to him in the pages of a first spelling-book, even so may there be found something not altogether uninteresting in the plain narrative of a checkered career, albeit that he who tells the tale has all along travelled through the world's lowlands. Let this plead my excuse.

It is my earnest wish to be strictly truthful in narrating these reminiscences of my life, to the best of my recollection and belief; and I will endeavour to tell them in the simplest and chattiest way.

I have always been credited with an excellent memory; I am afraid, however, upon very insufficient and deceptive grounds. I only know that I have absolutely forgotten

at least ten times as much as I can still, most imperfectly, remember. I have never kept a diary, nor have I ever noted down a single event in my life; and, with rare exceptions, I have hardly ever preserved a letter.

Memory is a capricious faculty—precocious and of rapid development in some, of tardy birth and slow growth in others; retentive* or the reverse; imaginative and inventive in most people, and in a great many tenacious or treacherous, as occasion may require, or personal interest dictate.

By way of illustration:—Some years ago there was a witness heard, in an English Equity Court, in a case of disputed possession and title, who boldly laid claim to the most precocious and prodigious memory on record. He was a respectable gentleman, a J. P., whose bare word would before a bench of magistrates have outweighed the sworn testimony of twenty common people. Well, this gentleman remembered, verbatim and literatim, long and tortuous discussions on points of genealogy, which he stated on oath he had overheard at the tender age of two years and a half. Sad to relate, Sir Richard Malins, made sceptical, no doubt, by seeing over much of the

* A very dear friend of mine is gifted with the most tenaciously retentive memory. He remembers events, conversations, letters, &c., to the minutest details, no matter after what lapse of time. I once maintained in his presence, in my paradoxical way, that a man had an indefeasible claim to the fullest liberty of action, and that even an intending suicide ought not to be interfered with, but should be permitted to do with himself as he listed. Many long years after I was striving might and main to persuade a slightly inebriate Bohemian—a right good fellow in the main—to let me take him home, telling him at last that his obstinate refusal to accept my friendly counsel and help was tantamount to deliberately wilful constructive suicide, which no true friend could stand idly by seeing perpetrated in his very presence. My friend with the retentive memory stood by at the time, with a pleasant smile on his face. "Well, what of that, old boy," he said. "Don't you remember such and such a time when you were preaching a very different doctrine?" And he repeated exactly what I had said fifteen years before. I had forgotten it until brought back to my recollection. He quoted it verbatim. And I and many others have known him over and over again to perform similar feats.

dark side of human nature, bluntly rejected this witness's evidence as altogether unworthy of belief.

So I may, perhaps, claim credence when I own that the early impressions of my babyhood are simply a blank.

I have reason to believe, however, upon trustworthy hearsay evidence, that I was born at Trois-Rivières, in Lower Canada, a British subject, though of foreign, slightly composite, extraction, with a strange mixture of Italian, French, German, and Sarmatian blood in my veins.

The first event in my life that made a more lasting impression on my infantile mind, was a disagreement with my French nurse, in which an attempted demonstration of independence on my part, supported by my little fists, brought upon my frail frame a very hailstorm of cuffs, interspersed with painful pinches. It was my first introduction to conscious physical and mental suffering. It laid in me the foundation of that uncompromising hatred of all tyranny and arbitrary rule which has clung to me through life—perhaps also of that stiff-necked self-willedness, in the earlier period of my career euphemistically qualified by me as sturdy independence of character—which has but too often barred or marred my advancement in life.

Nurse coaxed me after, stuffing me with lollipops; and at night, before my parents she called me the sweetest little cherub. I have since then, in my way through the world, had to suffer many repetitions of this first infantile experience of mine—always barring the coaxing and the lollipops after.

This happened in New York; I was in my fifth year then. It was about three months—as I learnt at a much later period of my life, of course—before the outbreak of the right-of-search war between America and England, in which the latter country had magnanimously given way to American clamour—too late, however, the Americans

pretended, to prevent hostilities. We were passing through the Empire City on our way to the old Continent, where my parents' presence was required by important business in connection with my maternal grandfather's recent death. This business involved also a most remarkable errand, to wit, to try to get a pound of butter out of a dog's mouth—said dog being no less an animal than the Almighty Czar of all the Russias and all the Russians, who, it would appear, had seized in his insatiate imperial maw certain property to which my mother—poor innocent!—thought she had an indefeasible claim. Had the friendship between Napoleon and Alexander continued, my father might have brought to bear some influence upon the latter; but as the Franco-Russian war was raging when we reached Europe, that influence would certainly have told the other way. The war also compelled a delay of many months in the initiatory proceedings, which in its turn made all subsequent steps almost hopelessly difficult.

This was the beginning of my wanderings. I am afraid I must have been born with a mercurial temperament and a restless disposition. Still, had we but stayed in Canada, I might have grown more settled in time. Might-have-beens are fruitless speculations, however.

On our trip across the Atlantic I had to swallow, or, more correctly speaking, the reverse, the first extensive dose of sea-sickness, which most objectionable ailment has affectionately attended me ever since in all my maritime travels, making even a run across the Channel a formidable and painful undertaking to me, yet the dread of which has never had sufficient power over me to lessen my inborn restlessness and passion for roving. It was this restlessness that gained me, at a very early period of my life, the nickname of the "Wandering Jew."

A wanderer I have been through life, and a wanderer

I am likely to remain until I reach the great universal junction where all wayfarers on earth have to change for the next stage on the never-ending road to the threshold of eternity.

Of the events of the next four years of my life I have only a most hazy recollection, save for one brief glimpse of fairyland, which, though but a passing, fantastic, and superlatively crazy dream, left a deeper and more lasting impression upon my young heart and mind.

All I can dimly discern in my mind's eye, is a rapid succession of dissolving views of scenes and places we passed through on our apparently ceaseless journeyings through France, the British Isles, and all over the Continent, including the dreary regions of Poland and Russia, until we fixed at last, though even then at first, for a time only, upon a local habitation at Linden, which now almost forms part of the city of Hanover.

Here my father bought a charming country-house, with extensive orchard and garden; and here we had the good luck to engage as cook an accomplished blue ribbon, who had been high-soundingly christened Thusnelda Irma, but to whom my mother gave the plain and much more prosaic name Lise. Her I remember well. I was just about seven when she came to us, and she had been with us for close upon four years when she died. She had few foibles—very few indeed. She was free even from the failing so common among *great* cooks—an inordinate love for moistening the clay, to wit—and she did not take snuff—a most valuable negative virtue in a cook, which I learned to appreciate in later years, when circumstances brought me into familiar contact with some of the grandest adepts in the coquinarian art, craft, and mystery, who *did* take snuff, and would not mind a bit letting the effects drop into the dainty dishes their hands were deftly mixing and preparing. Our Lise possessed the four

cardinal virtues of a good cook, to wit—an intelligent knowledge of the art, untiring patience, wise economy, and scrupulous cleanliness.

One of her very few foibles and failings was that she would not take kindly to the name of Lise, bestowed upon her by mother.

Now in all things concerning the sex I have, from earliest boyhood, cultivated a certain chivalrous feeling. So when, with the acuteness of a sharp young mind, I discovered that Thusnelda and Irma sounded more grateful to cook's ears than Lise, I made it a point to invariably address her by either or both grand names; and here, indeed, it was brilliantly shown that virtue is its own reward, for with a liberal heart and a free hand would Thusnelda Irma dispense to her "little gentleman,"—as she was wont to fondly call me—no end of tit-bits, dainties, and sops-in-the-pan, which Lise would most probably have been rather more chary of.

Not alone this: but quite against the traditional rooted dislike of culinary artists to trespassers on their domain who would pry into their arcana, she took a positive delight in instructing me (*ludendo*) in her noble art. I may as well state here, at once, that I have, from my earliest boyhood, been possessed by a passion for "cooking" in all its branches. I verily believe Nature intended me for a great cook, and that it was adverse fortune alone that spoilt my glorious chance of developing into an illustrious chef, a beneficent autocrat of the kitchen.

Be this as it may, the dear old woman loved to inculcate in my receptive young mind the true nature of the processes of boiling, roasting, frying, and baking, and the scientific principles severally underlying them, to reveal to me the composition and the compounding, and the "doing" and dishing of her most recondite dishes. It was from her that I learnt the preparation of all sorts

of salads and macédoines, and the mysteries of pickling and preserving.

She was truly great in her art, which with her had unconsciously developed into a science.

I have in after-life known Alexis Soyer and some other famous chefs. I gratefully acknowledge the many "wrinkles" I owe to my dear departed friends, John Brough, Thomas Littleton Holt, and James Lowe.

The late Dr. Karl Tausenau showed me once how to make bouillabaisse without red gurnet. Horwitz, the chess-player and artist, was great in fish cooking. I learnt much from him in that special line of the art, more particularly the proper way of preparing carp à la polonaise—*i.e.*, with beer sauce. Charles Sala showed me how to cook a bloater to perfection by a new system invented by him, which had only the trifling drawback of being a trifle expensive. It is easy to do: you take a large soup-plate and pour a quartern of the best whisky into it; you then lay two fine bloaters on the plate, set fire to the spirit, and turn the bloaters over and over again in the burning whisky. When the spirit is consumed the herrings are done to perfection. A good dish, but *not* economical—oh, no!—price of two bloaters, twopence, quartern of "fuel," eightpence—an expensive luxury—raither! I have also had the advantage of kitchening for a time with the renowned Madame Boileau, a first-rate Parisian purveyor of certain dishes, such as matelotes, sturgeon and salmon steaks, rognons sautés au vin de Madère—with *real* Madeira, actually in the dish, not in the cook's stomach—field-lark and field-fare pies, and most delicious pastry. Many a chat *de re culinariâ* have I enjoyed with Godfrey Turner—*n'est-ce pas tout dire?* And last, though certainly not least, I have in the course of many years interchanged many famous coquinarian receipts with my most esteemed friends Tegetmeier and

Draper, both of them high authorities on all things pertaining to the kitchen and the dining-room. But not one of all of these ever could reach to the non-excelsior height of that grand old female Gamaliel at whose feet a kind fate permitted me to sit and learn in my early boyhood.*

Speaking of my friend Draper, even as I write this the dear fellow sends me, per letter, one of his queer culinary concetti: "*Tomato tart.*—Skin and slice the tomatos as apples, only instead of sugar and cloves put pepper and salt and the merest trifle of grated lemon-peel and nutmeg, with a little butter—tart as usual. Add a spoonful of Worcester, or Harvey, or Chef, or Nabob for gravy, and dish. Let me know how this agrees with you." "What a splendid sight is now before me," the letter runs on; "your own favourite Bohemian glass mug, with the views of Munich and other sausage shops in enamelled ruby—*filled*—filled to the brim, with fresh sparkling ale in first-rate condition, rich gold in colour, frothing like milk newly drawn from the cow, flavour that would send Olympus into ecstasies, and make the gods pitch their nectar into Styx—(my service t'ye, sir!)—Ha! Bonam beerum non facit malum Latinam! There; if that doesn't send you off to the nearest pub, I'll—never mind."

Food and drink are twins, that should be cultivated conjointly; the art and science of drinking and drinks is every whit as important to life and health as the art and science of eating and food. Were this profound truth but once universally understood in all its details and bearings, man would socially and individually have taken an immense step in advance; the momentous

* If any enterprising publisher feels inclined to go in for a really good cookery book, I am sure Messrs. Tinsley will be pleased to give him the "Old Bohemian's" address.

question of true moderation and real temperance would be finally settled, the extreme champions of hard drinking and total abstinence being both sent to the limbo of nonentities.

Of our glorious old cook it might truly be said, *omne tulit punctum*, for she was equally great in the liquid as in the solid department; and as she was my teacher in the one branch, so she was also—within certain very strictly drawn limits—my guide in the other. She taught me how to make good coffee, tea and chocolate; and how to prepare a variety of pleasant refreshing beverages. From her I learnt the great secret of real egg-flip and spiced ale.

She taught me the theoretical and the practical difference between infusion and decoction, and a skilful combina- of the two, by which the most delightful café au lait is produced. From her I learnt the art of brewing and bottling beer, from sweet "Weizen Lager"—a kind of Edinburgh ale, brewed from malted wheat—to light bitter and *Broihan*—a delightful non-intoxicant summer beer brewed without hops; also the production of a wholesome pure strong vinegar—for she was a rare domestic chemist, considerably in advance of the age in which she lived.

It was by watching her on the sly that I found out her *modus operandi* in mixing the various kinds of grog, punch, toddy, &c., and learnt the golden rule of always putting in first the lemon or orange-peel, the pine-apple slices, &c., the spices (where needed), the acid and the sugar, then the water, and the spirit last. I had to watch her on the sly, for she was always wondrously anxious to keep me at a safe distance from anything in the shape of strong drink. Bless her dear memory for it!

It was only much later in life that I managed to acquire, gradually and progressively, that experience and skill in the brewing of a variety of cups, punches, grogs, bishops, cardinals, neguses, toddies, broses, and French burnt-brandy-punch, for which, I think, I may say it without vanity, I have so long enjoyed a flattering reputation among my friends.

Burnt-brandy-punch I learnt to prepare from no less a personage than General Cavaignac's brother, Godefroi, with whom, before his lamented death, I did a deal of potation, and, in the earlier period of our acquaintance, a trifle of conspiracy against Louis Philippe *Smith*—as my friend de Godde-Liancourt slightingly dubs him—for I was wondrously red in those days. Poor Alfred de Musset taught me how to emerald the emerald poison (which chiefly killed him) by adding to the absinthe one-fourth part of Chartreuse verte. Of my ever dear departed friend Jacobsen I learnt to compound a stunning liqueur of cherry broth, Maraschino and Kirschwasser. The father of Angus B. Reach, a jovial old crony of mine, cut out for a veritable chief in Bohemia, even more so than his genial son, taught me how to brew toddy to perfection, and how to sip it with a due regard for next morning.* An ancient mariner, whom I met casually at the Ship Tavern, in Edinburgh, initiated me into the mysteries of Athol brose. My ever revered

* Mr. Reach, the elder, was an enthusiastic admirer and a most excellent judge of good music and singing. I remember on one occasion, when Jenny Lind was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, I went with him to hear the great singer. The house was crowded in every part, and we could hardly secure standing room at the rear of the amphitheatre. It was an immense treat for my old friend. After a sweet simple ballad, sweetly fluted by the Swedish nightingale, he seized me by the arm in rapt ecstasy, his eyes suffused with tears, and literally dragged me from the place, downstairs into the street. He apologized to me, but told me that for the life of him he could not "ha'e bided anither minnit," as he would not for all in the world have the impression weakened which the singing of that ballad had made on his mind.

old master, the great Raspail, of camphor and spirit of hartshorn renown, and one of the most accomplished chemists of the age, showed me how to brew cardinal, bishop, and other wine punches. In milk punch and egg punch, *par excellence*, I had the illustrious Arnold Ruge for teacher, the author of "Die Loge des Humanismus." For my well-known skill in preparing real pine-apple cup I am indebted, in a great measure at least, to Johannes Ronge, of Holy Coat of Treves fame. My acknowledged super-excellence in "*Maitrank*"—that wondrous drink of Hock or Moselle, flavoured with woodruff (*Asperula odorata*)—I gratefully ascribe to the late Ludovicus Häusser, the historian, the famous president of the once-renowned Heidelberg select jovial potatory circle, of which but few—very few, alas! are left—Professor Treitschke for one, and Joseph Victor von Scheffel for another, the delightful singer of the trumpeter of Säckingen, and other equally charming poems—*Tempi passati*. My talent for sparkling Burgundy cup and strawberry and raspberry bowl I may, perhaps, be permitted to claim as inborn, or self-evolved. But I remember, a little over-late certainly, that self-laudation is no recommendation. However, I may venture to plead in extenuation that when one has to be one's own trumpeter, it is just as well to do the thing handsomely. Moreover, is it not natural that self should enter, say even a little unduly, in personal reminiscences?

It is my deliberate opinion, born of observation, and ripened by manifold experiences in the course of a long life, that no system of education can properly be called liberal which does not comprise in its programme theoretical and practical instruction in the preceding important branches of the true art of living.

The proper and intelligent preparation of at least the common articles of food has always seemed to me as essential to man, as it is admittedly to woman. One clear half of the ills that flesh is heir to would have to take their departure if this truth were once fully and practically recognized. As it is, unhappily, how very few even of our girls are ever instructed in the merest rudiments of the great science of the kitchen and cellar. But this is a digression, the reader will say. I humbly admit it. I am afraid every act and deed of mine is somehow of the nature of a digression. Am I not, perhaps, myself a digression of Nature?

Another debt of gratitude I owe to dear old Li—no, hang it! dear old Thusnelda Irma; I will not snub her memory by dubbing her Lise. But of this hereafter.

I have stated already that our wanderings included the dreary regions of Poland and Russia. My parents, persistently bent upon their fool's errand to take their pound of butter out of the Imperial dog's mouth, were waging a deperate war against Russian rapacity and roguery, and Tartar thievery, and against the turpitude and venality of courts and judges in the blessed dominions of the white and yellow Czar, which would occasionally necessitate their presence on the spot. I was much too young then to retain any but the dimmest notion of what it was all about. However, later on I was told that it was a question of contested identity in a suit for restitution of certain estates wrongfully declared estreated to the Crown, in which suit said Crown proved so superlatively exacting that when my poor mother had at last succeeded in establishing the fact that she truly was her father's daughter, the proof of a negative was put upon her, to wit, that she should show, to the satis-

faction of the court, she had not been changed at nurse! I verily believe it was something of the sort.

Questions of contested identity are ticklish things, you see. In cases where the law wants to hang a man alleged to be the real Simon Pure, who has deservedly incurred the penalty, identification by a couple of hard-swearing policemen is deemed amply sufficient to settle his hash, and draw the rope pretty tight round his neck. But in cases of disputed succession to property, the matter is vastly different, as many an unhappy claimant has found out to his bitter sorrow. Possession is generally considered to be nine points of the law out of ten; but where the Crown holds it against even the most legitimate claimant, it is the full ten points and a trifle over.

There was, once upon a time, a family of some note in the free City of Frankfort-on-Main. *Eisenherz*—Iron-heart—was the name, I think. Two members of this family went to other lands—the one to France, where he altered his patronymic, for convenience, to *Isnard*; the other to Geneva, in Switzerland, where he came to be called *Eynard*.

Some thirty-five or forty years after a very large fortune fell to this Eisenherz family. Well, it took the French and Swiss branches twenty-five years to establish their descent and identity, more than half the estate passing meanwhile into the great melting-pot of the law.

After a short stay at Linden my parents, hoping almost against hope that renewed personal presence and pressure might favourably promote their suit, betook themselves, with me, of course, once more to the Russian empire, only to be once more thwarted and disappointed at every

step they essayed. As they were by no means altogether blindly unpractical people, their eyes opened at last to the true position of affairs and the hopelessness of all chance of success. So they gave up the unequal contest, in which they clearly saw now they were simply dropping their substance in vain efforts to snatch at a shadow.

But before they came to this wise resolution I had that brief glimpse of fairyland which made the first more lasting impression upon my young heart and mind.

It was in Moscow, just slowly rising from its ashes. I was going on for eight then. Here, in the old-new city, I first met her who, had I and she been but ten years older, might have proved my fate. She was a little fairy of seven, with golden hair, a milk-and-rose complexion, sweet hazel eyes with long silken lashes, and an audaciously impertinent turn-up nose. Her tiny feet were cased in dainty fur boots, that might have put to the blush Cinderella's famous fur slipper.* Her name was Olga. She was our little hostess, the party being given by her parents. One look into the wondrous depth of her eyes—and I felt I was undone. My little divinity graciously deigned to take notice of me. I think it must have been on account of my long curly locks, which she declared she admired greatly. Ere yet the evening was far advanced, we fell deeply in love with one another—at least I with her—as she professed with delightfully naïve

* *Vair* is the word, in Perrault's tales, not *verre*. Glass-slipper is simply a blundering mistranslation. Yet learned men have been found, who, upon the assumed existence of perfectly flexible glass that could be woven into shoes and garments, have victoriously shewn, to their own satisfaction at least, that the glass industry in our days is far less advanced than it was in the darker ages. It is to an unlucky substitution of κάμηλον for κάμιλον in the Greek text that we owe the spoiling of one of the most obviously intended and most beautiful similes in the New Testament. The error has been left untouched in the Revised Version.

frankness to be with me. In a sweetly demonstrative way she let me take a bite out of her apple; I, in return, crammed a whole pocketful of sweets into her sweet little mouth. They must have been unpleasantly warm; but what does true love care for such drawbacks? She ate them all, after which she gave me a doubly-sugared kiss behind one of the pillars in the saloon. On our way to supper we pledged our mutual faith in whispers, I swearing to her that she was the only darling I ever loved, should ever love, or could ever love, she answering ditto. We both solemnly vowed to keep the secret of our mutual affection jealously hidden from the ken of a cold, sneering world; nay, from our own nearest and dearest relations.

This seems incredibly absurd; in after-life it has often appeared to me an impossible farce. Yet it is strictly true. And why should it not be? Has not that most acute observer of human nature, that deep student of men and women, and of the affections and passions of young and old, the wondrous magician of Gadshill, drawn some delightful word-paintings of the loves of children, notably that most charming story of the juvenile elopement? For six weeks I was permitted to serenely dream the dream of my first love. Then my beloved was carried off to Odessa by her cruel parents, whilst mine took me away with them to the city of the Ingrian swamp.

For one whole month I grieved and moped and fretted and would not be comforted. Then I basely broke my vow of secrecy to my beloved, and sobbed my sad tale into my mother's sympathizing ears, and was consoled by

that dear maternal parent's promise that Olga should be mine—in some sixteen years, should I then be still of the same mind. How the good lady must have laughed inwardly at my precocious folly !

Next day my father gave me a watch, which he strictly enjoined me not to open, to look what was inside. He knew my disposition—no one better. Was I not simply a second edition of himself? The instant that I could steal away unobserved, I crept to my room, where I soon was busily employed in taking the works asunder, putting the wheels, screws, &c., in regular order, on a large sheet of paper, with the place of every part duly marked. Of course, I unsettled the mainspring, and could not put it to rights again. No matter ! I now knew what was inside the case, which just then was to me of much greater importance than to be able to tell the time by the dial. And, O for the fickleness of man's heart, and the fleeting nature of man's affections, all sweet remembrance of my own beloved Olga was crowded out of my mind by the one intense, all-engrossing thought how to restore the mainspring to what it had been ere I had meddled with it.

Some eleven years after I met my first love again. It was in Berlin, where I was a student then. She, fickle girl, had jilted poor me, and got married to a young man attached to her and to the Russian Embassy to the Court of Prussia, and she pretended not to remember me ! It might be that, like Samson, I had then been shorn of my locks. *I* remembered *her* very well; but I had by that time come to look upon turn-up noses as snubs, and wondered much in my mind how I could ever have mistaken that Russian goose for a swan. Well, well ! I met her first when she was a gosling; so, as I learnt after

from Hans Andersen's sweet tale of the ugly duckling, I might well be excused for not knowing then what she might grow to be.

We went back to Linden, all three of us sadder, if not wiser; for, as for me, had not my watch been taken away to be repaired, and had it not been decided in the supreme family council that I was too young and too foolish and too disobedient to be trusted with one?

Now came the happiest time of my life—unhappily, the only truly happy time I have ever enjoyed—like unto a bright summer day without a cloud in view, and fanned by gentle breezes. I was basking in the genial sunshine of parental affection. Dear old Thusnelda Irma fondled and spoiled me as had I been her very own child, and everybody else around and about me loved, or professed to love me—which comes very much to the same thing, for the time being at least. I learned to speak German like a native of Hanover, which implies that I learnt to speak it in its melodious purity.

I was not called on at this time to learn much else. My parents held the sound doctrine that my physical and moral training, and the cultivation and development in me of the perceptive and observant faculty, were the things of highest importance at my early period of life. The first school to which I was sent was the glorious school of Nature; I was let roam freely over hill and dale, and to paddle my own little canoe on the ponds. Boys, as a very general rule, are naturally unconscious of or insensible to the sufferings inflicted by them upon their humbler fellows in God's creation. I am sadly afraid I was in this respect very much like most other boys. I was passionately addicted to birds'-nesting, and I am sorry to remember now that it hardly ever occurred to

me to leave even a nest-egg to partially console the unhappy parent birds for their cruel bereavement. I decapitated flies, just to see how they would get on without heads. I was wofully hard upon the unlucky May-bugs that happened to fall into my little hands. I would knock their heads off, just to try whether the contents of the thorax tasted really like filberts, as I had been confidently assured by other small villains. I was an ardent collector of butterflies and beetles, and never felt troubled about how they liked having pins stuck through them. The squealing of a pig in its last agony had nothing in it discordant to my ear; and I even thought it rare fun to watch a decapitated hen vainly essaying to rush about. In short, I was a wicked little wretch. I feel acutely and regretfully conscious of this even now, although my excellent friend Tegetmeier, who is on familiar terms with bees, pigeons, and poultry, and knows all about the rest of animated nature, has consolingly assured me over and over again that the sensorium in insects and the other smaller fry of vertebrates is but very imperfectly sensitive. As for the invertebrates, why, the whole boiling of them could not muster among them the realization of an hour's toothache. *Non meus hic sermo*—mind; let Teg answer for it—and Darwin, who tells us that worms on the hook wriggle out of all proportion to their sufferings. Happily for me, my good mother lovingly took this branch of my moral training in her own dear kind hands so soon as she chanced to discover my cruel propensities. She weeded my heart and mind of these vile excrescences, and implanted in me instead that universal intelligent charity to all God's creation, that best and most acceptable of all prayers—the love of God's creatures, both great and small—which forms the chief tenet of the true saving faith preached to mankind by

the Divine teacher. Bless her, to me, ever dear memory for it!

"*Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt,*" says dear old Horace, as Hannay used to have it. When a fool drops a vicious habit he is apt to take up with its opposite. I have an uncomfortable notion that I must always have been a fool. In later life I have often been reproached with growing more and more mawkishly sentimental in my relations to animals. There may be some truth in this reproach; I may be running to the other extreme. The nearer the close of my own terrestrial existence is drawing in the natural order of things, the more sensitive I grow, not merely to the infliction of all suffering on the brute creation, but also to what I am bluntly told by my friends, I would morbidly, and in the very teeth of the plainest laws of Nature and the most obvious facts before my eyes, hold to be the inviolable sacredness of animal life. Even the wasp—nay, the bug—is pretty safe now from my destroying hands. I am as sturdy in my indignant opposition to vivisection as the great Spurgeon himself, and my philanthropic friend A. F. Astley, whose kindness of heart and feeling does not stop short at his own species, but embraces his humbler fellow-creatures on earth. And I loathe the very remembrance of Magendie, and his fellows and followers in that most cruel and—I maintain it, let who may gainsay it—at least most inadequately useful branch of the study of life and health, which I, indeed, conscientiously believe to be nearly altogether barren of sound fruit—the very high authority of Virchow, Owen, Huxley, and other men whom I deeply revere, notwithstanding.

"A survey of what has been attempted of late years will prove that the opening of living animals has done

more to perpetuate error than to confirm the just views taken from the study of anatomy" (Bell's "Nervous System"). I most fully endorse this deliberate opinion of Sir Charles Bell. I fearlessly ask what benefit has accrued to mankind from Magendie and consorts' truly fiendish cruelties perpetrated upon hundreds of unhappy rabbits, dogs, and other "lower" animals, as these great investigators are, in their overweening pride, and the callousness of their hard hearts, pleased to call their wretched victims? Among other nice performances in vivisection, Magendie sliced away the brains of several hundred rabbits. Will any one be kind enough to tell us what useful information has been derived from these most cruel experiments? *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is a favourite old saying with these ardent searchers into the secrets of life. One of them, Dr. Rutherford of Edinburgh, claims the right to torture his miserable victims under the worthless and vile plea that they are old and otherwise useless. And he puts them under the influence of *curare*, if you please—*curare!* a hyperæsthetic, according to Claude Bernard. Thirty-one old and otherwise useless dogs were despatched by this gentleman in one series of experiments—each vivisection lasting for hours, and all under the influence of curare! And, please, where will the *vilitas* be permitted to stop in the end? Have we not already had the question asked, Why criminals condemned to death should not be handed over to the vivisector? Why not? After the murder of Wallenstein, one of the great General's adherents, Count Schaffgotsch, was tried for high treason, found guilty, and condemned to death. The noble Austrian judges of these good old times deemed it expedient to obtain the doomed man's confession—most likely because they were not quite convinced of his guilt and had tender consciences—so they determined to put the condemned man on the

rack, coolly arguing that the condemnation had of itself made him *servus pœnæ*, and that he might therefore fairly be held a mere *cadaver mortuum*; so they tortured him to their heart's content. What are condemned criminals in our own time, it might well be argued by vivisecting enthusiasts, but *servi pœnæ* and *cadavera mortua?* I had to listen the other day, with horror and disgust, to a lady—a strong champion of the rights of women—who boldly defended this identical view of the case.

Magendie, I am convinced in my heart, would have been delighted, if the chance had been given him, to extend his vivisecting experiments to the human species—he was such a very eager searcher into the secrets of life and its processes. I shall never forget the row that was made over his unlucky prussic acid experiment, which laid low, at one fell swoop, eleven unfortunate epileptic patients, who had found themselves unable to stand a dose of seven minims of the *acide cyanhydrique* au troisième = $2\frac{1}{3}$ grains of anhydrous hydrocyanic acid! or, not to exaggerate carelessly, $1\frac{1}{6}$ grain, supposing the acide au sixième to have been used. Of course, the great experimenter showed that it was not he who was to blame, but the stupid dispenser of the dose, who should have given Magendie's syrup instead of either of the more concentrated preparations. It was a great pity that there were not a few more epileptics handy to try the syrup upon *them*.

And what about the latest and most horrible feat of certain learned professors — to deprive an unhappy animal for life of the blessed senses of sight and hearing! And *cui bono?*

Oh! science, what crimes have been, and continue to be, perpetrated in thy name!

Boys must have something to occupy and amuse their minds. I was always of an inquiring disposition. I believe I broke every toy I ever had given me, just to see what was inside. It was this spirit of inquiry that made me come to grief with my first watch. But the mere breaking of toys could not satisfy long a boy like me. From an early period of my boyhood I took passionately to what the illustrious author of "Alton Locke" used to call, rather sneeringly, "The bottle-and-squirt mania;" in which, however, by-the-bye, I have reason to believe the great writer himself loved much to dabble.

I never met Charles Kingsley, but I have had the good fortune of being often in the charming company of that most erratic genius, his brother Henry, who had as much zest for quaint or paradoxical remarks as Arthur Lillie has, and as my departed friend, Robert Brough, used to have. Arthur Lillie, in his "King of Topsy-Turvy," has, among other delightfully nonsensical sensible remarks, this:—

"Don't make a golden bridge for a flying enemy. If he deserves to be an enemy, pitch him into the river."

Henry Kingsley, Harry Leigh, and my humble self were at Ashley's one day, discussing some question of the time; I had occasion to observe that it was a most un-English and inexcusable proceeding to kick a man when he was down. Harry Leigh expressed his hearty concurrence in this sentiment; not so Henry Kingsley, who turned almost fiercely upon us. "What!" shouted he; "not kick a man when he is down! What nonsense! When can you have a fairer chance of kicking him than when he is down? Would you let him get up again to kick you when you have foolishly given him the opportunity? No, my boys! learn ye wisdom! Kick your enemy when he is down;

trample upon him, stamp the life out of him! so shall you prosper. Reducing the number of your enemies is tantamount to increasing the number of your friends. This is the true practical wisdom of life, my boys. Don't cultivate spurious sentiment?" Whether he meant what he was saying, I cannot tell; I can only say that to me he looked terribly in earnest. Perhaps he had had some bitter experience of the danger of generous forbearance shown to a certain class of enemies.

An illustrious French political leader of the present day, some years since magnanimously saved the life of another French politician, who, in return, is striving might and main now to destroy his noble benefactor socially, politically and morally. And we are not without illustrative instances nearer home.

I vividly remember to this present hour the joy and pride that was swelling my bosom when I became the happy possessor of a Döbereiner platinum apparatus, or fire-generator—a scientific toy in which fire was produced by making hydrogen gas impinge upon spongy platinum.

This was in the venerable old days of the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, and brimstone match, ere lucifers, vestas and vesuvians, or even *briquets phosphoriques* were yet dreamt of. I well remember the time when these latter came first into use, superseding at last the clumsy old way. These briquets phosphoriques, or inflammable match-phials, consisted of a small phial of glass or lead, either with a bit of phosphorus inside, slightly oxidized by stirring it with a red-hot iron wire; or filled with a mixture of cork-raspings, wax, petroleum, and phosphorus, fused together in a paste. Sulphur matches dipped into the phial would kindle instantaneously. After this the oxygenated matches came in—splinters tipped with sulphur

(as a rule), which were dipped in a paste of powdered chlorate of potassa, flowers of sulphur, sugar, gum arabic and water. They were then thoroughly dried in a warm place. They would kindle on dipping them into a small well-stoppered phial with concentrated sulphuric acid in it, thickened with asbestos. Soon after the friction or instantaneous light match came in. Verily, verily, when I look back to the days of my childhood, with the tinder box and the oil-lamp, the wax taper, the tallow dip and mould, or the still more primitive rushlight; the rare, heavily taxed and slow journeying letter; the cumbrous old stage-coach and the special express, forcing its speed actually up to nine, and even ten miles per hour; the inexpressibly vile and horrible curative (!) science and art; the old, old Berzelian chemistry of the period; and many other equally old things—I cannot but feel deeply grateful to the Almighty Power, who has graciously permitted the lines of my life to fall in the pleasant places of marvellous progress which mark this nineteenth century of ours. And yet, and yet: can it be truly averred that man is now more happy and contented; or, rather, less miserable and discontented, than he was in the time of my childhood; or, than he is ever likely to be, even though electric air-ships should convey him to the Moon, or to Jupiter, Saturn, Venus or Mars? This is the true great puzzle, the unsolvable problem.

Gunpowder and explosives were my special delight—as they continue, indeed, to the present day. Before I was eleven I was pretty expert in pyrotechnics; but I was specially great in artificial volcanoes, which I used to manufacture by mixing together powdered charcoal, nitre, iron-filings, and flowers of sulphur in certain proportions, and working the mixture into a heavy paste with water.

This paste—some eight or ten pounds in weight—was then stuffed closely into a suitable iron pot, which, with a strong pig's bladder tied over, was put several feet into the ground, and covered with earth. In about twenty-four hours or so the mass in the pot, heating spontaneously, would burst forth like a volcanic eruption, throwing up the earth covering it, and sending forth a stream of lava—which it was a joy to behold!

Boys, as a rule, are fond of gunpowder, explosives, and pyrotechnics; so are a great many grown-up boys. My dear friend Draper remains to the present day passionately addicted to rockets and crackers, and Catherine wheels and fire-arms, and Chinese and Bengalese fires.

Another esteemed friend of mine, Dr. Scoffern, a most excellent chemist, and a man of inventive genius, was always doing something in explosive bombs, &c. I remember on one occasion, when he had just invented a formidable bomb that would explode on striking against any hard body, we went to what is now the Alhambra, but was at the time just on the point of opening as the Panopticon. It was a kind of private, or press view, of the premises. If I recollect aright, poor Leicester Buckingham was one of us. In the midst of our glee and merry-making the devil must, forsooth, tempt Scoffern to whisk out from his coat-pocket one of these nice little destructive implements, and to attempt to explain their nature and use. He did not proceed far, however, for there was a general stampedo and skedaddle, poor Leicester Buckingham leading the strategic movement to the rear with all practicable speed of his long legs. I must confess I felt nervous. But I was soon reassured, and so were the rest, by Scoffern shouting at the top of his voice, "Why, you set of ninnies, you don't surely

think that I carry it in my pocket charged? It is only the empty shell. I want to explain to you simply how it is charged, and how the explosion takes place." Poor Leicester was pale for three days after.

Dr. Scoffern was once on the high road to millionairism. He had excogitated and invented a new method of sugar refining, by means of sulphite of lead. The invention was patented and taken up vigorously by large capitalists and sugar refiners. Scoffern had to go to Spain and Cuba. He left me to see his work on sugar refining through the press. I had known him—and loved and admired him—for years. We had been working conjointly upon the *Pharmaceutical Times* and the *Chemical Times*. I thought my fortune was made, for a more noble-minded and generous fellow than Scoffern never drew the breath of life. Sir Charles Wood, afterwards Lord Halifax, was at that time Secretary for the Colonies. He submitted the new method to the investigation and judgment of another of my oldest friends, Professor de Vry. Unhappily it turned out that, although in the hands of an accomplished, careful chemist, there was no danger whatever of the least trace of lead (from the sulphite) being left in the sugar refined by the proposed new method, that danger existed to a truly formidable extent, where careless or ignorant people—more particularly (negroes in the West Indies)—had to be entrusted with the working of the processes. De Vry made his report accordingly—and the affair collapsed. I hated De Vry at the time. I have forgiven him long since though, and we meet occasionally in our mutual friend Bullock's laboratory, where we clink and drink the social glass together, and talk of bygone old times.

Another of my acquaintances, who has long since joined the majority, was wondrously fond of dabbling in explosives. His name was Naundorff. He was a watchmaker by trade; but, bless you, he was the Duke of Normandy by profession, and the legitimate King of France. Louis Philippe was at the time, to all appearance at least, rather firmly fixed in what should have been *his*, the Duke of Normandy's seat. He explained this often to me, and I did not contradict him, because it pleased the poor fellow, who was a nice old gentleman in the main, with a strong Bourbon cast of countenance, and a real, or marvellously well-assumed, conviction of the justice of his claims and pretensions. Besides, I had no wish to interfere injuriously with his position with another old friend of mine—still to the fore, fresh as a daisy, with close upon fourscore on his back!—dear old Joe Buck, who assisted "the Duke" generously in his experiments with explosives.

In 1851 "the Duke" brought an action in the French courts to recover the personal property of the Duchess of Angoulême. The affair ended in a nonsuit. What a king "the Duke" would have made, to be sure, with his gunpowdery and bombic propensities! *Dîs aliter visum.* He died soon after; and I cannot help thinking that the gods were quite right to see the matter in a different light from what Naundorff would dearly have wished them to see it in. After all is said and done, everything is for the best in this best of worlds—although I could have wished success to the Duke, as he might have remembered me right royally. The "Duke's" claim died not with him. Twenty years after his son, M. "A. de Bourbon," an officer in the Dutch army, employed M. Laurent Rabier, a Paris advocate of some standing, to revive the claim—to no purpose, however.

Electric machines and electrophores ranked high in my affections. I used to take a special pleasure in charging a glass of wine and presenting it slily to a lady. I danced with impish delight when the tiny spark popping against the rosy lip would amaze or disconcert the fair one.

Many years after I met an audacious quack at Lyons, who was making much good money by practising a new method of administering curative agents through the medium of electricity. This man was a curious compound of a Joseph Balsamo and a Mesmer, with a dash of the great Samuel of Coethen thrown in by way of make-weight. Beyond doubt or question he was clever, and by no means without solid acquirements. He might, indeed, have been an estimable physician of any orthodox school, had he not, for the sake of his pocket, preferred dealing in quackery. He knew excellently well how to act upon the imagination of those who came to consult him. He had hired a fine apartment on the Place Bellecour, where the consultants—as he was pleased to call them—were received, with due solemnity, by a venerable old man in black velvet, who passed them into a waiting-room, furnished neatly but with severest simplicity. From this a page in blue velvet ushered them into the doctor's consultation room, where the great man sat at a large ebony table, with a ledger-like book before him, in which he entered the name, &c., of the consultant, the ailment, its symptoms, and the remedy which he thought best suited to the case. The fee had to be placed on the table, the learned physician declining to soil his learned fingers with the vile dross, which he simply condescended to accept in return for his advice and physic, to enable him to keep up his establishment for the benefit of suffering humanity. As this fee was twenty-five francs, there was but a minimum chance that any of his consultants would be likely to

feel inclined to inquire too curiously. From the consultation room the consultant, supplied with a card of instructions for the dispenser, was ushered by another page in green velvet into the dispensary hall—a spacious saloon with a raised platform at one end. This platform rested on small glass pillars, about eighteen inches high, coated with sealing wax; it was carpeted all over with thick silk. In one corner stood a so-called homœopathic pharmacy, consisting of a number of Leyden jars, labelled severally arsenic, antimony, belladonna, castoreum, opium, pulsatilla, mercury, iron, and many more remedial agents used by homœopathists in infinitesimal doses. A large electric machine was placed near the pharmacy, and contiguous to a table with a number of crystal drinking cups upon it, and about a dozen carafes filled severally with water and various sorts of wines and liqueurs. The handle of the machine was turned by a boy dressed in crimson silk. The so-called dispenser was a handsome young man—a brother of the physician, it was said—dressed in a flowing black silk robe. Chairs were placed on the platform for the accommodation of the consultants, who had their ascent facilitated by a glass block, about nine inches high, and coated with sealing wax, placed before the centre of the platform. The consultant having taken his seat, and handed his card to the dispenser, the latter gentleman would gravely pour the appropriate vehiculum (as a rule wine or liqueur, only occasionally mixed with water) into one of the cups, then take down the Leyden jar labelled with the name of the remedy prescribed, charge the jar at the electric machine, and dash one or several sparks into the liquid—the same as I had so often done in my boyhood for mere mischief.

Well, as I have hinted, the physician was a clever man; he confined himself almost exclusively to the

treatment of nervous disorders; he gave most excellent dietetic advice; he discouraged frequent visits to his consultation room; and, I verily believe, with all his quackery, he did a deal of good to those who came to consult him. I was sent to inquire into his system and mode of treatment. I was candid with him, and he was equally candid with me. It turned out that the whole staff of the establishment belonged to the same family—brother, uncle, and cousins of the great healer at the head of the undertaking which he called "Electric Homœopathy." Well, well! I myself was doing in homœopathy at the time, and, as Byron says, "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I made my report to MM. Des Guidi and Desaix, who had sent me, and discouraged to the best of my power any hostile attempt on the part of these physicians against their clever competitor, who, after some six or seven weeks' stay, left Lyons with his establishment for fresh fields and pastures new. I wonder how a thing of the kind would do in London at this present time. I only hope if the suggestion is taken up that a handsome commission will be handed to me.

It was about the same time when my dear good mother, by her gentle precepts, caused me to drop my objectionable practices, in the pursuit of the study of natural history, that I had given me two other most excellent lessons, which I am happy to say have borne good fruit to me through life: Thusnelda Irma gave me one, my father the other.

My father liked a small glass of Chartreuse or Curaçao after dinner. In Russia he had acquired a *penchant* also —it was the only thing he ever acquired there—for *Naliwka,* the general name given to all sorts of fruit

liqueurs, for the fabrication of which the south of Russia is famous, more particularly the city of Kieff; so he kept always a rich store of them in a large cellaret. This cellaret, and the evident delight with which father and his guests degusted its contents both before and after dinner, set agog the inquisitive and speculative faculty in me. Now my mother, in her maternal solicitude for my welfare, and in her apprehension lest I should take a fatal liking to these wondrously seductive drinks, had solemnly enjoined upon me never to touch one of them, not even to the extent of one drop. She told me they had dreadful effects upon children, and were even dangerous to grown-up people. With my perverse disposition, mamma's well-meant warnings acted on me of course simply as an additional and irresistible incentive to have a try; this, however, I found not easily practicable, as the key was never, by any chance, left in the cellaret. So I had perforce to rest content and bide my time for a chance.

Meanwhile I resolved to pump Thusnelda Irma upon the subject of the cellaret and its contents. Well, the old woman was as sharp as a needle; she knew my nature and disposition better than my own mother did; so she saw at once what I was driving at, and in her love for me she determined to give me a deterrent lesson in the matter of spirits and liqueurs.

"Would the darling little gentleman like to have a taste out of some of the flasks?" she blandly inquired. Of course, the darling little gentleman would. "Oh! ever so much! dear, dear Thusnelda Irma," I eagerly replied, giving her thus a double dose of flattery.

"Well, darling, to-night I'll coax a glass out of mamma for myself, which you shall have. But I must tell you, dear, I am afraid you will not like it much. I never can make out what great people find in the nasty

stuff to make them drink it. I suppose it is habit. However, you will judge for yourself." And she fondly patted me on the cheek somewhat in the fashion of the Man of Karioth, as I found out in the bitter end.

I waited most impatiently for evening. I crept to the kitchen, where I found cook with a tall liqueur flask and a small crystal glass. She fondly patted me again on the cheek, asked me never to tell, and filled the glass for me. I eagerly tossed it off. It was like unto the book in the Revelation, barring that it was *not* sweet as honey in my mouth—by no means—the very reverse indeed; I have the taste on my tongue now. And the sad havoc it played with my unhappy inside would surely have been a caution and a half to the wickedest little sinner alive. At least it proved a caution to me: I was on the sick list for a full week, being dosed all the time with gruel and chamomile tea by the doctor, who vainly strove to make out what could be the matter with me, for of course I would not peach; I never yet could do that. In the innocence of my heart I did not suspect the trick that had been played upon me, but I manfully resolved to stick to wine and beer; it was only years and years after that I could overcome my repugnance to liqueurs, and I have never taken over kindly to them. What had the dear old woman put into the liqueur to disgust me from future degustation? I never exactly knew; but when I had become a student of medicine, and had to taste the horrid abominations of the *materia medica* of the old school, I guessed it must have been a nauseous mixture of aloes, jalap, valerian, and ox-gall. Fugh! yet how devoutly I wish all my evil propensities had been taken out of me, even though in a similar fashion!

My father was an inveterate smoker, who liked his

weed strong, and had the meerschaum hardly ever out of his mouth, except at meals; yet he was always talking of the pernicious effects of tobacco, lamenting that he had ever acquired so deleterious a habit, of which he felt, however, he unhappily could not rid himself "at his time of life." He was about thirty-five then: not so very late in life surely—I had a notion in my sceptical young mind—but that he might have made an effort had he really meant it, which the placid contentment that would settle on his face whenever he was blowing a cloud was rather calculated to make me doubt. So I must, forsooth, take it into my confounded little noddle that I was bound in the simplest duty to myself to put the truth of the paternal asseverations to the crucial test of my own very small personal experience; which I determined to do accordingly.

With a view of carrying this most laudable purpose of mine into practical execution, I resolved to address myself to Fritz, our stable-boy, a lad of sixteen, with, I am sorry to say, more vices in him than he numbered years. Among other pleasant habits, he swore like a trooper, drank like a fish,* and smoked like a chimney.

* I use the expression here in its generally received acceptation, not in its true actual sense. It is, however, occasionally applied in this latter way.

In one of the many anecdotes told of the famous Chitty, it is related how that wondrous luminary of the law once had to defend a gentleman who was sued in damages for defamation of character.

One of the upper servants of said gentleman, wishing to "better himself," had succeeded in getting the place of house-steward to a noble lord, subject to the result of inquiries into his antecedents, habits, &c. Among the questions asked by his lordship figured prominently "Does he drink?" To this the gentleman, who felt offended with his servant for wishing to leave him, with *malice prepense*, appended for reply, "Drink? Like a fish?"

Upon which the noble lord declined ratifying the engagement. The aggrieved man, who in sober truth had never in his life drunk aught stronger than water from the fountain or tea, brought his action. Chitty coolly pleaded that saying of a man that he drank like a fish "was truly the highest testimonial of sobriety one could give him; for fishes were naturally restricted to the pure element, and never yet, to his knowledge, had a fish incurred a charge of indulgence in spirituous potations."

Master Fritz was a wide-awake lad, more particularly in matters where his own personal interests were concerned. He told his "young gentleman" that he, Fritz, would teach said young gentleman to smoke, on condition that he, the said Fritz, should be supplied with a few pounds of the young gentleman's gracious father's best American and Turkish weed—and no tales told.

At that time I had no very clear idea of *meum* and *tuum*. I had simply a hazy notion that all that belonged to me by any sort of legitimate right of possession was my very own; and that all that happened to belong to other people was rightfully my property also, to the extent to which I might wish to claim a share in it. So here I was actually standing on the very brink of two sad transgressions—pilfering, to wit, and indulgence in a vicious habit against which my father had impressively warned me, by most obvious implication at least.

Luckily for me, father, who delighted to indulge o' nights in a contemplative semi-somnolent smoke in the garden, kept singularly alive and awake on the particular night when I was intent upon reducing his "American, &c., stores." So he pounced upon me *in flagranti*. He was a wise man, however, and a most loving father to me—*then*, when, next to his beloved wife, I was still nearest to his heart. He pretended to be unaware of my vile errand of abstraction. "Ah, Stannie,"* he said, "my boy!

* An inordinate number of Christian names had been bestowed upon me at my baptism. Stanislaus was the favourite one with my father; my dear mother always called me Louis. In after-years, when I found I was running considerable risk of having the old French saying, "plus de noms que de chemises," applied to me, I dropped a batch of them—of the names I mean, of course, not of the shirts—keeping but three, mostly even two only; yet my old savage chum Tegetmeier will occasionally still send his missives to me addressed to "Dr. Alphabet ——," to the puzzled postman's intensest perturbation of mind.

admiring my pipes, and smelling my tobacco? That is right. Would you like a smoke, my boy?" He said this in such a hearty way, and with such an air of bonhomie about it, that I was taken in completely, and eagerly cried, "Yes, papa, won't I? will a duck swim? I want to try, papa, what it is like."

"All right! you shall, my child," said papa. "You see, dear Stannie, in smoking there are three classes of people—some who take to it naturally and kindly, and to whom it is meat and drink and life; others, like myself, with whom it does not agree, yet who are mostly forced to keep on with it if it has ever been allowed to lay a firm hold on them; and, lastly, a third class who cannot stand it at all, and whom it is sure to kill if they persevere with it notwithstanding. Now let us try you, my child." Here he took down from his pipe-rack a magnificent meerschaum with amber mouth-piece, which he proceeded to fill with the very strongest and heaviest Havanna. He then, with a demoniacal grin, instructed me how to do the trick, and lighted my pipe with his own paternal hand. The first few whiffs made me feel awfully sick, the next few made me fearfully ill; but papa stood over me, calm as a judge, severe as fate, insisting that the test should be completely applied; to which end, he declared, it was absolutely indispensable that the first pipe should be smoked to the last shred of the weed in it. When I in agony pleaded for forbearance, he taunted me with want of pluck. This taunt sufficed. I smoked that wretched pipe to the very dregs, and nearly died of it. But the cure was complete in this instance also. I was disgusted with smoking for evermore. I dropped Fritz altogether, and I solemnly vowed never to take aught again without asking.

I have ventured to bring in here these two episodes of my early life, simply because I believe they may not prove

altogether without some practical use to some reader at least.

Some sixteen months of my young life passed, almost without break in this happy, tranquil way. I literally took no thought for the morrow, and I found, in serenest untroubled enjoyment, superabundantly sufficient unto the day the good thereof.

Then suddenly the clouds gathered, and the storm burst over me. I suffered the first true sorrow of my young life, the most scathing, the most poignant sorrow, the most irreparable bereavement. My dear mother, who had long been ailing, was taken from me. *Eheu!* It was only after I had lost her for evermore that I truly realized what I had lost in her. It is ever thus with man.

This was my first introduction to the dark side of life. It was an excellent, a most promising beginning.

My father was inconsolable for the loss of his dearly beloved wife, to whom he had truly owed the whole happiness of his life. In the first paroxysm of his grief he would have followed her into the tomb. Unhappily, my poor father's affections had too much of the demonstrative element in them to long outlast in full force and vividness the severance from their object. In his relations to my dear departed mother he had been the ivy much more than the oak, the twining tendril rather than the supporting tree; and tendrils unclasped from one stem or branch will soon strive to twine round another.

I have not mentioned hitherto that a young Frenchwoman had for the last six months or so been an inmate of our home, and a companion to my mother and a governess to me. I never acquired aught from her but her Bordelesian accent, which often makes French people, even to the present day, mistake me for a Gascon. But

she professed to be passionately fond of me, and perhaps she was while my dear mother lived. The human heart is so strangely constituted.

Her love for me seemed to acquire still greater intensity from my most sad bereavement. She loved everything about me and belonging to me, particularly my father, in whom she soon took a most affectionate interest, which, with the artless ingenuousness of a candid mind, she took no care to conceal. Less than six brief months after the death of my dear mother, this clever young lady stepped into her late mistress's shoes. My father married her, or, to speak more correctly, she married my father; and she presented him in a month or so less than the usual course of time with a daughter, followed about a year after by a second edition of a similar female article.

I will here drop the curtain upon this section of my early life. The subject is irksome to me. Suffice it then to say briefly that my earliest troubles in life dated from the time of my dear mother's death and my father's remarriage.

Madame continued to profess love for me; but her acts were in singular contrast with her professions. I believe my father loved me still as of old, but he dared no longer show his love as of old. To please his young wife, he would even occasionally assume the character of the stern Roman father—just to hide his lamentable weakness, poor man. The servants, as is usual in such cases, sought to curry favour with the new powers that were, by slighting the poor orphaned boy whenever they thought a suitable opening offered for their petty malice. May be that I had, wittingly or unwittingly, given offence to one or the other in the days when retaliation on their part was out of the question. Still, when I remembered how they had borne themselves

toward me of old, their changed ways hurt my acutely sensitive feelings.

There was only one exception—one being left in what had been my happy home, who loved me still, and minded not a whit to show it just as openly as of old—ay, who, when she thought she saw that I was put upon too much, would dare to beard the lions in their den, telling Madame a bit of her mind and upbraiding my father for his weakness. It was dear old Thusnelda Irma, who stood thus valiantly forth in defence of her dead mistress's son; and they had to put up with her brazen impudence, as Madame was pleased to call her attempted remonstrances, as they would have found it well-nigh impossible to replace her, for both my father and Madame loved first-rate cooking, and were inordinately proud of the fame of their culinary artist. I have in after-life known some famous chefs, but not one of them ever came up to her standard.

Of course, all these things came to pass in snatches, as it were, and by degrees. But I lump them together here, to use an expressive vulgarism, because I wish to have done with this part of my home life after my dear mother's death.

My school life had begun about a month before this sad event. I was a little over nine when I was sent to my first school. It was a preparatory establishment at Linden. The master's name was Meier. Herr Meier was a thoroughly good man and an excellent teacher; a pedagogue in the best and truest sense of the word—a guide of youth. He was gentle, patient, and indulgent. He treated the children entrusted to his care as beings endowed with mind and soul to be tenderly nurtured and intelligently trained, and with faculties to be developed—

not as mere creatures with bodies to be tortured and temper to be broken, as but too many of our teachers persist in doing in the very teeth of the opposing experience of ages. His system was not like unto the fabled bed of Procrustes; it was not based upon the notion, so arrantly stupid, yet seemingly so extensively entertained by sham preceptors, that the same last ought to serve for all boots alike. He possessed in the highest degree the rare art of imparting knowledge to children. His moral influence over his pupils was surprising. It was based entirely on love and respect. He was a vivâ voce and blackboard teacher. The wildest and most recalcitrant urchin would keep quiet under him, and but for the voice of the master, you might have heard a pin drop in his class. I am sure it was chiefly owing to the admirable system of this most excellent teacher that a few months under his tuition sufficed to initiate me fully into the mysteries of reading, writing and ciphering—at least to the extent of the four simple rules—and to give me a clearer elementary conception of the physical world, and of the outlines of the history of man, than is to be learnt in many more pretentious schools in half a dozen years.

True, my young faculties had not been stunted and crippled in their free growth and development by forced premature exercise. I had not had to throw away years of my young life upon the imperfect acquisition of a scanty stock of the merest rudiments of knowledge.

I was by no means a bright boy, nor a very painstaking one. I was naturally inclined to indolence, and loved play and idling and roaming about much better than learning. Yet, under the intelligent guidance of good Herr Meier—my warmest blessing on his memory!—the elements of knowledge fell to me almost without trouble, like ripe fruit, and I readily acquired the inestimable art of learning. Later on, I was introduced to

the Latin tongue—not to the Latin grammar, mind ; for Herr Meier, like the sensible man he was, held it to be most irrational to bother and burthen a child with long strings of unintelligible grammatical rules governing the mechanical construction of a foreign tongue, ere the child's immature mind had yet had time and opportunity given it to grasp even the most elementary conception of the language itself. He used to compare this way of trying to teach the classic and foreign tongues to the transparent folly of beginning the building of a church at the steeple. Herr Meier's mental organization presented, indeed, a rare combination of strong practical sense with deep and varied learning.

I was a little over nine when I first entered the portals of the temple of knowledge under his guidance; yet before I had reached the age of eleven I had overtaken most boys of twelve and thirteen who had been at school since the age of six or seven.

Had I but been permitted to continue my studies with this most excellent man and sage instructor, I might have gathered an infinitely vaster store of knowledge than I can boast of now; and I am sure I might have grown up to be a wiser and a better man, and my evening of life might be more serene. But *Dîs aliter visum*—it has always been thus with me through life. With perverse persistence the gods have invariably taken a different view from what I would have clearly liked them to take.

It befell one day, that on my return from school in the afternoon, I found that another heavy blow had fallen upon me; I had lost the only true friend I had till that disastrous day yet retained in my father's house. Thusnelda Irma was no more. She had died in harness,

of an exceptionally heavy dinner—of the cooking of it, of course, not of the eating. I keened over her as had she been a near and dear relation; and I truly had occasion for it, as Madame, having no longer the fear of cook before her eyes, took it into her head to have me removed to a "higher" school. She, who had up to this always been complaining of the little progress I was making in learning, suddenly discovered that I was really getting too far advanced in knowledge to be left any longer at Herr Meier's small shabby school. Father, to do him justice, did not seem to like the notion to take me away from where I felt so happy, and was really getting on so well; but, poor uxorious man, he had to give way as usual. Only he declined sending me away to Paris, to the Collége Louis le Grand,* as suggested by Madame; so a compromise was effected, and I was sent to a private educational establishment at Burg, in Prussia, which was much more pretentious than the small shabby school at Linden—to speak with Madame—but was in every other way and respect vastly inferior to it.

The career of a true, earnest, loving teacher is, as a rule, but a brief span. There are, of course, cases of exceptional longevity in the scholastic profession. But Herr Meier was not one of these. He died about ten years after I left Linden School. He died in harness: a stroke of apoplexy put an end to his noble life, in the very midst of his beloved, sorrowing pupils, at the early age of forty-five.

Many years after, in the summer of 1871, a most excep-

* When, later in life, I came to know French schools and the system of education (!) obtaining therein, and more particularly made the acquaintance of men who had been dragged up at the Collége Louis le Grand, I devoutly blessed my stars that that truly awful infliction had been spared me, at least. I will say no more upon the matter in this place, as I may have occasion, in the course of these reminiscences, to remark at greater length upon so-called education in France, as it was in my time.

tional case of an aged schoolmaster fell within my own personal observation. It was that of Mr. Dietrich Reuter, one of the Masters of the Evangelical School of Viersen, who was celebrating his diamond jubilee! having been for *sixty years* a teacher at the school, without ever having been absent from duty one single half-day in the course of that long period, except in vacation times. He was then a fine hale hearty old man, looking likely to go on living and teaching for years to come.

The principal of the establishment at Burg, though a Doctor of Philology, was simply a shallow scholastic prig, who altogether lacked the art and faculty of teaching children; and there was not one of the assistant masters that could in intellectual calibre even remotely compare with the great and good man and teacher at Linden.

I suffered materially from the change. All true intelligent training was at an end, and so, correspondingly, was my progress in learning for the time, although I had the heaviest work literally heaped upon me. Our plan of lessons was truly formidable. Four days of the week we had eight hours in the schoolroom, the other two days, four hours; two to three hours a day were taken up with the preparation of our lessons, and the senseless cramming of our memory with long strings of rules of Greek and Latin grammar, verbs, regular and irregular, passages from the classics, which we did not understand, biblical excerpts, lists of Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, &c., rulers, with the years of their accession and death or dethronement, and other trash of the kind, which could not possibly be of the least practical use to us in after-life. Upon the teacher and teaching of history I have to say something more later on.

True, in my school days, there were not quite so many

graphies, logies, and gnosies, as bewilder the minds of unhappy learners now-a-days: but we were sufficiently bothered, nevertheless, with a variety of studies to make our lives a torment and a misery unto us. The very little knowledge I acquired at this Burg school, by dint of hard plodding and pegging away at my books, was crude in the extreme, and got so mixed up in my memory and mind that it was practically worse than useless to me. I say advisedly, the little knowledge which I *acquired*, for certainly I was not *taught* it at this Burg school—the masters finding it more convenient to make their pupils learn, instead of teaching them.

In trying to make me learn Greek, the Doctor literally essayed to build the steeple of the church before he had laid the foundation. Before I knew a single word of the language, he made my very life irksome to me, by stupidly striving to cram my poor memory with a string of, to me, at the time utterly unintelligible, rules on the accents. The natural result was that my progress in Greek was slow in the extreme, and that I would never after take kindly to that tongue, even when its beauties were becoming revealed to me.

Our mathematical master also, who, by a most curious cumulation of functions, was at the same time our religious instructor and our professor of history, was a stiff and starch pedantic prig, who would never condescend to address himself intelligibly to the immature understanding of children, or essay to explain to his pupils the why and wherefore of things, but would perversely persist in teaching axiomatically everything he fancied he knew. "It is so; you have to take my word for it," was the only answer he would ever vouchsafe to give. "A point has no dimensions—it has neither length nor width nor depth; it is non-existent, in fact, and here you have it," he would say, chalking a point or

dot on the blackboard. We saw that the dot *was* there on the board before us, and that it *did* exist. But it was not the least use to ask the gentleman to explain the real meaning of the axiom thus placed before us. "Now you see, boys, I dot a number of points on the board. Imagine these points in continued contiguity, and you have a line, which is the beginning and the constituent of all geometrical figures. Look, here you have it;" and with this he would chalk a line on the board. "You see this line has one dimension—length, to wit—but it has neither width nor depth." Well, as for my own part, try hard as I might, I could not see it. In ciphering I had been taught by dear Herr Meier that no number of naughts could ever grow into aught, unless placed at the right hand of a common number. Here I was simply bid to believe in this, to me, incomprehensible axiom. It would have been so very easy to explain to me the why and wherefore, and make me take kindly to the study of this noble science. It was the same, or rather worse, in religious instruction. The gentleman was one of the densest and darkest, and most bigoted of the Mucker community it has ever been my misfortune to meet. He was always striving to force upon us an unreasoning faith in the eternal divine truth of his own particular tenets, and the most damnable error and heresy of even the mildest dissent from his teaching and preaching. In his blatantly professed hatred of the Jews he was the typical forerunner of that blind zealot of the present day, Court Chaplain Stoecker. I keep strictly within the boundary of truth, when I state that this man, who with pseudo-humility would always speak of himself as the humblest follower of Christ, and deal *ad nauseam* in protestations of Christian charity, brotherly affection, and neighbourly love, taught us as one of the leading tenets of his faith, that the Jews were an accursed race,

accursed by Almighty God, and that it was like unto flying in His face not to hate, despise, and vex them to the worst of our small ability. In but too many of the boys, thus grossly mistaught by such wretched zealots as this man, the bad seed sown fell, unhappily, on a fruitful soil, which could not but bring forth in time a luxuriant crop of the rankest weeds, throwing Germany back to the dark ages, and permitting such men as Stoecker, Rüppel, Henrici, and consorts to act as a power in the State; whilst neither the Emperor nor the Chancellor seems to have the earnest will to put a stop to the truly dangerous vagaries of these gentry. Those who sow the wind, or permit it to be sown, may live to reap the whirlwind and the hurricane. The persecutions of the Jews in Germany were many and fearful in the Middle Ages. To give but one instance: in 1349, the so-called black plague was ravaging the free Imperial and Episcopal City of Strasburg. The lamentable superstition of the Christian inhabitants blindly attributed this fearful disease to poisoning of the wells by the Jews! Two thousand unhappy Israelites were, with true mediæval cruelty, burnt alive in their own churchyard. Berthold of Bucheck, the *enlightened* Bishop of old Argentorat, forgetting or neglecting to exert himself adequately to save the wretched victims from their horrible fate. What mattered it? Were they not of the accursed race? Well, we are travelling back rather fast to these glorious days of old.

And this self-same hollow-hearted, small-souled, and narrow-minded bigot, who thus grossly mistaught Christ's noble doctrine of universal charity that should tend to bind man to man in a holy brotherhood of love, was also our Professor of History! History of all things! the science which

taken at its best, and handled by big-minded men, has been defined as a huge fabric of fiction, reared upon a sparse substratum of but imperfectly recorded and only half-understood facts, as a rule loosely and incongruously cemented together, and which, accordingly, imperatively demands, at least, a philosophic mind, able and willing to winnow and sift the grain from the chaff. And this man had not an atom of philosophy in his arid, sterile composition; besides that, beyond a bare collection of dry names and dates, he knew about as much of the living science of history as the mere anatomist can pretend to know of the living body of man.

Old Strauch's "Breviarium Chronologicum" was his historic bible, which he was incessantly striving to force down our throats. We were made to chew over and over again the worthless stuff of Dionysius Petavius and other learned Bœotians anent the time and season of the creation—in which year before Christ, and in what season of the year; and we were authoritatively bid to believe that the world was created on the 26th day of October, 3949 or 3983 B.C.—for in this last particular we were graciously permitted to go with the great Dionysius or with Scaliger, as we might list.

Hours upon hours of our precious time were foolishly thrown away upon an exhaustive study of the truly momentous question whether Adam and Eve saw the moon first cornicular before the first quarter, or whether they saw it first in its decrease! . . . . as if it mattered a straw which way they might have seen it.

How all this was calculated to train a young intelligence!

Wherever profane history happened to clash with what he held to be sacred history, the former had to go to the wall. The Hindoos and the Chinese, we were told, were unmitigated liars; and what it was im-

possible to reconcile with the commonest modicum of common-sense he bade us swallow as an article of faith—*quia impossibile*. He hated all poets, but more particularly Shakspeare and Byron, of either of whom he certainly knew very little beyond the name; and Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Bürger, Wieland, and Schiller. His reading was rather limited, you see. Schiller's "Gods of Greece" he called a most blasphemous production, the author of which ought to have been flogged at the cart's tail! Voltaire was to him the incarnation of Antichrist; he used to piously and devoutly thank Providence that he had never read a line of the infamous writings of that horrid villain. This may seem incredible in its naïve stupidity, but it is strictly true. Many years after I had a hot discussion in London with a very dear friend of mine, now no more, upon the subject of Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," which said friend utterly and uncompromisingly condemned as blasphemous, obscene, infamous, lying, ignorant, and a full string of such like epithets. I humbly ventured to dissent, suggesting that he had, most likely, only read an article here and there, and urging him to give the book and its author a fairer trial. "Read an article here and there!" my friend shouted, indignantly; "why, Sir, I thought you knew me better than to imagine I ever could or would read one word of such pestilential writings!"

My friend has now joined the ever-growing majority, but he lived to change his opinion upon this and a great many kindred subjects. He lived to swear by Auguste Comte, and died a confirmed Positivist.

Return we to our Professor of History. In his appreciation of the relative value of historic sources from the first times of Christanity, he was ecclesiastically orthodox.

With him Constantine, although the murderer of his own nearest relations, including his eldest son, was the prototype of exalted goodness and piety; Constans, the cruel persecutor of Arians and Donatists, the shameless wallower in the lowest mud and mire of the dirtiest vices, was with him, as he had been with Athanasius and his crew, a blessed martyr! The monster Clovis, the wholesale slayer of his own kindred, he who in the pursuit and accomplishment of his ambitious designs trampled upon every law of God and Nature, whose murderous hands no feeling of pity ever could stay, no fear of retribution ever restrain, the worthy progenitor of a line of princes fit to take the proudest place among the highest aristocracy of crime, to put to the blush the Neros, the Caligulas, the Domitians, the Caracallas of imperial Rome, and to rank with the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, and the Tudors, was with our Professor a blessed instrument in the Almighty's hand to spread Christianity in the realm rapaciously stolen together by force and fraud. As a teacher of history this man was indeed a worthy follower of the worthy Bishop of Tours, who, while coolly recording the fearful catalogue of the crimes of his hero, piously informs us that success in all his undertakings was vouchsafed to Clovis by the Most High, and that his enemies were delivered up into his hands, *because he walked with a sincere heart in the ways of the Lord,* and *did that which was right in His sight.*

On the other hand, no inherent elevation of character, no innate goodness of heart, no unassailable blamelessness of public and private life would ever be permitted to shield a non-Christian prince or ruler, or, for the matter of that, even a Christian who had ever incurred the enmity of the Church, from the wildest and vilest aspersions of this man. Had I not, most fortunately, had the teaching of a better and wiser school

after, I tremble to think what I might have turned out in the end. For I believe it is the nature of the teaching of the boy that mostly tends to make or mar the man.

Many years after a gentleman, apparently of most liberal mind and large views on social, political, and religious questions, placed the education of his son in my hands. The boy had been brought up at a so-called high school, where he had been taught very little indeed. The father trusted him unreservedly to my training, but he asked me on no account whatever to interfere in any way with the lad's religious belief. Now my young pupil, who indeed was brilliantly gifted, was of a most pertinaciously inquiring turn of mind, and I found it very difficult to satisfy him upon certain questions. Thus, he *would* persecute me with his insistance that I should explain to him how the different races of man could possibly have sprung from one single original pair. To get rid of his importunities, I at last told him in despair that the assumption of the descent of the whole human race from one original pair was a postulate of reason. I had soon occasion to wish I had kept my peace, and told the lad simply that the matter was so, and that it was no use whatever to inquire too curiously into it; for I well-nigh lost the boy's teaching and the father's friendship —I was, in fact, grievously taken to task for having—thoughtlessly, the father felt generously inclined to believe—essayed to import reason into religion! Man is curiously constituted, you see.

Geography was taught at this school somewhat after the same fashion, though by another master. Here also the dish of instruction set before us had naught but bare bones on it—names and figures, figures and names, which we had to get by rote, I cannot even say to learn

by heart; for we truly had no heart in the matter, and there was precious little learning in the teacher, who seemed altogether incapable of intelligently conveying to our young understandings intelligible views of the science he was supposed to instruct us in.

Goethe makes Goetz of Berlichingen ask his son a question concerning his estate of Jaxthausen, to which the boy briefly and glibly replies: "Jaxthausen on the Jaxt is a seigneurial manor which belongs to the lords of Berlichingen." "Who are the lords of Berlichingen?" asks the iron-handed knight! The poor boy is unable to answer the question—a plain proof that he has never been taught to think of what he is learning. We were taught geography after the same fashion.

Verily, verily, when I think of these things, I could weep bitter tears of regret over the few precious sowing years of my life of which I was literally robbed at this school. It has not been all my fault that I have not yielded a richer and better crop in the reaping season of my life. I cannot help fancying sometimes that the vile, indigestible lumber that was forced into me at this sham school must have affected my brain with intellectual dyspepsia.

And, as if that delicate organ was not already sufficiently overburthened as things went, they must forsooth want to make me learn music and drawing, for either of which "indispensable branches of a liberal education," as they were pleased to express it, I had about as much natural aptitude as a cat has for playing the fiddle. And I verily believe they wanted to commence in music with harmony and counterpoint!

Talk about one's school-days being the happiest time of life! True, I had a happy school-life before I came to Burg, and after I had left this sham school. Often in after-

life have I in bitter grief cried, "O mihi præteritos!" but not these days at Burg. I would not live that part of my life over again—nay, not to be made young once more.

There was another branch of education which was grossly neglected at this school—instruction in writing. In my school-days caligraphy was at a woful discount in all classical establishments. We were, in fact, taught to look upon a fair and legible handwriting as a trivial, nay, even a vulgar, accomplishment. We had a writing-master at Burg, a most painstaking man, whom, I remember it now with deep compunction, we boys drove wellnigh to despair by our stupid pig-headed disinclination to be taught to write even legibly. Were we not young gentlemen intended for learned professions? Why then should we strive to qualify ourselves for common clerkships? This was what our worthy principal, and his equally worthy assistant professors were in the habit of telling us. It was a cheap way, you see, of flattering our foolish vanity. And I am sorry to have to add that even at the good and true Alma Mater to which I was sent afterwards the same low appreciation of a good handwriting unhappily prevailed almost to the same extent. How often, in after-life, have I had occasion to curse this folly! How many times have my crow's-feet and pothooks stood in the way of my advancement in life? Why, I might have been a famous author by this time, but that the readers to whom my manuscripts were referred would not take the trouble to decipher them. *I* might know the quartz to be auriferous, but *they* only found the stone inconveniently hard to crush. May I not attribute some, at least, of the misfortunes and disappointments of my life to the bitter curses heaped on my devoted head by unhappy compositors doomed to set up my "copy"? True, printers like my

writing when they once have been thoroughly initiated in its peculiarities—only it takes them such a precious time to accomplish the feat!

At Linden nearly all the boys placed under the tender and gentle guidance of Herr Meier were unceasingly taught the great lesson of bearing and forbearing, and to strive to cultivate mutual gentleness and kindness. The roughest urchin there was a little gentleman in feeling compared with the set of small bullies among whom I found myself suddenly thrust. So my first introduction into actual public school life was rough and painful, and caused me many a bitter pang. True, it took the milksop out of me, and, with my natural pluck and the pretty notion I had of turning my little fives to the best account, I soon managed to shake and fight myself into my proper groove among my companions. But the process had the evil effect of lowering me morally. I lost much of my natural gentleness and chivalrous feeling, and grew imperious and domineering. Weeds grow apace, unhappily. It is your down-trodden slave who makes the worst tyrant. Look how an ill-treated fag will treat the unhappy boy who, in course of time, has to serve his turn of fagship to the emancipated slave.

As to monitors, prefects, prepositors, or by whatever name these vile excrescences of a most preposterously vicious system may go, there is barely one of them who is not a tyrant at heart, and also in deed, if not pretty sharply looked after. I happen to know a National School in a certain country-place in England, where the son of the master, æt. twelve, I think, a regular Wackford Squeers, jun., is entrusted by his father with extensive monitorial functions and powers, although he actually knows little more, if not even less, than the boys over whom he is appointed deputy-master. Much bigger boys have to "Sir" this brat, and he whacks them unmercifully

whenever he gets a chance. They know they must not dare to retaliate, poor fellows!

Luckily, even here, in this school at Burg, with its objectionable system of indifferent, unintellectual teaching, and its cruel bullydom in full force and swing, there were two saving clauses, two redeeming features—to wit, the stupid, brutal, and brutalizing rule of birching, flogging, cuffing, and pinching unhappy children into learning and good behaviour—was strictly and absolutely prohibited here; and the still more monstrously hideous institution of so-called monitors, &c., was altogether unknown.

I would ask it to be borne in mind that this is not intended for an essay on education, but simply to give a few remembrances of my school life.

I had been here a little more than a twelvemonth when I was suddenly summoned home—to my father's deathbed. So nicely had Madame timed her summons to me that I arrived but just in time to see my only remaining parent pass away. I knelt by his bedside, and covered his death-struck hand with passionate kisses and scalding tears. I saw an expression of intensest pain pass over his face; he darted an agonized, appealing look at Madame, and strove desperately to speak; but his indistinct utterings were lost in the death-rattle. A few brief moments more, and it was all over; and I was an orphan indeed.

This sad event affected my prospects in life very materially. Of course, at the time I had no conception of this. How, indeed, was a boy little over twelve likely to trouble his mind about questions of succession and testamentary dispsoitions, however nearly they might touch his interests. It was only years after that I could fully realize the extent of the injury done me by Madame.

My dear departed mother, in her loving trust, had at the time of her marriage, freely and unreservedly handed her whole fortune over to my father, who had now left all he had died possessed of—except my dear mother's library—unconditionally to Madame, simply expressing his confident trust that she, who had always loved his son so sincerely and truly (!), would act fairly and justly by the orphan. My mother's library, which she had inherited from an uncle—a regular old book-worm—and which contained some valuable old works, was the only thing left to me.

Happily for poor me, I was not left absolutely dependent upon the loving justice and fairness of this woman, my maternal grandfather, who had died when I was barely four years old, having bequeathed to me the absolute reversion, after my mother's demise, of a handsome capital of £12,000, invested in the Prussian funds, more than amply sufficient to establish me comfortably in life.

When a distant maternal relative asked Madame to make, at least, a small additional settlement upon me out of my mother's fortune, to which she had succeeded through my father's lamentable uxoriousness, she absolutely declined, pleading that her two sweet babies had no maternal grandfather to leave *them* money—which was quite true.

Had my father but rested content with practically disinheriting me, no very great and lasting harm might after all have been done me; and the Pupillary Court would have appointed a proper guardian to watch over me and my interests; but, unhappily, he had appointed me a guardian of his own, or rather Madame's, choice.

The gentleman in question was a Prussian Privy Councillor of Legation, then on a diplomatic mission in Hanover, where he had first met Madame at a party.

Madame's showy style of beauty, her agreeable French

rattle, and her pretty prattle in broken German, favourably impressed the Councillor, who being a handsome man in the prime of life, of solid attainments and elegant manners, ditto-dittoed the lady.

Madame, though a frivolous Frenchwoman, and passionately fond of the pleasures of life, had yet the making of a devotee in her. The Councillor, a prominent member of the great Mucker Community, that looked upon him as a shining light of piety in the land, speedily discerned this promising element in the lady. He found that Madame had considerable aptitude for religious development; so the acquaintance soon ripened into Christian intimacy; and my father, who was ailing then, and who only saw with his wife's eyes, was made to believe in the goodness and sincere piety of this much-professing gentleman, whom thus he came to appoint my guardian, giving him the most extensive power, in fact, absolute discretion to do as he might list. I had bitter occasion after to wish he had let it alone.

The funeral over, I was packed off back again to Burg, where I was kept at the old school until I had passed my fourteenth year.

Meanwhile the pious Councillor, moved no doubt by holy charity and gentle pity for the sad solitariness of the widow, the orphaned state of her children — perhaps also (*quis sine maculis ?*) allured by her rich dower, manfully came forward to offer her his Christian heart to rest on, his pious hand to guide her through the perilous mazes of this wicked world in safety to the glorious inheritance of the just and righteous and strong in faith: and she accepted the offer; but to avoid the cavilling remarks of censorious society in Hanover, she transferred her Lares and Penates to Berlin.

My guardian, who, being a man of discernment, at least, saw that I was worse than losing my time at Burg: so he sent me at last to the famous Klosterschule in Magdeburg, which was conducted at the time by Provost Röttger and Professor Solbrig, assisted by first-rate masters, all of them gentlemen and scholars, and admirable teachers.

Instead of learning much at the sham school which I now left at last, the very faculty of acquiring knowledge had been impaired in me there. Indeed, I had been brought so low that I passed with difficulty into the upper fifth form of the Klosterschule, whereas when coming from Meier's, I might have gained admission to the upper fourth form (the forms here counted from Sexta up to Prima and Selecta). Here, under most able and intelligent guidance, I soon made up for lost time, moving a little slowly at first, indeed, but more rapidly after, through the eight intervening forms, up to Selecta, and passing my Abiturient or university ripeness examination ere I had much more than completed my eighteenth year. However, while my rapid progress in learning gave thus the fullest satisfaction to the masters, and gained me the kind affection of the dear old rector, Professor Solbrig, my "behaviour," as they termed it in the "censures" sent to my guardian at the end of each term, was *uni sono* declared to be rather indifferent. In fact, I am afraid I was a most mischievous young scamp. I know I somehow always was in hot water. I have a notion, however, that the recollections of most men brought up at public schools are pretty much to the same effect.

When I was a few months over fifteen—about a year after my admission to the Klosterschule—I was duly con-

firmed in the true Protestant faith of my forefathers by Dr. Dennhardt, of the Holy Ghost Church, a most eloquent preacher and learned divine, then on the high road to the highest ecclesiastical preferments. Alas! some ten years after, I believe, the poor man made a moral mistake, and had to leave the Church, of which he truly was a most brilliantly shining light and ornament. Years after I casually met him at Erfurt, where he had been appointed, by a liberal-minded government, Rector of the High School. At a still much later period in life I was told that he had, in his rectorial capacity, and also as chairman of some grand choral union, had to welcome Her Majesty of England when she came over to Germany on a visit to Gotha, and that the unforgiving unco' pious German Mucker element had succeeded in poisoning Her Majesty's ear against him. I never learnt the rights of the affair. All I can say is that a better and kinder-hearted man, and a truer Christian, than Dr. Dennhardt never adorned any Church; and that, barring his one unhappy transgression, his life was pure, ay, purer most likely than that of most of his denigrators and assailers. I loved him dearly, and I deeply revere his memory.

When I was going on fast for sixteen, I was invited to pass the Michaelmas vacation with a dear young chum of mine, Karl von S., the son of a general officer in the Prussian army, who at the time held a command in Magdeburg. I joyfully accepted the invitation, as it would dispense me from the necessity of having to pass my vacation at my guardian's, in Berlin.

I had by this time come to look upon myself as a man, every inch of me. I had taken to braided velvet coats, and the regular College cap, with black, red, and gold

border (which I had to wear on the sly), and heavy Cavalry Hessians with spurs, and a dress-suit, with extravagantly tall chimney-pot on Sundays; and I kept assiduously soaping and razor-scraping my poor chin, cheeks, and upper-lip, in the sanguine hope that something like whiskers, moustachios, and beard might be coaxed out of these unhappy sections of my face; also, I was a passionate Turner or gymnast, and warmly given to athletic exercises in general—and to the cultivation of beer.

Karl von S. had an only sister, Amalia by name, a most charming girl of about nineteen, full of fun and frolic, and possessed with the very demon of mischief.

Since my first love affair with little Olga I had kept heart whole: might be I was a little fastidious and high in my standard of female charms.

So soon, however, as Amalia rose on the horizon, to beam upon me in her resplendent beauty, I was once again undone; I fell head over ears in love with this new divinity of mine

Ere eight days had passed away under the same roof with her, poesy's fine frenzy claimed me for her own, and I poured out the unrestrainable overflowings of my entranced heart in a couple of sonnets upon my angel's soft blue eyes and dark brows; another sonnet upon her raven locks; one upon her sweet mouth; one on her pearly teeth; one on her delicious Greek nose; and two more, to wind up, upon her rosy lips, upper and lower—one sonnet, as you see, for every day in the week, and two for Sunday. They were execrable compositions, vile attempts at sonnets. I know that now; but at the time I believed them to be the acme of poetic perfection, and indeed I thought but small beer of Goethe and Schiller, with their neutral, lukewarm prosy lays, by the side of me and my impassioned strains; and I am afraid Fräulein Amalia was somehow, approximately at least, of a similar opinion.

Was I not singing the praises of *her* beauty? Pretty girls, you see, are wondrously conceited.

I marvelled much and contemptuously how a MAN like me *could* ever have seen aught to admire in a mere chit of a snub-nosed, red-haired child. Poor Olga! she really had a pretty turned-up nose and golden hair, and I had no business to try to misremember her so grossly and so ungratefully. But then you see I had to sacrifice my first love, to the very recollection of it, upon the altar of my new passion, and I thought I might as well do the thing handsomely while I was about it. Well, well! she served me out for it four years after, when she cut me dead in the Linden-tree Avenue at Berlin. Beyond my Petrarchian outpourings, I never *told* my love to Amalia. It was too delicate a flower to bear ostentatious display; and I was afraid, besides, Amalia might box my ears, as she sometimes would her brother's, most unmercifully. Yet I did not let concealment, like the worm in the bud, prey on my ruddy chubby cheek; but I *looked* my love, and I conversed freely upon the sweetly-entrancing subject with Karl, who pledged his solemn word to me that no one but myself should ever dare to aspire to brother-in-lawship to him.

My sweet mistress would occasionally reward my mutely-loud affection with a bewitching smile. She would stroke my long locks, call me St. John, and hold out a promise to me that if I would but do all her behests she would give me her fair hand—to kiss.

Olga had been more liberal in bestowing tokens of affection upon me; but then Olga was only a chit of a child, whereas my Amalia was a full-grown young lady. My Amalia, alas! Mine indeed! In less than six months after, she jilted me, marrying an officer of twenty-five, if he was a day, who could not have composed a poem, let him try however hard for it.

O fickleness, thy name is woman!

Well, I did all the behests, even the most perilous ones, of this beautiful incarnation of the demon of mischief; and into many a scrape I got through her.

There dwelt at the time in Magdeburg, in a large house in what is now called Berlin Street, but was then known as Cow Street, an old maiden lady of irreproachable life, only somewhat given to speak ill of her neighbours. A dear friend of Fräulein Amalia had somehow come to be talked about in a shameful, or rather shameless, way among a set of old tabbies. Poor girl! she had had to be sent to Carlsbad for the benefit of her health. In this most simple and most harmless circumstance said old tabbies had sought and found material for the concoction of a scandalous tale. You see the world is the same all over its surface. When Miss Chudleigh complained to the Earl of Chesterfield that she, ay even *she*, had been made the subject of a gross calumny, and that her detractors had most liberally presented her with twins, the polite exquisite told her, by way of consolation, that he always made it a point never to believe more than half the world said. Now, these old tabbies preferred to believe and repeat more than twice as much as the world said. Fräulein von Görlitz, the old maid in question, was one of the leaders of the set. She happened to mention the little tit-bit of scandal before Fräulein Amalia, who indignantly took up the cudgels for her absent much-wronged friend. "Well, my dear," said the frumpy old trumpet, "there must be something in it, you know, else no one, surely, would invent such a thing without having some foundation for it at least." This much nettled Miss Amalia, who came home fretting and fuming, and on evil thoughts intent. Karl had gone to fish at Bukan, then a suburban village close to Magdeburg, and I had been at gymnas-

tics, dressed in tight-fitting yellow nankeen unmentionables and gymnastic jacket.

Hardly had the young lady cast eyes upon me, when a wicked thought formed and shaped itself in her mind, and a wicked plot burst forth ready made from her busy brain, the same as Minerva is fabled to have sprung fully armed from Jupiter's head. In a few rapid outlines she sketched her plot, and intimated to me her imperious will, which said will she made me pledge myself to execute promptly, diligently, and intelligently. She was resolved, she said, to give the scandal-mongering old maid practical proof that the wares she delighted so much to deal in could be manufactured literally out of non-existent materials.

So, having buttoned my gymnastic jacket over my college cap, I was speedily invested in one of Miss Amalia's old black gowns, which fitted me neatly, and had my long locks plaited Margaret fashion by my sweet mistress's fair fingers; I was then sent forth on my evil errand, with a poke-bonnet on my head, and the demon of mischief in my heart.

The shades of evening were falling fast, as I wended my way trippingly and mincingly to Catherine Street, where Frau Winter dwelt, a reputed midwife.

I rang her bell; she poked her head out of the first-floor window, requesting to know the occasion of the ringing. I told her, in a falsetto voice, that Fräulein von Görlitz had been suddenly taken and required her immediate presence and assistance, and that Medicinal Councillor, Doctor Weinschenk—a renowned Magdeburg practitioner of the period—would feel obliged if Frau Winter would bring along with her a monthly nurse, and some baby-linen, as no provision seemed to have been made for the interesting event.

Well, the old lady nearly fell back with amazement

and horror. What! Fräulein von Görlitz! No, it could not be; it *must* be a mistake. "No," said I in falsetto with tears and sobs in my voice, "it is unhappily but too true. I have only this very morning entered the gnädigen Fräulein's service, and it is very sad for an innocent young girl like me to be sent on such errands. But make haste, dear Frau Winter. The doctor says there is no time to lose; and no wonder, considering her age." "*Je, da muss man ja sein blaues Wunder erleben*—Wait, child, wait—I am coming down. Du kannst meine Sachen tragen." And down the good woman came, exclaiming over and over again, "It is a blue wonder, a blue wonder," which it truly was, take it how you might.

Now, I had not bargained for attending the midwife on her way to Cow Street, and I would have bolted, but that I caught a glimpse of Miss Amalia watching us from the Broadway corner; so I stuck manfully to my colours, resignedly taking the bundle, and a formidable-looking Gampian implement, presenting the appearance of an exaggerated air-gun, which the midwife handed me to carry for her. Frau Winter called on the way upon the monthly nurse, whom she bade to follow us incontinently with the baby-linen, of which that good lady kept a store on hand, it would appear.

Now, as mischief would have it, just as we were turning into Cow Street, and Frau Scharabatka, the monthly nurse, had come up with us, nearly out of breath, and I was preparing to hand her the things and to modestly retire, who should turn up, right in front of us, but the identical Fräulein Görlitz?

Frau Winter, as I was within an ace of finding to my cost, was a woman of rapid conception, and of equally rapid action. She, without the least ado or hesitation, made a vicious grasp at my pendant plaits, which I eluded only by a miracle.

Of course, I took instanter to my heels, with Frau Winter and Frau Scharabatka in full cry after me, like two raging fiends, leaving Fräulein Görlitz standing in the street, transfixed with amazement. Like Hippomenes, I got a trifling start by judiciously dropping, first the bundle, then the other thing, which pursuing Atalanta and her handmaiden stopped to pick up.

Now, Miss Amalia's gown was a very nice gown, no doubt, and imparted to me a look of prettiness and respectability combined; but it had a most serious drawback at this precise time. It impeded my running. So, determined not to be caught and cuffed by two furies, I manfully took and tucked the garment up to my waist, cutting along as it were for dear life, and in splendid style. Only the misfortune was, that deceived by the uncertain light of the oil-lamps, and misled by the dubious tint and the tight fit of my unmentionables, the passers-by took me to be an abandoned, shameless creature, and joined in the pursuit with a will. I tore down Cow Street like mad, up Piper's Hill, and down on the other side into Holy Ghost Street, where I was nearly caught by old Schmidt, the precentor of Holy Ghost Church; I just managed to escape into the narrow opening to St. Ann's Hospital, a row of almshouses, leading from Holy Ghost Street to Cow Street, and skirting the cemetery of Holy Ghost Church. As I was flying along, a brilliant thought struck me. With the rapidity of this identical thought, I literally threw myself over the wall into the churchyard, and lay down as quiet as a mouse, but for the beating of my heart, in the protecting gloom of a tall tombstone. I heard my pursuers run through the passage, with wild shouts after the shameless hussy. I soon divested myself of my disguise, wrapped the poke-bonnet up in the gown, and stowed the parcel away close to the wall inside. Then, having taken my college cap

from under my jacket, and put it on my head, I climbed over the wall, and seeing the coast clear, everybody being in Cow Street, I walked boldly forward to join the crowd of excited people who had meanwhile gathered before the precentor's house.

Precentor Schmidt had no business to try to stop and catch a poor girl like me running away from her pursuers. Punishment was overtaking him now.

By a strange coincidence, just at the very time when the pursuing crowd was bursting through St. Ann's passage into Cow Street, the precentor's daughter was seen, rather hurriedly walking up to the open door of her father's house, to slip in and shut the door after her. As she wore a black gown, a poke-bonnet, and pendent plaited tails, she, poor innocent, became in the eyes of the excited crowd, mad with blind passion, the shameless hussy they all were in such hot pursuit of. Well, it took the father and Police Commissary Hennings, who had to be fetched, a long time to pacify the raging mob, and convince them that they were grievously mistaken. The police commissary could vouch for the fact that poor Miss Schmidt had been all that afternoon with his wife and daughters, and had, in fact, run home to fetch a roll of music. I looked on half-amused, half-sorrowful; I was struck with speechless amazement, when I beheld Fräulein Amalia condoling—ay, condoling! with poor Fräulein Görlitz, who, having evidently been "told all" by Frau Winter, was crying as if her very heart would break. Nay, the wicked girl skilfully insinuated that it was one of the old maid's bosom friends that had played this nasty trick upon her; and the old maid believed it, and swore to be even with that false friend. So soon as the crowd had dispersed, and things had resumed their natural aspect, I stole back to the churchyard, took up my parcel,

and went home with it, carrying it under my arm. As a bounteous reward for my sufferings, and for the jeopardy I had been placed in by the young lady, she graciously permitted me to press my lips on her alabaster hand.

Two days after we had to return to school. Through life I have had to bear my punishment for my share in the evil deed. I have ever since suffered from palpitation of the heart, brought on solely by my desperate run on that, to me, ever-memorable night. The young lady, the contriver of all the mischief, was not punished at all. She had enjoyed the fun; others had to pay the cost. It is but too often thus in this world of ours. True poetic justice is meted out only in fiction.

I kept, a humble planet, steadfastly revolving—(if that is not a contradiction in terms)—round the sun of my adoration. All through autumn and winter I danced attendance on my divinity. I got a new dress-suit made expressly, and then took preferentially to the chimney-pot of the period, that I might, whenever I was at liberty, pass by her house, to catch a glimpse of her beauteous face, and do obeisance to her, happy if I could but see her smile upon me. I then really believed she was smiling: I found out after that she was laughing at me instead. So long as the Elbe was frozen over, I was indefatigable in propelling her chair-sledge over the ice, and I stood no end of glasses of grog and punch to her. She bade me come, and I came; she bade me go, and I went. Ere March had fully run its course she became ANOTHER'S, and she invited me to the wedding! Well, I had to study hard at the time; so I got easily over my second disappointment in love. There is no balm so healing for a wounded heart as work.

A few months after I passed from Prima to Selecta. This was a great event in my life. I was proud of the achievement. I began to indulge in day-dreams of the happiness of university life, the glorious Libertas Academica of which I had heard so much, the independence of all control. Independence of control! the most ardent aspiration of boyhood. How often in after-life have I had occasion to bitterly curse that same independence of control! Had it but pleased Providence to leave me an affectionate father, a loving mother, or grant me at least a true-hearted kind guardian, how different might have been my way through life, and how different might have been its impending close! But, as I have said before, might-have-beens are fruitless speculations.

My guardian, who was a scholar at least, and took an interest in my scholastic career, graciously presented me with ten Dutch ducats, fresh from the Utrecht Mint. I had learnt by this time that everything provided for me by my guardian, under whatever head, was supplied from my own private means. Still I felt deeply grateful for the gift, and I grew at least ten inches taller in my own estimation, for that my transcendent talents and brilliant achievements had been thus highly appreciated by so competent a judge. What an insufferably conceited young puppy I was, to be sure!

On the evening of the great day that my worth had been so gloriously recognized and rewarded by my guardian, I sued for and obtained an outing permission for self and the other five Selectans of the institution, to whom I gave a grand spread.

I left my ten ducats behind, snugly reposing in my table-drawer, in a brand-new silk purse, expressly bought to keep them in. I looked upon these coins as so many

orders *pour le mérite*, and I would not have parted with them for five times their value in gold.

Judge of my sad surprise, then, and of my deep indignation and grief, when on my return I found them gone, the empty purse alone being left.

I kept awake all that night, fretting and fuming. Next morning I went, the first thing, to see the rector, Professor Solbrig. I told him what had happened. The old gentleman was thunderstruck. "Have you said anything about this wretched affair to anybody yet?" he asked me, almost tremblingly. "No, Sir Professor, I have not," I replied. "Then breathe not a syllable about it to any one. I will investigate the matter. Great God! This touches the dearest interests of our beloved institution! That I should have lived to see such awful deeds done in my times and under my rectorate!" And the old man was actually wringing his hands. The sight of this good man's acute distress made an indescribable impression upon me. I devoutly wished the vile dross had been at the bottom of the sea rather than it should cause such grief to my venerated master. "O dear Sir Professor," I cried, impulsively kissing his hand and bursting into tears, "O dear Sir Professor, do not mind it; I do not mind it a bit; I do not, indeed, indeed! Let it rest where it stands." "No, no, my boy," replied the rector, shaking his head, "that cannot be. I *cannot* let the matter rest. It must and shall be investigated. If there is a black sheep we must not allow the flock to be contaminated. I am afraid, I am afraid—I suspect—but that is no business of yours, my boy. Will you solemnly promise me to keep this most sad business concealed within your own bosom? Do not even let a hint escape your lips. Perhaps—but never you mind."

I promised the dear, good old rector to be guided

entirely and absolutely by his wishes and behests, and went on through the day as if nothing had happened.

After, when the affair was over, I was told in strictest confidence by the rector that one of the *alumni,* who had only been admitted last term, coming to us from another high school, had been detected in pilfering, and had been privately invited to leave, to avoid the disgrace of expulsion. The father, a landed proprietor, had entreated the kind-hearted rector of our institution to afford his son a chance of amendment. The rector had consented. The father, to punish his son, had absolutely stopped his pocket money—a grievous mistake, as it turned out to be, for the temptation of my ten ducats had proved too strong for the unhappy lad, who, after some fencing and a faint denial, had ruefully confessed the theft to the rector.

Professor Solbrig found himself in a most difficult position. The lad's father was a school friend of his, and the poor boy, bitterly repentant, prayed for mercy in heartbroken and heartbreaking accents. Expulsion from a Prussian school was a fearful punishment in my school days. I know not what it may be now. It was a most solemn act. The whole school, masters and boys, had to assemble in the great hall of the institution, where the culprit was forced to attend, to hear a Latin fulmination hurled at him from the high pulpit, which, if I remember aright, ended in these words:—"Abi ad tuos parentes infelices—abi cum infamiâ." I verily believe it is not too much to say that an unhappy lad thus expelled was practically branded for life. A man like our noble rector could not but feel this most acutely; yet what was he to do? What *could* he do? It was a *fearful* duty that devolved upon him; still it was a *duty.*

The titular head-master, Provost Röttger, being seriously ill at the time, the rector consulted with the

pro-rector and the two chief assistant masters, who were generally called conventuals.

The pro-rector was an austere man; the first conventual was sternly severe where moral principles were concerned; the second conventual, though not harsh by nature, thought it incumbent upon him to vote with his two colleagues. Expulsion then was the sentence decided on, to be kept secret, however, while the requisite preliminaries were being arranged by the authorities.

So no one was permitted to know aught of the matter, not even the other masters. I saw that the rector's kind face was darkly clouded with grief and sorrow. To guard against premature publicity, the lad was sent home temporarily to his parents, upon the pretext of illness.

On the evening of the day after the dread resolution had been taken, I was at study in my room, when a lady, a stranger, came to see me—an occurrence almost unprecedented in our institution. She was the mother of the unhappy lad. From her trembling lips I first heard the distressing fact. She sobbingly entreated me to show mercy to her poor child. I felt utterly wretched. In my heart I cursed the vile dross, the *teterrima causa* of all this misery; and I cursed myself for my precipitancy in complaining of the loss of a few paltry pieces of coin. But what was to be done now? Was I not absolutely powerless in the matter? An idea struck me suddenly—a stupid idea. I was only a foolish child after all. I told the poor mother that I must see the rector, and asked her to await my return. I ran to the professor's house, through the private passage leading to it from our institution, and I rushed into the good man's presence with counterfeited glee in my face—"O Sir Professor," I shouted, "I am so glad, so happy." I then added, stammeringly, "I have found the money. It was—in—an—another—dr—drawer." You see at that time of

my life a lie did not come easy to me. The rector looked at me half sternly and reprovingly, half softly. "Lie not lad!" he cried, severely. "Lying is the worst of vices, the devil's cardinal sin, the true mother of all crimes. Never commit a wrong that good may come of it, in your foolish notion. The end never justifies the means—*never!*" "You meant no harm, lad, I know," he added, in a softer tone; "you would save your unhappy fellow-pupil. Your motive is good, but your way of proceeding is execrable!"

I sobbingly made a clean breast of it now, confessing to the good man how I had been tempted to try my wretched subterfuge; and I entreated his forgiveness for my transgression, which he granted freely, even bidding me be of good cheer: he would see whether something might not be done still. He instructed me to bring the unhappy mother to his house, where he soon joined us, with words of encouraging hope. He had meanwhile invited the other members of the board—the pro-rector and the conventuals—to meet him in the Consultation Hall. He took me along with him, and instructed me how to act.

The rector introduced me to the board as a petitioner, and bade me state my case. I pleaded to the gentlemen present, my kind and good masters, to grant my earnest petition—that they would indulgently drop all further proceedings in this unhappy matter of my lost ducats. I could never again enjoy an hour's comfort and happiness in my life if I must reproach myself with having, however remotely and unwillingly, been the cause of moral and social ruin to a fellow-pupil. I got warmer as I proceeded; the deeply-excited, earnest feelings of my heart imparted the semblance of impassioned eloquence to my simple pleadings, and the pro-rector and the junior conventual declared for mercy. Not so, however, the senior

conventual, who expressed his regret that, whatever the feelings of his heart, and however sincere and deep his sorrow, he yet deemed it his bounden duty—as he must crave permission to think it was that of his colleagues also—to carry out the resolution of the board, arrived at after mature deliberation. "Why, gentlemen colleagues," he said, "would you overlook the crime of this wretched lad? Why remit his most deserved punishment? Think you that mercy shown unto him will lead to his amendment? Has he not been spared before? How often, then, would you forgive him?"

My heart sank within me; but the noble old rector stood forth the true disciple of the Divine Teacher. "Then came Peter to him," he quoted, with happy inspiration, "and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven!" Then he wrestled with the stern man's scruples with the all-conquering force of heart-felt, heart-stirring eloquence. He victoriously refuted and overcame his specious objections; and he pleaded to him for the pardon of the unhappy lad as a father would plead to snatch the imperilled life of his own son from the stern avenger. "Let us show mercy, as we would wish for mercy," he cried. "Is there one among us without sin? without transgression? Nay, not one. Mercy, then, gentlemen—mercy to this repentant sinner! mercy to his unhappy, crushed father! mercy to his heart-broken mother, who is even now tremblingly awaiting our decision, that may send bright rays of gladness and hope into her sorely tried heart, or plunge her soul into the deepest depths of darkest despair!"

Dr. H. was conquered. He gave way more fully even than the rector had dared to plead for with him. "Let

us forgive the lad then," he said, deeply moved; "and let us extend fullest forgiveness to him; let us spare him even the intimation that he will have to seek another school." The other members of the board heartily responded to this appeal, the junior conventual repeating, in a far-away way, semi-unconsciously, as it were, "Ay, indeed, who is there without sin?" A few brief years after, when I was a student at Berlin, I heard that *his* sin had found him out, unhappy man. He, the solid and brilliant scholar, the officer who had valiantly fought for his country in the liberation war, had to leave the school and the land a deeply-disgraced man.

Many long years after, in 1866, after the seven weeks' war, I saw a gentleman in Berlin, a gentleman in a high official position, whose face evoked in my memory dim recollections of times long past. I asked the gentleman's name of my excellent friend, Professor Tellkampf, with whom I was staying at the time. "Privy Councillor ——" was the reply; and I marvelled much at the strangeness of fate—he and I—I and he!

Hey for academic life and liberty! Hey for that noble independence of all rational restraint and control, so sanguinely dreamt of, so eagerly, so impatiently awaited! I had the fullest measure of it meted out to me. The greater the pity! What did I do with it? I sowed folly, and I have reaped the only crop that grain ever produced—sorrow. I sowed tares; I have reaped tears.

My father had left the trusteeship of my funds absolutely in the hands of the man whom he had appointed my guardian, just the same as it had been entrusted to himself by my maternal grandfather. The one-third, if not even the one-fourth part, of the interest on my

capital ought to have been more than amply sufficient to defray all expenses that could be properly and legitimately incurred by a young student. A word of kind advice, remonstrance, or less or more severe rebuke, where needed, might have sufficed to change the whole current of my after-life.

I was an extravagant young fool. I had a foible for fine clothes, richly-bound books, jewellery, horses, and a few more luxuries of a similarly tawdry stamp; kindly fostered by obliging tradesmen, who, had my guardian but been a true-hearted man, with the least affection for me in his heart, should have been checked—and checkmated—from the very outset of my academic career, but who instead found the Sir Privy Councillor always willing to redeem his ward's word, to honour his ward's signature, although that ward was an infant in law and an infant in sense. Ay, evil-disposed tongues were wagging with plain insinuations that the good man was in the habit of levying a large discount or premium upon the bills sent in to him by a vile set of traders upon my inexperience and follies; ay, I had afterwards reason even to fear that he had been more directly faithless in his trust. This is unduly anticipating; but I may as well have done with the noisome subject.

I will freely admit that my saintly guardian had essayed to gain me over to the true pietistic principles of the great Mucker community, of which he was so shining a light, so bright an ornament. Had I but properly responded to the call, things might have gone differently with me; but I did not respond. So the good man self-righteously resolved to wash his hands of me. The effort was made to win me to grace during my brief stay at my guardian's, ere I was entered as a student at Halle.

I have reason to believe that Madame—ay, even Madame—had remonstrated with her saintly spouse, ear-

nestly entreating him not to let me go to rack and ruin altogether unchecked and unwarned, but in vain. Tophet was to be my portion. Was not the death of all I had held dear a signal proof of the wrath of an offended, angry God? Yet I remained obdurate. Was it not clear, then, that I was foredoomed? and would it not be flying in the face of Providence to make further efforts to rescue me from predestined perdition? And if he must decline to interfere in future in any way with my spiritual affairs, would it not be a thankless and useless office to try to control in any way the management of my so infinitely less important temporal matters? No, no; he was not going to stand between me and ultimate ruin. He would, instead, give me full swing and plenty of rope. The sooner such unregenerate wretches as I were sent to the devil the better.

I went first to Halle, however, to study—how to spend money to the least possible advantage, and the greatest possible harm to myself and others; how to drink beer and wine, and how to handle the rapier and the sword; also, to shoot with the pistol and to play billiards—nay, even for the period of my freshmanship, to smoke, just to guard against the galling accusation of being a milksop. I gained a certain proficiency in this latter vicious habit, even to the achievement of the great feat of smoking two pipes or three cigars at one and the same time. Fortunately, however, I took no liking to it, and dropped it again, so soon as I had established my reputation.

My other studies were strictly desultory. By fits and starts I dipped here and there in the sea of learning, roaming, like a roving bee, from one branch of human lore to another, taking a sip everywhere, of honey or of poison, as the case might be. Now and then I luckily chanced to pick up a few profitable grains that bore

fruit in later years. But for the most part I gathered and garnered a vast and varied store of empty chaff, of worse than useless lumber, with which I crammed mind and memory, to the exclusion of sound and solid acquirements.

The Kneipe (*caupona*) and the Fechtboden (fencing-room) had most of my time and solicitous attendance.

If Heinrich Heine had wished to send the long-striding angel Gabriel for me, as he did for his good friend Eugene, he might safely have given his heavenly messenger the same directions where to find me, to wit—

> "Such' ihn nicht im Collegium,
> Such' ihn beim Glas Tokaier;
> Und in der Kirche such' ihn nicht,
> Such' ihn bei Mamsell Meier."

What a pity that youth should be so much given to ape its elders in their foibles, and emulate them in their vices. Well, well! it is an old saying that youth will have its fling. I had mine, ay, several of them—and they have flung me back on my back now, with sore limbs and aching bones.

> "Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos."

For more than two years I pursued my "studies" after this fashion, first in Halle, then in Leipzig, without being able to make up my mind to select a special branch for my career in life. Time enough, I thought, to think of that! I had not, of course, at that time, seen the great Richard Whately's sage advice, never to do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow, as the chances are that you will be able to do it so much better then, or that you may not have to do it at all; and Robert and William Brough, whom in after-life I had the good fortune of numbering among my best guides, philosophers, and friends, were

not born yet, and could not therefore have bethought them of their projected "Emendation of British Proverbs," in which procrastination figured conspicuously as the soul of business.* But you see it is the proud privilege of great minds to foresee future events to come, as dear Jeff Prowse's Nicholas had it; so I acted intuitively upon the famous logician's advice and the B. B.'s amended proverb.

At one time I felt half-inclined for Cameralia, at another for the law. Even philology had some attraction for me, though it was far, very far, from my intention to ever thread the thorny path of the pedagogue. I did not *then* think of the noble healing art: the notion to trade and batten upon the ailments of my fellow-creatures was presented to my mind at a later period.

It was at this time that the *cacoëthes scribendi* first seized upon me. The wondrous tale of "Gloriola;" "Montezuma," a tragedy in five acts; "One Kiss, Three Kicks," a farcical comedy in two acts; "Arminius Liberator," a historic sketch; and other works, issued from my facile and fertile juvenile pen.

I was then a liberal patron indeed of the provision trade. Butter could afford to look up at the small shops in Halle and Leipzig, paper to wrap it up in by the ounce or the quarter-pound being plentifully supplied

* Punctuality figured in this *magnum opus* of concentrated wisdom, to which I also contributed my humble share, as the thief of your own time for the benefit of another man's; a dead flea on the nail was said to be better than two live ones in one's shirt—(it was not a flea, indeed, but another apterous insect, which, though Sala once boldly introduced it in *Household Words*, I feel rather squeamish about letting it crawl over my pure pages). It must be a dirty shirt that will not bear turning; A bug in time breeds nine; Much washing weareth away the skin; It is a wise child that knoweth not its own father when he is grown old and feeble and helpless; Pickle the rod, but spare the child; Prosper—and you need not work; An you but take care of the pounds, you may freely spend the pence; You cannot make a sow's ear out of all the silk purses in the world, &c.

by me and other infants of genius. Ye gods! What fustian I used to send forth into the world in those halcyon days! at my own expense, mind; for I am quite convinced in my mind now, that no 'cute publisher would have spent a farthing upon my "copy;" and I NEVER, no NEVER, knew one of the craft that was not considerably more than 'cute.

I had fondly thought these sins of my youth were all of them long since dead and buried, when, imagine my amazement and horror, in one of my latest visits to Germany, a tattered copy of "Arminius Liberator" accidentally met my eyes at an antiquarian bookstall in Berlin, snugly reposing in a case along with many other books and pamphlets, no doubt of the same high stamp —the entire lot being marked at 6 Pfennige, one halfpenny English, each. Now, one would fancy that I would be delighted to meet my old acquaintance, and to spend the halfpenny nobly, for "auld lang syne." I did nothing of the kind, however, but turned away confused—like a young maiden who pops unawares upon a discarded lover—and walked off fast, almost afraid lest the "liberator" should forcibly detain me, and expose my disgrace to the public gaze. I also took to walking the mimic stage buskined. I did Othello and Iago, Brutus and Cassius, Karlos and Posa, Karl and Franz Moor, indifferently—very indifferently indeed—and I impartially always murdered them both; which was, of course, what the author had clearly intended.

Many long years after and many long years since, *eheu!* I murdered Moses, in the "School for Scandal," on a London stage; but it was done for a charitable purpose. So the benevolent British public was graciously pleased to grant me a bill of indemnity, and my dear old friend John Oxenford went so far in his amical indulgence, that he bestowed upon me a line of appreciation in *The Times*.

The stage fever fit was strong upon me in those days of my hot youth, and there is no telling but that I might have stuck to the buskin or taken to motley, sobering down in time, perchance, to general utility, had it not been for an accident—a mere accident—which threw me into the arms of Æsculapius.

Tired of Halle and Leipzig, I had just removed the seat of my studies to Berlin, when it happened on a certain day that two of my chums had an encounter with cavalry sabres, and one them caught an ugly slashing cut over the face, which wellnigh severed his nose, and let daylight into his throat by a larger aperture even than the natural slit. The medical student (house-surgeon of the Charity Hospital), who was to have acted as "Paukdoctor," had somehow been hindered from attendance, and the duel (a mere wretched beer quarrel) had, foolishly, been permitted to come off notwithstanding.

When I found myself face to face with this formidable slash, and saw my poor chum bleeding like a stuck pig and on the point of fainting, and saw all the other fellows stand idly by, uselessly lamenting, an inspiration came upon me to do on my own hook (to use an expressive vulgarism) what was so urgently needed in the case. How I came to do it I cannot tell to the present day, but I managed somehow to stitch up the wound, and dress it temporarily, until we could take our damaged friend to the hospital.

Here the "great Councillor," the immortal Heim, an old man then, chanced to be present, who graciously condescended to approve of, what he was pleased to call, my presence of mind and my skill, and to warmly counsel me to embrace the medico-surgical career.

The great man—and truly he was one of the greatest as well as one of the best of men—had himself been fortuitously led to embrace that pursuit, on which he was shedding such glorious lustre. He was the son of a village pastor, if my memory does not mislead me. When about twelve he happened to be birds'-nesting with some companions. One of them, unfortunately, had a fall from a tree, and broke his leg. The boy Heim, acting under the instant inspiration of his innate genius for surgery, set the injured limb, and bound it up, "just the same as the most skilful surgeon could have done it"—as the district physician declared when the "case" was brought to him. He strongly urged the father to make a doctor of his gifted son.

Most young men are marvellously given to conceit. That wondrous Prince of Science—the great Heim, had condescended to take notice of me. This was enough: I almost looked upon myself as material fit to fashion a second Æsculapius out of, simply because I had stitched up a few inches of solution of continuity in a man's face. The rough rubs of life have taken the conceit pretty completely out of me; but in those days I *was* conceited; yet, surely, I had no cause for it. I need not have dreaded lest I should amaze and anger High Jove by any display of *my* skill: the *divulsa membra* of Hippolytus would never have been re-united had I been called upon to essay the feat. Still at that time I exultingly thought I had found my groove at last. Alas! how often in life have I fancied the same thing, with just as little cause for it.

The affair of honour (!) which led to this decision of mine had been permitted to grow out of a wretched beer quarrel, pushed beyond all allowable limits by the wrongheadedness of one of the combatants — of course *not* the one who had to pay the penalty.

The inflicter of the wound was, equally of course, sorry, ay, deeply sorry, that he had obstinately persisted in forcing matters to this unlucky issue; he kissed the wounded face of his stricken foe, and bathed it with his tears—which simply served to inflict additional pangs upon the sufferer, tears, as a rule, being no doubt a soothing balm for wounded hearts, but certainly not for wounded faces. Then there was this little trifle in the matter, that the poor face-slashed young fellow had to exchange the Church for the law. Now, in the former, a patron of his father's had promised him a presentation to a fat living, so soon as he should pass and be ordained; whilst the law, on the other hand, had some ten years' semi-starvation in store for the young man, and at the end of that time a position and an income less than half so snug and comfortable as the one for which the cut across the face disqualified him.

I may as well mention here another "students' duel," which took place in Berlin about fifteen months after the little affair above narrated, and in which I was also personally concerned in the capacity of assistant to the professional friend who attended as surgeon. In no other way had I to do aught with or in the matter; yet the fatal issue of the affair made a most sad impression upon me at the time, which the many years that have elapsed since then have not yet had sufficient power to efface from my mind and memory.

A young fellow of Hermannstadt, in Transylvania, of Saxon descent, had come to Berlin to complete his studies. He was an only son. His parents were wealthy, and moved in a superior sphere of life. He was one of the best-natured fellows I ever met; of a generous, noble disposition, only that he was a little hot and short-tempered, and perhaps unduly inclined to stand upon his dignity. Now we had in our more intimate set a law student—whom

I will here call Reimar, to guard against the chance of giving pain to any surviving member of the family—the son of a distinguished Lutheran minister in Silesia. Reimar was a great favourite with all of us; he was so full of fun and frolic, and so overflowing with wit and humour; he was also wonderfully kind-hearted, only that occasionally, when in the vein, he would love to say caustic things, and indulge in biting sarcasm; he was, in fact, overmuch given to quiz foes and friends alike, little recking how they might take it.

One night—*nefasta nox*—he was on for chaff, unhappily choosing for his butt our Transylvanian, who was even more than usually touchy on this unlucky night. So matters proceeded between these two, *crescendo,* from harmless jokes to barbed words, from trifling irritation to red-hot passion, until somewhere about midnight we found ourselves face to face with an impending pistol duel between these two right good fellows.

Well, some old Burschen, who saw that in the present temper of both the intending combatants nothing could be done to stop the affair, sagely undertook the further management of it. We learnt afterwards in select committee that these kindly sons of our beloved *Alma Mater* had hit upon the same plan which the friends of Jeffrey and Moore had resorted to in the projected "deadly" encounter between these two great men, at Chalk Farm, in 1808, to prevent an untoward issue.

But there seemed to be an occult adverse fate at work in this unhappy affair. Everything went wrong. The duel came off a short distance from Berlin, on the road to Potsdam. Two heavy long-barrelled cavalry pistols were the weapons chosen; these were obligingly lent by a young student, who had surreptitiously "borrowed" them out of a collection of arms belonging to his father, a retired colonel of dragoons. The pistols were of a pattern

anterior to the War of Liberation. To all appearances it would have been next to a miracle to hit any one with either of them at twenty paces—the distance at which the combatants were placed by their seconds.

The two irate young men had cooled down to zero by this time, and it was easy to discern that they were heartily ashamed of their folly, and sincerely sorry. But they were lads of spirit, and punctilious upon the point of personal honour—and we were all of us but foolish boys.

So the preliminaries were duly proceeded with, and the weapons properly loaded by the seconds, with the trifling omission of the bullets. When the word was given, we all saw how both combatants, like sensible, good-hearted lads, fired high up in the air, but, by a strange fatality, the Transylvanian's pistol exploded in his hand, shattering the barrel to pieces, one of which struck the ill-starred youth through the right eye to the brain. He uttered a piercing shriek, swayed one brief instant to and fro, then fell forward—dead.

I never, so long as I have life, shall or can forget the harrowing scene which followed. Poor Reimar threw himself frantically upon the dead body, wildly calling curses down upon his own head for the atrocious murder of the kindest and dearest and best of friends. It was, indeed, long ere we could dissuade him from an insane notion that it was the bullet from his pistol which, although fired upward, the dark spirit of evil had conducted to his adversary's brain. There is a strange superstition widely spread among Germans, especially northern, that the Powers of Hell have the full and free direction of every shot fired in unholy strife. When we succeeded at last in proving to him that the ill-starred victim had been killed by the explosion of his own weapon, it made little difference indeed in his self-accusations and self-revilings, which grew so fierce

and intense that they actually made us fear for the poor fellow's sanity.

Two most delicate and difficult tasks devolved upon us now—the one, how to hush up this wretched affair, if it could any way be kept secret; the other, how to soothe poor Reimar's ravings. Well, Dr. Dieffenbach, who then held the high position of chief surgeon to the Charity Hospital, was a large-hearted man, who could feel for our extremely painful position. So when matters had been fully explained to him to the minutest detail, he nobly consented to throw over us the ægis of his personal responsibility. We all had to vow inviolable secrecy. Reimar was sent home to his parents in Silesia, to recover the natural tone and tension of his mind; and the ill-fated Transylvanian's name figured some three weeks after among the "deaths" at the Charité. According to the record, he had succumbed to acute inflammation of the brain.

Unhappy Reimar! He never recovered the shock to his high-strung nervous organization. Within the year he died—died by his own hand. *Det veniam Pater.*

Several years after, when assistant-surgeon in the French Army in Algiers, I was detached to the Jardin du Dey Hospital, some distance outside the Bab-el-Oued, or Gate of the West, to assist in the division of Dr. Antonini, who had Barracks I. and II. under his care. One day I was mysteriously summoned to "Moustapha Pasha," the quarters of the Foreign Legion, to meet my friend Eichacker, surgeon to the third battalion of that noble corps.

Eichacker had sent for me to ask for my co-operation in a hush-up.

There had been a fatal encounter that morning between two great masters of fence, Sergeant Beck of the Legion,

and the *maître d'armes* of the 67th Regiment of Infantry, generally called *Les enfants de Paris,* the then latest and last regiment on the French muster-roll. Beck had acted in the affair simply as the representative of the *maître d'armes* of the Legion, who was ill, and had had to be taken to the Caratine Hospital the day before.

Beck was a splendid specimen of a fine young man, kind-hearted and high-spirited, who had endeared himself to all who knew him. It was said that he had been a lieutenant in the Baden service, but had been compelled to take refuge in France, in consequence of a fatal duel in which there had been some irregularity—not of his seeking or making, but attributable entirely to his ill-starred antagonist. Personally I knew nothing of this. We had, indeed, plenty to do with our duties at the time, without need or leisure to indulge in mutual investigations of one another's antecedents. The tongue of rumour will, however, of course always be wagging. All I knew of him personally was that he was clever and accomplished, brave to rashness, and a perfect gentleman. He had volunteered to take the place of the disabled *maître d'armes* of the Legion, and his offer had been gladly accepted, as he was a finished swordsman.

Let none boast of skill or strength. Poor Beck was run right through the chest, to the horror and grief of the lookers-on, and of his antagonist, a good-natured fellow in the main, who vowed he would give his right hand could he but be permitted to withdraw the fatal thrust. *Semper idem homo.* Wickedness and folly first, vain regret after.

Well, the mischief was done beyond recall or repair, and no court or commission of inquiry could mend matters. It was judged expedient, then, to hush the affair up. I consented of course, and I obtained my own chief's, Dr. Antonini's, permission to do as I listed.

So we had the body of poor Beck taken to our mortuary in the Jardin du Dey, to be pitched into the quicklime pit next morning, along with some fifteen of our own "failures," for we had rather a busy time of it just then.

Poor Beck! He had not been quite two years in the Legion, yet he stood first on the list for promotion to the grade of sergeant-major, and he might legitimately hope to achieve the epaulet within another year. And now——

Well, no matter. A proper account of his decease had to be given, of course. Our bills of mortality had to be properly attended to; so I kept him on the book of Barrack I. for about three weeks, then I recorded his "death of fever." You see, it was all very simple, and saved a lot of trouble and annoyance to several most excellent fellows. In this wicked world of ours, it is, perhaps, sometimes rather a good thing than otherwise that men should not be over austere. This very morning I read, with sorrow, of a minister of Christ's Gospel of mercy and charity, whose conscientious scruples will not permit him to sign a petition for the reprieve of a condemned man. Poor Pharisee! How I would pity him, but that in the wickedness of my heart I trust the Great Father who made us all, and who loves us all, will be equally merciful to both poor sinners!

In 1871 I was in Elberfeld, as correspondent of the *Aberdeen Free Press,* and to bring out a work on the double standard of valuation, written by my friend Ernst Seyd, now, alas! no more. In August I went over to Düsseldorf, on a visit to an artist friend of mine. Here I met a young officer of the 39th regiment, the Nether Rhenan Fusiliers, a handsome, accomplished young man, evidently much beloved by all who knew him. He was

apparently in perfect health, and I was told that he was in good circumstances, and had a brilliant career before him. Yet he looked to me deeply depressed. As he had seemingly taken kindly to me, I ventured to joke him upon the dolorous expression of his face, and I jestingly proffered my medical ministrations to him, when, with a look of ineffable sadness, he replied, "Ah! doctor, you cannot administer to a mind diseased." A few days after I was thunderstruck when my Amphitryon told me tearfully that Lieutenant Müller had blown his brains out. I was at his funeral on the 17th of August. It was shown that the unhappy young man had died by his own hand, in obedience to the stern dictates of honour (?), in pursuance of the conditions of one of those equally infamous and stupid American duels which are a disgrace to our boasted civilization. He had diced for his young life and lost.

To return—

I took rather kindly to the great Councillor's suggestion, and went in warmly for anatomy, and physiology, and pathology, and therapeutics, and materia medica; the rest to follow in due course.

For about two years I worked with something of a will, and I made some progress accordingly in my studies.

Unhappily, the further I advanced in them the less I came to like the profession, notwithstanding the illustrious men who were then adorning it in Berlin—Heim, Hufeland, Rust, Wiebecke, Gräfe, Dieffenbach, Wolf, and many more of a similar high stamp.

The fact was, I, who had at first been very enthusiastic and ardent in my devotion to the healing art, soon came to lose all firm belief in it. I never was given to put faith in anything; I always would insist upon demonstration, upon proof perceptible to my senses, convincing to

my reason; and here I found a lamentable lack of all tangible proof or demonstration. I may be permitted to plead, in explanation if not in excuse of my scepticism, that at the time when I was essaying to enter, the humblest private, into the glorious ranks whom I then trustfully believed to be battling, as a united band of brothers, valiantly and intelligently with death and disease, the profession was split up, as it has indeed been from time immemorial—from mediæval times at least—in contending schools and antagonistic systems.

The followers of Brown were fighting fiercely with the disciples of Broussais—the former with their high-flown, high-wrought, and "high-falutin" theory of sthenic and asthenic disturbances of the equilibrium of health; the latter with their, if possible, still more recondite "sur-excitation and adynamia," gastro-enteritic, Sangradian system. Bleeding, blistering, burning, and drenching, were the great, nay almost the only means, ever dreamt of by the immense majority of the faculty to combat all sorts of ailments.

Diseases, their nature, their causes, their effects, their more or less probable issue, were but most imperfectly understood then.

Centuries ago Paracelsus, and his even greater successor, Van Helmont, had apparently succeeded in overthrowing at last the old humoral theory of Galenus and the Pergamese school, which, strengthened by the powerful accession of Avicenna and Rhazes, the founders of the Arabian school of medicine, had long held supreme sway; and in establishing instead a new system of medicine based upon the more rational chemical theory. But it had once more come to this, that the work of these great men required to be done over again; careful observation and rational experiment had come to be dubbed empiricism.

Paracelsus had strenuously insisted in his time upon the indispensable and indissoluble connection between pharmacy and chemistry, maintaining that no one ignorant of chemistry and its processes could ever become a skilled and successful apothecary. How many "apothecaries" were there in my time possessing that intimate knowledge of chemistry which Paracelsus had declared to be so indispensable? Look at the receipts in the old pharmacopœias of that time, with their curious medley of *agentia*, *adjuvantia*, *corrigentia*, and *vehicula*, but too many of which show the most lamentable ignorance of the elementary principles of chemical combination. And what was chemistry in those days? What but a science yet in its first infancy, in Germany at least, where not one single university could boast the possession of that most indispensable of all requisites for sound and fruitful chemical investigation—a laboratory? The most glorious branch of the science—organic chemistry—was only just being truly created then at Giessen by the genius of the immortal Liebig, who had come there fresh from the teachings of the illustrious Gay-Lussac, Vauquelin, Pelouze, and other eminent French chemists of the period.

Here I must crave permission to insert a digression anent Liebig, which, I trust, the towering greatness of the man will be allowed to justify.

Liebig was the son of a Darmstadt grocer. He was educated at the Darmstadt gymnasium, conducted at the time by the learned Magister Johann Justus Storck. The boy, with his unconquerable predilection for the natural sciences acting overpoweringly on his mind, made but a poor hand at Latin, to the great distress and disgust of

that stiff and starch pedagogue. Liebig was, in fact, one of the famous three dunces, solemnly declared to be so *ex cathedrâ* by the numbskull head of the Darmstadt gymnasium, the other two being the illustrious Gervinus and the famous Kaup, both of whom I had the honour of knowing at a later period of my life. Liebig left the gymnasium at fifteen; he was for the short period of ten months assistant to an apothecary at Heppenheim, where his astonishing laboratory operations so impressed his master and some friends of the latter that they procured his entry as a chemistry student at Bonn, whence he proceeded within two years to Erlangen. The Grand Duke Louis II. of Hesse sent him the year after to Paris (in 1822), where the above-named great professors of the science were his teachers, and Dumas, later on Minister of Agriculture in France, and Mitscherlich, subsequently holder of the chemical chair in the University of Berlin, his fellow-students. Alexander von Humboldt, whom, as well as his only a degree less celebrated brother William, I had the privilege of knowing during my stay at Berlin, heard young Liebig's paper on fulminate of silver read, at the French Academy of Sciences, and straightway obtained for the wondrous youth the appointment of Professor Extraordinary of Chemistry at the University of Giessen, in 1824. Two years after Giessen afforded the almost unprecedented sight of a young man of barely twenty-three functioning as Professor Ordinary of Chemistry.

Here in Giessen he established the first university laboratory in Germany, which soon attracted students from every part of Europe. Among Liebig's English pupils may be named Gregory, Johnston, Shenstone, Lyon Playfair, Sheridan Muspratt, Thomas Graham, late Master of the Mint, and my dear old friend Bullock, who is still to the fore, one of the most assiduous and intelli-

gent workers in the arduous field, and one of the most modest and retiring men withal.

Liebig was indeed the genial creator, the loving father and patient fosterer, of this new science of organic chemistry—a new science, almost undreamt of before his glorious advent; a new science, infinitely fruitful, abounding in the richest blessings to the whole world—the thoughtful practical student of Nature; the discoverer and revealer of many marvellous mysteries of the universal mother of all things created; the ingenious deviser of an infinite variety of methods and appliances to enable man to pass even the most complex bodies through the alembic and the crucible, and to lead him thus, mayhap, through the portals of an all-resolving analysis into the sanctum of an all-forming synthesis; the profound philosopher, who may truly be said to have been the first to unite in indissoluble bonds chemistry and physiology, and to place agriculture upon a sound and solid scientific basis; the sage to whom the world is indebted for the dawn of rational views upon the all-important question of the nutrition of man and beast; the potent magician, who bade the decaying power of Nature halt in its course, expelling, by one of the simplest processes, the great agent of putrefaction, and interposing against its re-entry the slender barrier of a thin sheet of tin fashioned into a case, closed but with a little solder, yet as impassable to that agent as the fabled seal of Solomon was of old held to be to the genii confined under its impress; the beneficent inventor of the process of condensing and preserving milk, that most indispensable nutriment of infants, which by affording an unalterable and invariable and most perfect substitute for the secretion of the mother's breast, has been the means of reducing by more than one-half the death-rate of infants brought up by hand.

As I am writing this perhaps unconsciously long half-

digression, I feel proud and happy that I have been permitted, in the course of my labours, to place before the British public a vernacular version of the great man's "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," and, by his own special desire, of the fifth and sixth editions of his great work on "Agricultural Chemistry."*

But in the days when I was a student of medicine, organic chemistry had not yet come out of its swathing clothes. The vegeto-alkalies and their salts were barely dreamt of yet; so the wondrous science of dosology, which is promising such splendid results in these latter days, remained of necessity still hidden in the dark lap of the future. Surgery in those days meant cutting and slashing and amputating limbs that might well have been saved; ay, the time was not very far left behind yet when unfortunate sailors who had been heavily struck by ball or bullet in the glorious battles of the British navy had the bleeding stumps of their—in but too many cases unnecessarily—cut-and-sawed-off limbs plunged into boiling pitch to stop the bleeding, as a

* Like every great man who comes before the world with new and strange views upon any given matter, Liebig was violently and obstinately assailed by even some of his greatest contemporaries in chemistry. Dumas and Boussingault, for instance, made merry over his "new-fangled" theory of nutrition, and spoke sneeringly of *la vache imaginaire de M. Liebig*. Berzelius assailed the Giessen Professor in unworthy terms in a series of articles entitled "Theories of Probabilities." Liebig could, and did, hold his own against these assailants. I took up the cudgels for him in my own small and feeble way. In England he was attacked chiefly—not always overgenerously, nor by any means over-rightly or sensibly—by Messrs. Gilbert and Lawes, who at last stung him into a most cutting and biting reply, occupying some ten sheets of the preface to his "Agricultural Chemistry." I felt it *infra dig.* in the great man to descend into the polemic arena in this fashion, and I ventured to express my opinion to this effect to him, both direct and through Dr. Blyth of Cork, the nominal editor of the English version. I am happy to say that my remonstrances were received by the great man in a fair and indulgent spirit, and that he freely consented to have the objectionable part of the preface expunged.

very old friend of mine, the late Mr. Watkins, Fellow of the London College of Surgeons, told me years ago.

The *methodus expectativa* was altogether out of favour in the treatment of diseases, except with comparatively few wise physicians. So-called "heroic remedies" were with the great majority of the profession the order of the day. Hahnemann's "Organon of Medicine" had been published close upon twenty years; yet his new system might still be said to be only just rising then on the medical horizon—that semi-sensible craze, in which the formidable array of poisons of all kinds, forming the new, or rather the old, Materia Medica, modified and augmented, is more than thoroughly neutralized by the subtle conception of infinitesimals, and mysterious evolution of latent energy of action in medicinal agents by trituration and dilution, which in effect throws the *ars medendi* back upon the simple dietetic rules of Hippocrates, and gives to the famous Pindarean line anent the super-excellency of water, practically adopted and acted upon by the great healer of Cos, a new and much deeper and wider meaning, as, followed up to its last inevitable logical consequences, it makes water in the end the sole universal remedial agent—the so long and so anxiously sought-after panacea for all ills afflicting our poor mortality.

I am perfectly aware, of course, that it may plausibly be argued the fundamental doctrine of Homœopathy, *similia similibus curantur*, has nothing to do with the theory of infinite aqueous dilution; but it appears to me the retort to this is obvious. Hahnemann, at least, in *his* system of Homœopathy, has knit the two parts of his theory indissolubly together. Nay, I go further: I maintain that at the close of his career in Paris, when he would make a patient smell at a phial with a few sugar globules in it, moistened with a drop of the thirtieth dilution or tenth potentation (!) of camphor, as an effective

cure for a nervous headache, the old man had dropped the sanative principle of the *similia similibus* altogether, and retained nothing of his original doctrine but the notion of infinite dilution. Really, he had had too much practice in physic not to know that in very truth the distinction between the apparently so extreme opposites of *similia* and *contraria* is a distinction without much of a practical difference, turning altogether upon the mere question of larger or smaller doses of medicinal agents, administered in concentrated or in dilute form. The merest tyro in physic knows that common salt applied dry on mucous membranes acts as a powerful irritant, whilst in a state of proper dilution it becomes a cooling and soothing sedative; that concentrated acids will curdle albumen, whilst in a dilute form they will act as resolvents upon coagulated white of egg; that certain poisons and irritants will in small doses act as gentle stimulants on the brain, whilst in large doses they may bring on paralysis of the organ, &c. &c.

And, after all is said and done, is not this simple water or, if you will have it so, do-nothing system of Hahnemann, even when applied to the fullest imaginable extent, vastly preferable to the blue-pill and black-draught abomination? to your formidable drastics—your aloes and jalap, and other nastinesses? or, worst of all, your horrible croton oil, to which some practitioners will desperately cling to the present day?

A very short time since I became acquainted with the medical officer of a certain charitable institution, where the inmates are almost forced to avail themselves of his skill and knowledge, and to submit to his directions—a gentleman of sound acquirements in many ways, and kind-hearted withal. Well, this gentleman professed to me his devout and unshaken and unshakeable belief in the efficacy of blue pill and black draught for the cure of most human ailments, and his profound admiration of

croton oil as a sheet-anchor of salvation in desperate cases!

And is not the extremest *far-niente* system better than recourse to that worst master and worst servant in physic, mercury?

Even now I cannot think without a shudder of a certain abominable decoction of a bewildering variety of roots and herbs, originally compounded by one Zitmann, a full M.D., but assuredly no healer, which was almost universally adopted in my days by the faculty in Germany. In this blessed decoction, in which sassafras, sarsaparilla, bardana, serpentaria Virginiana, liquorice, and a variety of other so-called depuratives were ostentatiously paraded as a species of fair-looking front wall, behind which lurked a real "remedial" (!) agent, a dose of TWELVE grains of corrosive sublimate, to be introduced into the unhappy patient's frame within the brief space of nine days. Surely, surely, this was worse than downright murder.

And may it not be fairly asked whether frequent periodical spongings of the body with water, as now prescribed by the faculty in the treatment of typhoid are not vastly preferable to the dreadful copper-poisoning system so much in vogue of yore? and will not openly professed direct Hydropathy achieve efficacious cures in very many instances?

In later years I had occasion to become more intimately acquainted with both the theory and the practice of Homœopathy; and as I may, very likely, have to say something upon the subject hereafter, I think I had better drop any further remarks upon it here, save this, that I looked upon Homœopathy then, as I continue to look upon it to this present day, as an immense and most beneficent stride in advance, compared to the thoroughly

irrational bleeding, blistering, and drenching practice of the old school.

Not that there were not in my days brilliant exceptions from the general run, such as Heim, for instance, Niemeyer, the two Weinschenks* (father and son), Fritzsche, Dolhoff, Brüggemann, Wolf, Rust, Hufeland, Wiebecke, Krukenberg, and a host of other great men, who disdained to walk in the wretched beaten track of the schools, and were arduously striving instead for a better state of things.

Heim, more especially, shone conspicuously in this way, though he was then, most unhappily, nearing the glorious close of his beneficent career. He was one of the most enlightened physicians and truest healers of the times. Nature had gifted him with the subtlest sense of smell, such as I have never met with in any other man in the course of a pretty long life. This wonderful gift enabled him to distinguish unfailingly among the specific smells characteristic of the several so-called exanthematic or eruptive diseases—small-pox, measles, scarlatina, &c.

No end of marvellous stories used to be told about this keenness of scent in the "Councillor," as he was almost universally called in Berlin.

Some of them—for instance, the one immediately subjoined here, which I heard long after my departure from Berlin, and when the illustrious man had departed this life—were probably simply likely inventions upon the *bene trovato* principle.

When Prince Frederick Charles was a child going on for three, he was one day suddenly seized with a most alarming illness. His father, Prince Charles, the only surviving brother of the present Emperor of Germany, in

* The younger Weinschenk, more especially, was one of the most rational physicians of his day. Oatmeal gruel and chamomile tea were about the only weapons with which he fought disease and death, leaving the rest to Nature.

a fearful state of anxiety about his darling little son, rushed about half-mad in search of the old "Councillor." He found him at a gay party, and took him at once along with him to the sick child's bedside. The father's eyes were anxiously fixed upon the great physician's slightly excited face. Judge of his amazement and indignation when the oracle said, in brief accents, "Child is drunk, Royal Highness." "Drunk!" exclaimed the Prince; "drunk! It appears to me, Sir Councillor, that *you* must be drunk to indulge in such offensive folly!" "The very thing, Highness," replied the physician, quite unmoved by the Prince's angry voice, knit brows, and flashing eyes; "you see, by comparing the beat of my pulse with that of the child, making due allowance for the difference in age, I arrive at the conclusion that the poor little fellow is considerably more drunk than I am. Where is the child's nurse?" The nurse was called in at once—a pretty young girl in a state of great trepidation. "What have you given to the child, young woman?" inquired the doctor, somewhat sternly. "Kümmel Aquavit (*Aquavitæ cuminis,* or caraway liqueur), I suppose?" Well, it truly turned out that the young lady's sweetheart, a sergeant in the guards, had let the child, playing on the steps of the marble palace, have several long pulls at his liqueur flask, to keep him quiet, whilst he was warmly discussing the old question of love with his young woman. In a couple of hours the child was all right again. "What a marvellous man you are, Sir Councillor, in your diagnosis!" said the wondering Prince. "One would hardly believe it possible to fix upon the true facts of the case, guided simply by the pulse!" "Pulse! Ha, ha!" laughed the old Councillor. "Why, Highness, I smelt the caraway the instant I entered the room." If this anecdote has a real foundation in it, the event must have happened three years before the Coun-

cillor's death; which makes one doubt the accuracy of the tale.

In his diagnosis Heim was indeed hardly ever at fault. His mode of treatment would have done honour to the most enlightened and accomplished medical rationalist of the present day. It was a favourite saying of his that, whereas the Æsculapian method might be open to the objection of "excessive" simplicity, our modern ways were certainly open to an infinitely stronger objection on the ground of their "exceedingly excessive" complexity; and that whereas the great Epidaurian went about healing the sick and wounded, attended only by a dog to lick sores, and a she-goat to supply milk for the cure of internal disorders, it would require at least a waggon with eight horses to carry the curative arsenal of some of our modern healers.

Heim was the most kind-hearted man I ever met with. In his charity he was truly catholic. He understood human weaknesses. He would indulgently bear being bored with long strings of imaginary ailments even, which he contended had almost always some occult disorder or defect in the system underlying them; nay, he mostly would manage to turn them to the best account for their treatment and possible removal.

There was a certain Countess, of ancient lineage and very great wealth, who, having nought to trouble her, took to the "vapours," and became a positive martyr to them. There was nothing really the matter with her, apparently, yet she seemed—and perhaps was—always ailing, and complained most bitterly of a bewildering variety of painful and dangerous symptoms. The eminent Hufeland, though he had written a textbook on the art of prolonging life (Makrobiotik), could apparently do nothing to prolong the noble lady's life, who declared herself to be pining away under that truly great physician's

ministration. Well, Hufeland, tired out at last with incessant complainings of what he felt quite sure were simply the morbid imaginings of a woman disappointed in her married life—she was childless—bluntly told her a bit of his mind. There was nothing the matter with her ladyship, he declared, nothing but her own ffoolsh fancies, and he must decline lending himself any longer to humouring her or her follies.

Well, the lady came to consult Heim, who patiently listened to all she had to say; then assumed a grave air, and declared her complaint most serious, and almost beyond the resources of the medical art. Still, he would do his very best for her; and if she would only promise him to obey him absolutely in every way, he might make bold, he thought, to promise her a perfect cure. He gave her—out of his own private pharmacy, for in desperate cases like hers he would never trust any apothecary—a small box of pills, and a diminutive phial filled with a most potent medicine; the pills to be taken one at a time, upon an empty stomach, every morning, with one single drop of the mixture in a tumblerful of water to follow. On no consideration whatever must this dose ever be exceeded, on peril of fatal consequences. Strange to relate perhaps, her ladyship, whose formidable ailments even the eminent Hufeland had failed to assuage, got well—so well indeed that she declared she had never felt better in her life, which was most satisfactory to all parties. Only that a dreadful fear took possession now of her and her somewhat uxorious husband. Imagine the great physician, who was only mortal after all, should suddenly die, without leaving the wondrous receipt behind. Why, where would the Countess be then in case of a relapse? It was a horrid thought. So the poor Councillor was well-nigh driven out of his senses by pertinacious applications

for the receipt, until he confided one day to the husband, under a promise of absolute discretion, that the precious pills were chalk and sugar gilt, and the marvellous mixture a drop of attar of roses in a quart of water. A plentiful supply was given at the same time to last the Countess for the remainder of her life, upon a most handsome computation of chances. Well, more than a year after, the Count, thinking his wife was perfectly restored to health now, in a confidential mood told her all about it. The sad result was that the unhappy woman took to her bed with her old ailment, and, having lost her confidence in the great Councillor, succumbed to her "fancies" within a few months after.

In illustration of Heim's kindness of heart, I will venture to tell a last brief story here about this truly great and good man. On a pitch-dark rainy and stormy night, the Councillor was aroused from sleep, and urgently entreated by a working man to attend his wife in her confinement, as the midwife was afraid of a fatal issue. Heim went in his dressing-gown. He saved mother and child. The happy husband and father, overflowing with gratitude, thankfully offered the great physician any remuneration in his power. "I do not know," said the Councillor diffidently, "whether I am not asking you too much, my good fellow, on a nasty night like this; but as you profess your willingness to serve me—well take your lantern and light me home."

This most eminent physician died in 1834. I was in Algiers then. He was a very old man; yet when the news of his demise reached me, I wept bitter tears of grief. I felt as if I had lost one of those nearest and dearest to me. His books showed that he had attended, without fee or reward of any kind, some four thousand patients annually. No wonder that half Berlin followed his mortal remains to their last resting-place lamenting.

Hufeland, the author of the "System of Practical Medicine" and of the "Enchiridion Medicum," who was Heim's junior by some fifteen years or so, if my memory misleads me not, was an almost equally great and glorious character, both as a man and as a healer. There was not a solitary branch of the natural sciences in which Hufeland was not *facile princeps*. He was a man of immense knowledge, and of truly amazing energy and restless activity. His subtle and acute mind had penetrated deeply into the mysteries of Nature. As a teacher he occupied the foremost rank; as a scientific writer he stood second to none. His "Enchiridion Medicum," more especially, the fruit of fifty years' practical experience in physic, which was published some six years after I had left Berlin, is a veritable treasure of medical lore. He died about a year after Heim.

Then there was Rust, one of the most many-sided learned men of the day. He was Hufeland's junior by some thirteen or fourteen years, I believe, but he survived him only about five years. He had started in life as an engineer; subsequently, he had studied philology, the law, and other branches of learning; and had finally taken to medicine, in which he was destined to achieve the very highest distinction and dignities. He was an Actual Privy Councillor, Surgeon General-in-Chief of the Prussian Army, First Surgeon and Professor at the Berlin Charity Hospital, Inspector-General of Hospitals; and about a year before I left Berlin, he had conferred upon him the supreme rank of President of the General Hospital Curatorium. Rust was a splendid teacher and most charming lecturer.

And while medicine had thus, even in this period of transition, in the deeply dark hour always preceding the

dawn of another, better day, such bright and beneficent luminaries as these, surgery also was emerging rapidly and resplendently from the clouds of error that were then still obscuring its glorious orb. The night of mere cutting, slashing, and amputating was rapidly passing away, and the bright day of plastic and recuperative surgery was breaking fast. In Berlin, more especially, Gräfe and Dieffenbach were exciting the admiration of the world by their wondrous performances in plastic surgery.

Gräfe, who during the War of Liberation had been divisional surgeon-general, was afterwards raised to the position of staff surgeon-general, with colonel's rank in the army. He was Inspector-General and Administrator of the Berlin Hospitals, Professor of Surgery, and Director of Surgical Clinic. He was also one of the most eminent oculists of the time. He was of opinion that there was a last chance left of restoring to the late King of Hanover his eyesight, and he had made all necessary preparations for the great operation, which there could barely be a doubt in the minds of any who knew his immense knowledge of the organ of sight, and his wonderful operative skill, would have been performed with triumphant success by him, had not death carried him off suddenly a few days before the time fixed for the operation. He died at Hanover in 1840, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. With him died poor King George's last hope of ever seeing the blessed light of day again.

Dieffenbach also was one of my teachers. He was Gräfe's junior in years, his equal in world-wide renown. His successes in plastic surgery were truly wonderful. He was appointed first surgeon to the Charity Hospital in the last year of my stay in Berlin—1830. He was then not much more than thirty-five. He was the most thoroughly practical lecturer and teacher I ever listened to. He also was unfortunately carried off at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. He died at Berlin in 1847. He

expired in a strange fashion, seated on a sofa, a Berlin friend of mine wrote to me at the time; and his body remained warm and flexible for days after his apparent decease. If I remember aright, it was only on the eleventh day after that unmistakable signs of death could be observed.

I had the good fortune of being present at several of the most marvellous performances in plastic surgery of Gräfe and Dieffenbach.*

But alas! though I was thus privileged, as it were, to sit at the feet of such true Gamaliels, I was unable to profit practically by their splendid lessons. Nature had not endowed me with all the qualities that are absolutely required to constitute the true surgeon. I had the light hand, perhaps, and even the tender womanly touch and the manual skill. I had studied anatomy to some purpose; but I lacked the lion's heart, the calm self-possession, requisite to impart the indispensable firmness and steadiness to the hand that has to guide the operating instruments.

After my dear mother had once succeeded in eradi-

* Many long years after the time I am writing about here, I casually saw a splendid specimen of plastic surgery, due to the wonderful skill of *the* most eminent successor of Gräfe and Dieffenbach—Langenbeck. An unhappy Prussian soldier had his nose carried right away, along with the sight of both eyes, by a gunshot at Sadowa, in 1866. Langenbeck could not restore his sight, but he made him a really fine-looking nose out of the frontal muscles. I saw the unhappy man on the day of the triumphant entry of the victorious army into Berlin. They had given him a prominent seat on one of the tribunes erected on the Pariser Platz by the Brandenburg Gate. There he was seated with his young wife. Everything within the power of man had been done by Langenbeck, and by the King, and the Crown Prince, to afford the sufferer some slight consolation that might aid him to bear his irreparable loss. The young man was a good musician, I was told; and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess had, with characteristic delicate kindness, presented him with a splendid piano-organ, that, in the words of Her Royal Highness, debarred from enjoying God's glorious creation through the sense of sight, he might yet find some compensation in treating his sense of hearing to the sweet harmony of sound springing forth under the creative touch of his fingers.

cating my cruel propensities, I could hardly ever gain it over myself to inflict pain on others; and in my university days there were no anæsthetics. In short, *si parva magnis comparare licet*, I was somewhat like unto the great Hunter, who dissected the dead with wondrous skill, yet never dared approach the living body with lancet, bistoury scalpel, or saw.

I could not even calmly look on to watch and study the *modus operandi* of the great surgeons of my time. I still remember, with an involuntary shudder, the agony which I endured on one occasion, when Lisfranc, one of the most eminent French surgeons, was removing a large portion of one side of the face of a poor woman suffering from cancer of the part affected. It was a most formidable operation, even for a man like Lisfranc. It lasted seven minutes by the clock, and necessitated the use of saw, chisel, and hammer. The poor patient bore the operation with truly heroic calmness; a continuous low moan, and a nervous trembling all over, were the only indications she allowed to escape her of the fearful pain she *must* have been suffering, whilst I, a mere looker-on, nearly fainted. When a surgeon's assistant in the French army in Algiers, I had to nerve myself even for the performance of minor operations, and I am sadly afraid I was not quite as efficient an assistant at amputations and such-like serious operations as I might have been, had I had but a little more of the "lion" in me. My efficiency in this respect was by no means enhanced by the unconquerable conviction within me that, in some at least of our amputations, the poor fellows might safely have kept their limbs. I remember how awfully I was taken to task by one of my illustrious chiefs for an incautious remark of mine anent the cutting off of the lower extremities, considerably above the knees, of an unhappy sergeant-major who had been severely wounded in the

capture of Bugia. The poor fellow bore the fearful operation with indomitable pluck, smoking his pipe all the time, and biting upon a leaden bullet, which was crushed into a shapeless mass by his teeth. He succumbed the day after, and I firmly believed at the time—and I believe so even now—that his limbs as well as his life might have been preserved, had my illustrious chief only been less renowned as a most skilful amputator. In the bitterness of my feeling I let an indignant remark escape me, about the wanton cruelty inflicted upon the unhappy man. The *Infirmier Major,* or head of the male hospital attendants,* reported to the great man what I had said, and the result was an indignant and most galling rebuke administered to poor me publicly by the angry chief.

Even many, many long years after, when I had got more case-hardened and less nice, and when the beneficent use of anæsthetics had stripped the most formidable surgical operations of considerably more than half their terrors, I felt an involuntary sensation of semi-sickness and faintness creep over me, when attending, with my dear friend Edward Draper, some of the late Sir William Fergusson's most wonderful operations at King's College Hospital. There was one operation, more especially, performed by that truly great surgeon, which made me positively shudder and shiver; it was the removal of an enormous ovarian cyst, which happily turned out one of the very, very rare successes ever achieved in that special line of beneficent surgery.

I took my philosophical degree. I might as well have

* We had no Sisters then in our hospitals in Algiers. I must candidly confess my after-experience in hospitals in France, under the management of religious sisterhoods, was but rarely of a nature to make me wish for the employment of the latter in preference to male attendants, in military hospitals at least.

waited a year or two longer, and gone in for the *Utriusque Medicinæ* Doctorate and my *rigorosum,* or State examination, together. But I surely must have been predestined, from the very outset, never in my life to do the right thing at the right time. I was wonderfully vain then to be dubbed Doctor of Philosophy. I lived to see the utter hollowness of the empty degree, which I have seen tacked to the name of many a man that would have been puzzled to pass his examination for admission to the third, or even the fourth form of a second-rate German gymnasium, I may safely aver that the "doctor" has never yet put a meal into my mouth.

I am a curious compound in many ways and respects. Indolence and industry seem to be intermixed in me in about equal proportions. Strange enough to say, perhaps, I seem to take just as kindly to work as to idleness, and there is really a surprising amount of latent working energy in me, which will at times convert me from a listless idler into one of the most enduring hard-workers.

What follows here I have told once before in one of my numerous contributions to *Tinsleys' Magazine,* with this difference only, that in my tale in the Magazine there is a mist of weird love and romance wrapped about the weird form of the bare fact as it actually happened to me, and as I will narrate it here.

It was in winter, and it was very cold. I had one of my working fits upon me, and I was determined to get my anatomy practically up to examination point.

I had been hard at it for several days. Now, at that time, and, indeed, even much later in life, I had a foolish habit of artificially stimulating my physical and mental faculties, whenever exhausted through forced overwork, with large draughts of strong black coffee, which would nearly

always seemingly produce the desired effect—naturally at the cost of the healthy action of my brain—which, however, at that time, I unfortunately either had not sense enough to see and comprehend, or rather was perversely determined to disregard.

Our anatomical hall had just had a splendid windfall. A most beautiful young girl had died in our accident ward; she had been stabbed to death, we understood, by her own father, in a fit of frenzy. The murderer had committed suicide after. There were no relatives or friends to claim the body for burial, so the *cadaver* of the poor murdered child was left to us for the benefit of science. I secured for my share—*moyennant finance*, of course—the splendidly shaped right arm, to prepare the nerves—one of the most delicate operations in dissection.

As the body could not be removed to the hall until evening, and I wanted my work done before next morning, I bribed our *Anatomiewärter* (attendant at the dissecting hall) to let me stay all night. It was a most stupid thing to attempt delicate nerve-work by candlelight, but I was foolishly bent upon having my own way. So I got the attendant to bring up four candlesticks, with an ample supply of half-pound tallow moulds of the period; a can of the strongest infusion of coffee, to keep me awake; and a quartern flask of pure cognac, just to take a sip now and then to warm my inside, as the hall was really very cold; also some biscuits to eat with the cognac.

The attendant assisted me to place the body and the arm in the proper position, supporting the limb by strong silken cords attached to nails in the ceiling above the table at which I was working. He then left me, with a request that I would lock the door after me when I had done, and put the key on the hook outside his room door, downstairs.

I was alone—alone with the dead, and the *disjecta*

membra of the dead, lying dispersed here and there on the numerous tables and slabs of the spacious hall. They disturbed me very little indeed; I had even then in the course of my brief experience of life, seen so much of death, that neither the cause nor the effect gave me much trouble at the time.

I worked on for hours, only putting down the scalpel for an instant to snuff the candles, or take a draught of coffee, or a small sip of cognac and a bite out of a biscuit.

As I went on, wholly absorbed in my lugubrious task, I felt a curious sensation creeping over me. I suddenly seemed to become aware of the development of a strange dualism within me. Two distinct consciousnesses, if the term is permissible, seemed to hold possession simultaneously of my mind; the one the clear perception of my actual surroundings, as conveyed to the brain through the senses; the other, a kind of hazy, dreamy delusion, which seemed to be desperately striving to confuse this clear perception with imaginary shapes and fantastic sounds.

There seemed to me to be a heavy struggle going on between these two opposing mental actions. As I was watching this struggle within me with intensest curiosity, I must have suspended my labour, and become wholly absorbed in the contemplation of this strange phenomenon; for when I suddenly started from my waking dream, the one consciousness within me found, in a somewhat dubious and hazy way, that the candles had burnt down low, and that the long burning wicks gave an uncertain flickering light; whilst the other consciousness, which now seemed to assume more and more real shape and substance, strove to clothe all the dead bodies and fragments of deceased humanity with a horrible life and motion, causing them seemingly to advance threateningly upon me. Still, for a brief time I re-

mained clearly conscious that this latter vision was simply a phantasmagoria—a delusion of my overwrought brain.

But soon this power of distinguishing between the reality and the delusion faded gradually from me. I suddenly fancied I saw the dead close in upon me, every severed limb or part now an entire and complete spectral body. I saw, as in a haze, how the flames of the candles were bending and twisting to reach the silken cords sustaining the arm suspended in the air; but I had seemingly neither the power nor the will to interfere in any way. I heard, as in a dream, how my fellow-students, returning from the Kneipe, annoyed most likely at seeing the light still in the dissecting hall, were shouting loud *pereats* to the desecrator of the dead, as they were pleased to call me. But to the other consciousness within me, which was now with every passing minute gaining greater force and distinctness, these sounds were transferred to the dead, whom I heard fiercely and furiously accuse me of desecrating their remains and keeping them from their rest in the grave. To my intensest horror, they were closing nearer and nearer around me. I felt their icy breath upon my fevered brow. I had no power of motion to escape from them. I suffered terribly. It was like a frightful nightmare.

When the dead girl on the anatomical table before me had been brought into our accident ward, I had chanced to be there, and I had shown the dying child some little kindness. Now when the dread conviction was just becoming finally and indelibly stamped upon my mind that all was over, and that I was doomed to fall a victim to the fury of the dead around me, I wildly imagined, in the unspeakable terror of that moment, to appeal with the energy of despair to the girl, whose body also seemed to have assumed life and motion, to shield and save me who had been kind to her in her own last agony.

Suddenly it seemed to me that she responded to my appeal. I saw her with uplifted arm wave back the horrible shadows. "Hence, away! You shall not touch him," I heard her cry, in the delirium of my senses. "I will shield him with my body!" Here, with the last gleam of my fast departing senses, I felt the uplifted arm drop upon my neck, when I finally lost consciousness, and fell down in a dead swoon.

How long I remained in this lethargy I cannot say, of course, as all was a blank, until I seemed to awake to a kind of confused consciousness, in which I knew by some marvellous innermost impression that the struggle within me between the real and the imaginary was fast drawing to a close. I had a hazy notion, as in a dream, that the door was opened suddenly and noisily, that some one came in and rushed out again, leaving me lying helpless on the ground, with the leaden weight of the corpse upon me, the dead girl's arm upon my neck nearly strangling me. There was an inexpressibly strange phenomenal sense upon me of being lifted out of myself and carried to an immeasurable distance, from which, however, I seemed to see and hear in some hazy way what was taking place around me.

In this strange state of what I think I cannot characterize more clearly than as "distant consciousness," I saw a number of indistinct figures rush in through the open door, and crowd around me. I saw and felt, with an indescribable relief, how the corpse was lifted off me. I felt strong arms raising me from the ground. I felt how I was carried out of the hall, and downstairs by several men; how I was placed on a bed. Then my senses left me once more. When I awoke again to consciousness, it was broad daylight. I found myself in the attendant's bed. Professor Wolf was anxiously bending over me. "Where am I?" I feebly cried. Then,

taking in all at a glance, the full recollection of the terrible nightmare burst upon me. I shuddered; yet so blessed was the relief of my awaking, that I joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God! it was but a horrible dream!" The Professor's face cleared. "Yes," he said in grave accents, "you may thank Providence that you have been permitted to escape with a simple albeit a terrible lesson. With your nervous organization, it is indeed a mercy that the consequences of your rashness have not ended in madness!" I felt the Professor was right, so I held my peace, glad and grateful indeed that in a few hours I recovered sufficiently to walk to my own place of abode.

I have lived many a long year since then, and I have tested the power of a variety of drugs to steal away or confuse the senses. I have smoked opium, inhaled laughing gas, tried sulphuric ether and chloroform, Château d'Yquem and Champagne (in pretty stiffish doses), even a combination of Markobrunner with Erlanger beer of extra strength—which feat I do not recommend for imitation, mind; nay, I have repeatedly taken hachich—the last time, I remember, in company with my most dear, now departed friend, James Lowe, then editor of the *Critic;* but never again have I experienced anything even most remotely approaching the awful delusions of that terrible night.

I was ailing for weeks, ay, for months, after. My nerves were wofully shaken. Acting upon the advice of Professor Wolf and of the great Councillor, who was pleased to take a warm and benevolent interest in me, I gave up all attempts at mental exertion of any kind. I was always just the sort of chap to do this negative work with a will, though it never would in the long run suit the natural restlessness of my mind. However, as I

did not get well quite so fast as I wished, I determined upon travel, my favourite pursuit in life. Every year of the four which I had passed now as a student in Halle, Leipzig, and Berlin, I had devoted a little above four months to footing it through Germany in every direction, paying occasional visits also to the eastern part of France. I had walked to every German university, from Königsberg in the extreme east to Heidelberg in the far west. Even Strasburg, which was then still politically and statistically placed in France, I had visited more than once.

A few years later on I took to *walking* through France in every direction, only rarely availing myself of a lift casually offered to the sun-burnt wayfarer by some country gentleman or farmer, and even then rather for company's sake than to get a short rest.

I look upon foot-journeying as the only real travelling enjoyment man may have in life. The old stage-coaches, and the so-called French *diligences* and *messageries*, as well as the postal conveyances, so much admired in days of yore for their rapidity and comfort, come next to it, though a long way after, in my estimation. The present mode of travelling by rail and steamer, though almost universally called travelling, is, in my humble opinion, not travelling at all, in the proper sense of the term, but simply more or less rapid motion from place to place.

O ye gods! how I enjoyed my peregrinations over the face of the earth in the olden days! Talk of the *wretched* fate of the Wandering Jew! Wretched, indeed! Why, what pleasure can there be greater in this wonderfully jejune world of ours than to go anywhere you like and have to stay nowhere longer than you like? Long years after, I stumbled, in the course of my desultory reading, upon Geibel's "Wanderlied." Were I a poet, as

Geibel is, I could feelingly have composed the concluding stanza:—

> "O Wandern, O Wandern, du freie Burschenlust!
> Da wehet Götter Odem so frisch in die Brust;
> Da singet und jauchzet das Herz zum Himmelszelt;
> Wie bist du doch so schön, O du weite, weite Welt!"

When I came to Berlin to study, my guardian was at Copenhagen, on a mission to the Danish Court. From there he went to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, taking Madame and my half-sisters along with him. Had the family been resident at the time in Berlin, I would certainly not have gone there, but would have chosen Göttingen or Bonn instead.

I now was informed that the Councillor was coming back to the Prussian capital, where he was likely to stay for some years. This information decided me to go to Strasburg, Montpellier, and Paris, to study the noble healing art at these famous seats of learning. So I applied to my guardian for the necessary funds, which he at once supplied liberally, remarking at the time, with an ugly sneer, that I had arrived now at years of discretion, and must certainly be the most competent judge of what was best for me. He was happy to say, he added, that in another year I would come of age, when all his concern in my affairs would be at an end. He would only advise me to study hard, that I might have something to fall back upon in case of need. However, his sneers and the ill-feeling he obviously bore me troubled me but little.

Before proceeding to France, I resolved to take a run through Brandenburg, Saxony, Hanover, and Rhine land-Westphalia. I reached Aix-la-Chapelle in due course of time, in June, and took up my quarters at the Roman Emperor Hotel, in Ursuline Street.

In those days, and, indeed, for many years after, the burial city of Charlemagne had the privilege granted it of keeping a gambling hell—for the benefit of its poor.

Tous les goûts sont dans la nature—which I would translate, rather freely perhaps, "The germ of every vice is implanted in man." I who, Heaven knows, have in me, as it is, already an amply sufficient assortment of the article, might also have developed in time into a very pretty specimen of a gambler, had it not been for a most salutary deterrent lesson, administered to me in the very nick of time.

As I was strolling about the ancient city on the morning after my arrival, I passed, or rather paused, before the place where the municipal fathers had spread their net, for the benefit of the poor.

I had at the time some £200 in gold in my pocket; so I could not look upon myself as quite poor; and I ought therefore to have seen that said net was not spread for *my* benefit exactly, rather the other way.

Well, I had never yet tried my hand at a real game of chance. I had always manfully confined my playing to billiards, whist, and solo, and always for very low stakes; as I had, thank God! sufficient brain and heart to know and feel that most of those against whom I pitted myself in these games could not afford to lose.

Moved now by my unconquerable wish to try and test all things, I boldly walked into the place, to try my luck in a small way at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. Strange to relate, perhaps, I won. I won stake after stake. I played high, as high as the bank allowed. I won largely. I went to the roulette table, and there also I added considerably to my winnings. When the time arrived for closing the hall—or hell, whichever way you like to take it—I left the place with carriage erect, step elastic, and mien elate, and some nine hundred louis d'or clear

winnings in my preternaturally extended pockets. Altogether, I had thus close upon a thousand pounds available in my possession.

I always was a wise child—in intention, as I have shown in my life over and over again, and as I brilliantly demonstrated on this occasion also. Of course I was not going to try fickle fortune again; I was determined to stick to my winnings. But, having read in my Byron that there were in gambling two pleasures for one's choosing—the one being winning, to wit; the other, losing;—and as I had now enjoyed the pleasure of winning, I thought I might as well have a try for the other pleasure—on a small scale, of course. Should fortune choose to baulk me in my wish, there would certainly be no harm done, as I should be only the richer for it.

So I left my money in the hotel, carefully locked up in the cabinet in my room, and proceeded with only twenty louis in my pocket to the hall, open now for the afternoon session. I dropped my twenty louis very fast, and might have been satisfied now with my twofold experience.

But it so happened that when the last louis had been raked in, I mentally staked twenty louis upon the next deal, which I won, and forty louis upon the deal after, which I won also; then twenty louis again upon the third deal, winning again, and so on seven times running. Of course, as the bank did not hold against mental stakes, my marvellous luck brought me nothing; but it was an unmistakable proof to me that, had I but not left my money at home, like an idiot, I *must* have won largely again. So I went back to the hotel—Need I go on?—Before the clock had struck eleven that night, when the cursed hell closed, I had lost every louis of my morning's winnings, together with every louis in my pocket, and my

watch and chain, rings and studs, and sleeve links to boot.

You see I was wondrously fond of jewellery in those days, taking in this after my poor father, who would occasionally look like a perambulating jeweller's show window. In after-years I got rid of this propensity also, owing, in a great measure, to the sensible example set me by a friend of mine, a London stockbroker, a member of the Exchange, who made it a point to dress rather shabbily, and to eschew the least display of jewellery. His watch he carried in his waistcoat pocket, without chain; and I hardly ever saw him take it out in company. He told me frankly that a man in his position, who had of necessity to gamble a good deal, might often come to be hard pressed for money, and that if he had a fair store of jewellery about him, he might have to raise money upon it; and in that case everybody would, of course, remark the absence of chain, rings, diamond studs, &c., and draw therefrom conclusions damaging to the party's credit. "You see, my friend," he said to me, "as I am known to be pretty well-to-do, my shabbiness is taken for eccentricity. So when a bad speculation cripples me, as will now and then happen to members of the Stock Exchange, my credit remains unimpaired, and I have a chance of recovery." Dear old boy! the railway panic broke him; and though he manfully stuck to his colours to the last, he had in the end, to waddle off, a lame duck.

He once surprised and amused me much by a most daring financial *tour de force*. It was at the time when the Government were asking for tenders for the eight million pounds sterling Irish Famine Relief Loan. I met him accidentally in the City. He was in a very excited state of mind; he asked me to lend him a shilling. Unfortunately, I had come out without my purse, as the saying is, to speak with Mrs. Brown. I offered, however, to

run to the translation office, where I was working at the time, and get him the money. "No time, my boy, to wait for that," cried he; "so here goes—come along." And he coolly walked into the nearest pawnbroker's and took off his waistcoat. He raised a shilling on it; bought paper, envelope, and stamp for a letter, and went into a coffee-shop, where he sat down—and offered the Government to lend them eight million pounds sterling on a very low tender. I have calculated the matter to a nicety. "I think," said he, "that most likely there will be a full per cent. premium in a few days, and I easily can get Rothschild to take the burden off my shoulders, and allow me a quarter per cent., which will be a nice little sum of twenty thousand pounds in my pocket." "You see, my boy, there is a deal of chance in financial operations; but there is calculation too, and I do think you may trust this child for calculating power."

Well, my poor friend's tender was only one-sixteenth per cent. above Rothschild's—so the latter got the loan. Had he just tendered one-eighth per cent. lower, *he* would have had the loan, which some three days after stood not merely one, but one and a-half per cent. premium in the market.

But as matters had turned out against him, he had to waddle—poor fellow! He tried his hand at many things after. Life is a game of chance and chances; and the dice fell always against him, somehow. He is now at rest—*sit terra levis.*

I had to borrow money of the hotel-keeper to go to Frankfort for a fresh supply of funds from my guardian, who happened to be there still. He gave me, without demur, what I asked, contenting himself with telling me grimly that I was going fast, faster even than he had thought I would go. However, that was my look-out, not his.

It was a costly lesson rather; but it was a very effective one; it proved a caution for life to me. I have never gambled since, although I have been in no end of hells—occasionally even with fifty or sixty pounds in my pocket. Twice in my after-life I have been to the *trente-à-quarante* and *roulette* tables, with a personal interest in the game, but with no stake of mine in it.

"I write what's uppermost, without delay," is the initiatory motto of these reminiscences, which I have said at the outset are simply loose leaves from a long life's ledger, culled here and there, almost at random, and without strict regard to chronological order. Chronology is no doubt a very material part of history; still it does not of itself constitute the science, which may even stand independent of it, in a great measure at least. Though I have, indeed, always taken note of the events of my career as they occurred, I never took notes of them. Having never kept a diary, then, I cannot well be expected to write these reminiscences diary-fashion, and must even crave permission to insert here a few episodes of later years, which happen to bear more or less upon the subject of gambling and speculating.

I know not whether many of my readers remember poor Gale, the aeronaut, who met his death some thirty years ago in a balloon ascent at Bordeaux, and whose body was half eaten by wild dogs in a neighbouring forest.

I knew the lieutenant very well indeed, and about a year or so before his last fatal trip, I had devised a magnificent scheme for our joint benefit, as well as for that of a dear young friend of mine who has since then

achieved greatness and renown, and ranks now a star of the first magnitude in the literary sky of England. I will not name him here, as I do not know whether he might not object to it. Why, even members of Parliament, who are, as a rule, rather given to court notoriety, than otherwise, sometimes do not like to be named. The matter stood this wise: Gale's balloon was in pawn; a Semite gentleman had lent money on it upon rather onerous conditions. The bailee or pawnee of the aërial article was a veritable Shylock, it would appear, who, by way of securing the receipt of his interest for the money lent, would often make arrangements profitable to his own pocket for balloon ascents, and would then send the unhappy pawner up under the most perilous circumstances for a "dirty brace of quids," as poor Gale used to call the paltry wage, in the bitterness of his heart.

Now, it occurred to me, what a fine thing it would be to pay the Jew off, and then the three of us to travel all over Europe with the balloon, and in the balloon—at all events, under the balloon.

To secure the requisite sensation at starting, we were to fly first right across the Channel, from Dover to Calais. We were quite aware, of course, Pilâtre de Rozier had attempted to cross from Calais to Dover, and had come to grief. But, in the first place, this had happened as long ago as 1785, in which very year, moreover, Blanchard and Jefferys had made a successful trip to Calais; and had not Green's great Nassau done the trick since? Besides, Rozier had attempted to cross in a *Mongolfière*, and was not *our* aerial vessel a *Charlière*, after the fashion of Green's ballon?

The only trifling difficulty in the way was how to pay the Jew off; and this difficulty was fully provided against in our programme.

We were to travel all over England, &c., in the usual

way, delivering in every city, town, and borough of the United Kingdom lectures on Aerostatics, illustrated by diagrams, and rendered attractive by the exhibition of toy-balloons with toy-cars attached to them—cars with grey and white mice in them and miniature kittens—to be sent right across lecture-halls from one end to the other, with a Chinese lantern underneath, to throw a light upon the subject. Why, the deuce must be in it indeed, if we could not realize money sufficient to redeem our balloon, and start on our great expedition.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," says the learned Serjeant Buzfuz, in the ever memorable case of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick,"—"Gentlemen of the Jury, the late Mr. Bardell had been a single man, so to single men Mrs. Bardell appealed." Gale was a mariner; he had been a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. To mariners, then, he resolved to make his first appeal for generous support. "I know Hull," he said to me, "and I believe in Hull—so we will go to Hull first."

And to Hull *we* would have gone, the three of us, but that funds were rather low, and a translation was offered to me which promised to add a matter of eight or ten pounds to the common stock. You see, we were rearing a magnificent oak—of the future; but the acorn of the present was disappearingly small.

So Dædalus went, attended by Icarus alone, and Mentor was left behind. To guard against hostile criticism, I beg to state here that I am perfectly aware Dædalus knew nothing of ballooning or of flying through the air; the wings which he is fabled to have made being simply the sails invented by him, which materially aided his escape from pursuing Minos; and that there is really no warrant, classic or other, for attempting to connect Mentor with Icarus.

Having by dint of hard, very hard labour, succeeded

in completing my task, I was on the point of starting to rejoin my partners at Hull, when I had a thunderbolt hurled at me in the shape of a letter from Icarus, which imparted to me the sad news that Dædalus and he were then actually detained at an hotel in Hull, for sundry moneys owing and due by them to divers Hullites.

Which had come to pass in this wise :

Full of pluck and hope, and unrestrained by the wise man they had been compelled to leave behind in the metropolis, they had rushed madly into a speculation, without having first duly examined the ground.

They had taken a spacious lecture hall, and given orders for the gas to be lighted therein. They had expected a rush to the place on the great evening. Advertising had been neglected by them, for the all-sufficient reason that they had no cash for it, and no credit could be got in Hull for this most indispensable article.

An enterprising Orangeman (no political allusion intended) had contracted with the junior partner for the exclusive privilege of supplying the public with refreshment. Sixpence was the general price for admission; reserved seats, one shilling. The Orangeman had paid down seven shillings and sixpence for his most valuable privilege, which the two partners had joyfully spent in refreshments, to invigorate frame and mind for the performance of the arduous task before them.

Well, the evening came. The aeronautic chief prepared his diagrams and toy balloons, grey and white mice and all, and rehearsed the little introductory speech I had written down for him before he left London. The junior took his seat in a little box at the entrance door to the hall to receive the admission money. Alas! Admission money! There was no luck about *that* particular house; there was no luck at all!

There was one boy, a small boy, who, evidently having no clearly defined notion of the value of money, actually came in with his sixpence—a real sixpence; and one old sailor, who declared he was determined to give the Lieutenant a lift, came in *gratis*, free, for nothing.

But nobody else came except the Orangeman, who waxed very wroth, assailing the unhappy junior, shut up in his money-taker's (!) box, helpless and hopeless. The objurgations of this party were fearful to hear. "D——n and blast you, you swindlin' villain! What do you mean by it? Give me back my seven-and-sixpence. Hairy horse station ye call it, do you? D——n ye and yer hares and yer horses! You wants to give yersel' hairs, do you? It is in the perlice-station ye ought to be. Give me back my seven-and-sixpence. Hand 'em over, afore I spifflicate ye." It was in vain the unhappy young man in the box generously offered to cede the entire proceeds of the night's takings to the irate, disappointed refreshment speculator. He kept vociferating for his seven-and-sixpence, until the gas was turned off, and the chief, who was rather strong in the arm and short of temper, came resolutely to the rescue of his unlucky young friend. Well, there was the hire of the hall, the gas, and the hotel bill. All I could do was to take my partners out of pawn and bring them back to London. So the beginning of this gloriously promising venture was also the premature end of it.

This was in 1849, if my memory does not mislead me. Some time after, poor Gale went to Bordeaux with his Shylock, where he fatally met his death in an ascent. There is reason to believe that the unhappy man had nerved himself for this venture—it was on a most unpropitious day—by an extra tumbler of grog. He took his flight, however, in the orthodox fashion, and was coming down all right in a field near Bordeaux, where a number

of peasants were congregated. These laid hold of the rope, most likely in a clumsy way, and Gale, rising in the car, excitedly vociferated to them in his own choicest vernacular. Poor fellow! he was absolutely innocent of French. They must have mistaken his wild gesticulations, for they suddenly let go the rope, and the balloon went up again like a shot. Some days after, they found his mangled remains, half-eaten by wild dogs, in a forest near Bordeaux. How he came by his death has never been ascertained. Perhaps he had inhaled some of the inflating gas, which had stupefied him, making him thus lose all control over the guidance of his air-ship.

I had one other opportunity offered me to achieve aerial fame. It was close to the end of August, 1871. The subjoined extract from a letter of mine to the *Aberdeen Free Press*, a paper which I had the honour of specially representing abroad at the time, will show how the affair came off, or rather did not come off in so far as I was therein concerned:—

"Elberfeld, August 28, 1871.

"One of the great men of the age is in our midst at present, and a Briton to boot—a man, it is true, of most flighty disposition, yet of stable mind, and tenacious firmness of purpose, from which neither the cries of an excited, impatient multitude, nor the fierce blast of tempest-bearing winds, nor even the red lightning-darting hand of Jupiter Tonans can move him; a man who looks down calm and impassive from vertiginous altitudes upon us miserable *adscriptos glebæ*, and who, in the event of an eternal crash and smash cataclysm of our globe, might wing his way aloft to carry the tale to other spheres; in

short, the Bismarck of the Empyrean—COXWELL, the intrepid aeronaut.

"I had not seen the king of the air since his famous ascension with Mr. Glaisher on 5th September, 1862, when these bold explorers reached the stupendous height of some 30,000 feet, exceeding by one clear third the highest altitude ever reached by Gay-Lussac, Barall and Bixio, John Welsh and others. Here he made his first ascension from the Johannisberg on Wednesday last, with his large balloon 'Express,' which measures about 40,000 cubic feet in extent. The 'Express' has seen much hard service, and bears numerous honourable scars, gained in bold warfare with the elements, and with arboreal and other obstacles to an 'easy descent.' It was Mr. Coxwell's avowed and loudly-proclaimed intention to 'go up' on Wednesday, attended by six companions, including his own English assistant and the fat proprietor of the Johannisberg. Advances had been made to me to induce me to join in the aerial expedition, but knowing only too well that I am what the Germans call a *Pechvogel*, or 'unlucky bird,' I prudently declined to venture upon flying through the air. What security had I that my chance companions might not, in case of threatening accidents, have looked upon me as the Jonah of the expedition, and treated me like a bag of ballast? The operation of filling did not seem to make very satisfactory progress on Wednesday afternoon, and it became clearly apparent, towards half-past five o'clock, that there remained yet a considerable void in the monstrous ball, which the hour still left—the excursion being announced for half-past six—could not possibly suffice to fill up. The weather had been rainy and stormy all day, which might be supposed to interfere with the filling, and it was also intimated that the gas company had not put on sufficient pressure. Coxwell, who evidently did not like the look

of things, resolved at the time upon a fresh inspection of his ship; looking in from below, through the open valve, he discovered to his intense dismay that the 'Express' had sprung a leak—a neat little rent in the top sheet, through which the gas streamed out again almost as fast as it was coming in! Coxwell quickly determined upon his line of conduct. The public must not be disappointed: his intending companions might be. So he craftily and cunningly took his stand in the car with perfect calmness, and told his people to slack the rope for a trial of the ascensional force of the balloon. Mr. Küpper, the proprietor of the Johannisberg, stood by on the ground with a huge basket of eatables and champagne, and lots of overcoats and shawls by his side, and most of the other 'parties' were also gathered there, ready for the start. Coxwell, who stood in the car lightly clad, with a thin cap on his head, seemingly intent only on the trial flight to the rope's end, blandly intimated to those who held the rope to let it go once more, then suddenly, before anybody could guess his intention, threw out two sandbags, released the rope from the clump, and floated away into space. There was at first great disappointment felt by the public assembled in thousands to witness the sight of the departure of the car properly filled with its human cargo; but it became soon clearly apparent to the meanest capacity that it would have been impossible to take up a greater load than that of the skipper himself alone; for the balloon rose at first very slowly indeed, remaining soon stationary, with a seeming tendency to drop. The navigator promptly threw out the single bag of sand he had taken with him as ballast, letting down, at the same time, the anchor, thus prudently providing for the chance of a premature descent. A few minutes after he was lost in a cloud. In about an hour's time he safely effected his descent near Beyenburg, at about

three hours' distance from here. At 11 o'clock on the same night he returned to the Johannisberg, where he explained the cause of his abrupt departure, and showed that, had he not gone off there and then, as he had done, there would have been an inevitable disappointment of the public. Rather a plucky thing to do, to go off in a balloon with a rent in it."

It was in 1850. One of the most truly patriotic and most thoroughly British Ministers whom Britain ever could boast of, the glorious predecessor of our own glorious Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, had just been snatched away by an envious fate, at the very time when the gross blunders of the incapable set that had been permitted to supplant him—permitted so through the shallowest tricks of political huckstering—had well-nigh completed preparing his triumphant return to power. My dear young friend started a new half-crown monthly magazine, under the distinguished editorship of another much valued old friend of mine, the late (*eheu !*) Thomas Littleton Holt—*Sir* Thomas L. H., Bart., some of his friends would have it. I know he never claimed the title; but I believe he was fully entitled to claim it. To the first number of this new magazine, to which the proprietor himself contributed one of the most charming little gems of a story, and which, in my opinion at least, was full of really good material, I contributed a brilliant diatribe upon the true proximate cause of the great departed statesman's so bitterly lamented death, in which I am afraid I came down rather heavily upon poor Sir James Clark, who had some years before literally essayed to tread on my toes. The paper was signed "A Country Surgeon." I know not how it was; but this venture also came to a pre-

mature end. The first number was also the last number of the magazine, to which Thomas Littleton had given the name and style of *The Conservative Magazine.* What would you have? The Conservative party seemed at that time struck with fatal blindness to its own truest and best interests. It stupidly repudiated the brilliant new organ, which one of the older self-asserted weekly, and truly weakly, mouthpieces of effete Toryism ventured to brand as a "libel upon the party whose name it assumed."

It was in the same year 1850; I intimately knew a gentleman of the name of Townsend (or Townshend—I really cannot exactly remember now), the son of a deceased captain in the British navy. He was a most promising acquaintance, having discovered an INFALLIBLE MARTINGALE, marvellously simple and easy withal—a true Columbus's egg. After the salutary lesson which I had received in days of yore, I was wonderfully distrustful of winning systems, infallible or otherwise; but my friend Townsend demonstrated the infallibility of *his* martingale so many evenings running, playing for imaginary stakes of course, that even the most sceptical could hardly help being convinced. The system had this promising peculiarity about it, that you could only rely upon winning a moderate sum by it every day, as you played only for small stakes, and at once gave up playing upon the occurrence of the very first hitch. You might make ten or twelve pounds a day; the only condition of continued success was, not to try beyond; which means simply to avoid the perilous snare of success, a condition rather difficult of fulfilment to an ingrained gamester.

My young friend—I *must* continue to speak of him by this designation—had at the time a small capital in his possession. He saw Townsend at work clearing no end of imaginary stakes. He thought there could be no

harm in having a trial at real play. An arrangement was come to between Townsend and him, and I was invited to undertake the somewhat onerous duty, as I soon found out, of watching the active partner winning, and keeping him from falling a victim to the snare of success; in other words making him leave off play when winning.

Well, we went to the very scene of my former disaster —to Aix-la-Chapelle.

For two days all went on and off most swimmingly. We realized our hotel bill, and something like clear eight pounds a day besides, and I really began to think we had truly found a kind of philosopher's stone.

On the third day—*nefastus dies, eheu!*—Townsend, who had been winning already more than twice the sum to which he was strictly limited by his own sacred promise, must take it into his confounded noddle to fancy himself in a vein of luck; so he kept on playing and winning, despite all my mute appeals to him to stop and come away. Well, after having kept on winning for a time, and having bagged a hundred or a hundred and twenty pounds, his luck took the usual turn the other way, and in about twenty minutes he had to rise cleared out. Fortunately, the stock entrusted to him was only ten pounds. Had he had a thousand or ten thousand pounds in his pocket at the time, I am sure he would have lost every penny of it, as he was playing wildly and without the least system. He pleaded hard for another chance, but I resolutely set my back against it. Then he turned upon me fiercely, imputing his mischance to the disturbing influence of my demoniacal face glaring upon him from the opposite side of the table. It was this, and this alone, that had confused his mind and spoiled his play. We were sleeping in the same room. In the middle of the night the unhappy man manifested an ugly intention to

cut my throat. He didn't though, being apprehensive, most likely, lest I should object to the proceeding.

Next morning we sent him back to London, whilst we proceeded to Paris.

So this third venture also came to nought. The gloriously promising beginning was also the premature sad end of it.

In autumn, 1875, I was living at Strasburg, one of the very few green spots in the sandy desert of my wandering life. Here I had made the acquaintance of a distinguished geologist, a Doctor H——, who, finding that I possessed some trifling knowledge of the science, kindly invited me to accompany him on a geological excursion to Sitten or Sion, in Switzerland, where he purposed to buy largely of a minister in a mountain village near Sion who was said to possess one of the richest and rarest collections of Alpine specimens. He was amply provided with funds. I consented to go with him. We started from Strasburg towards the end of September. We had most delightful weather, more like the beginning of summer than of autumn. We passed rapidly through Basle, Berne, and Lausanne, and might easily have reached our business destination by the 28th of the month, had there not been, unhappily, a temptation, most alluring to my companion, placed right across our road, near the very goal to which we were bound.

Saxon-les-Bains is the last station on the line to Sion. It is a small, rather primitive Swiss village in the valley of the Rhone. It lies at the foot of the Pierre-à-Voir, one of the finest cones in the Bernese Alps. It is surrounded by high mountains. The scenery is charming, and the air most pure and invigorating. The waters, which largely contribute to make it a health-

resort, are strongly impregnated with iodine, and are considered most salutary in glandular and kindred affections. This my excellent travelling companion told me with much insistance, as he wished me to stay with him in Saxon for a few days. It was in vain that I told him I did not like iodine water, the less when I found it, like the Saxon *fons salutis*, rather largely impregnated with bromide of sodium. I told him I would as lief drink sea-water. I also pleaded that I had no glandular or kindred ailment about me; but he insisted that the salubrious air of the place and the mountains around would do me great good.

However, I soon discovered that it was not the *fons salutis* nor the pure mountain air, but a very different attraction, which held him spell-bound to the place. The gaming tables, expelled from Baden-Baden, had found a temporary refuge in this most primitive and, I have no doubt, before their advent and after their involuntary departure a few years after, highly moral Swiss village. Yes, there they were, hotel, casino, one *trente-à-quarante* and three *roulette* tables, croupiers and all, under the general management of a limited company.

I remonstrated with my friend most warmly, telling him my own experience, and urging him earnestly to persevere in our original intention. I might as well have preached to the rocks that were frowning down upon us. In the end I had to give way, and I had to stand by and see my friend, for whom I entertained the sincerest affection and the highest esteem in all respects except this one fatal foible, pass through the ever-changing chances and emotions of the gaming-table.

Dr. H. was by no means an ingrained gamester, and, happily, he never completely lost control over himself. But he was determined to "woo fortune," as he called it, and he generously promised me the clear

half of his winnings, besides defraying the cost of our journey and our stay in this Armida's garden. I told him I thought my watch-pocket would afford ample space to hold all his winnings, even though they were changed into copper tokens. He laughed, but he persisted.

There were at that time three monster hells left in Europe—Monaco, to wit, Baignères, and this blessed Swiss village.

The tables were kept in full swing from noon till eleven at night, the whole four of them almost incessantly (except during the dinner hours, from five to seven) surrounded by double and treble lines of people seemingly possessed by a frantic desire to be parted from their money. They belonged to all nationalities; the female element strongly predominated, and among the ladies there were many old stagers, gamesters by profession. The French *demi-monde* was largely represented, so was also what may be delicately termed the "quarter-world"—ladies who would not scruple to ask you to give or lend them a few coins to try their luck once more, after having played and lost their last available stakes, and who would not blush to waylay you even outside the Casino, where they evidently thought they had the better and freer chance to work upon your good nature. One day Dr. H. would insist upon forcing me to try my luck, even with a five-franc piece, which he handed to me for the express purpose. I told him I was firmly resolved not to fall into the clutches of *that* particular Satan again. So, to his annoyance, I generously gave the five francs to one of these poor supplicants. I went to Sion, to see whether there were letters for us at the post-office there, for Dr. H. had delicately abstained from letting his young wife, then

in an interesting condition, know that we had stopped at Saxon—to gamble. On my return at night, I learned that my gift had borne rich fruit, the young lady having cleared 2,000 francs at *trente-à-quarante*, which gave me sincere pleasure; but what gave me greater pleasure still, was that she had gone clean off with her winnings. Well, if my gift was the means of snatching that unhappy young brand from the gambling Tophet, I think I may lay claim to at least one meritorious deed in my life.

Dr. H., however, did not look upon it in that light. He upbraided me rather severely for having "thrown away my luck," as he termed it. Gamesters are wonderfully superstitious, you see. I replied to his fierce animadversion upon the "glaring folly" of my conduct, simply that winning was the very thing I was afraid of. It was by that end, I told him, the devil generally laid hold of a man.

It was a sad sight to me to see highly respectable matrons and innocent young brides on their wedding trip (as I did see them there) seated or standing cheek-by-jowl with *cocottes*. I used to watch with some interest a young Polish countess—I always had a sneaking liking for Poles — very pretty, and remarkably vivacious, gambling away her husband's money with the most daring equanimity of temper, playing high stakes, even to the maximum, at *trente-à-quarante*; whilst her husband—good, easy man—was playing, not without success, a steady douzaine game at the *roulette* table. The maximum at Saxon, when I was there, was 3,000 frs. = £120, at *roulette*, the minimum two francs; whilst at *trente-à-quarante* the highest stake which the bank would hold was £160, the lowest four shillings. Still, even at these comparatively moderate rates, large sums of money would keep wandering, as a rule, from the pockets of the player into the insatiate maw of the bank, kept at

the time, as I have already mentioned, by a limited company, to which, in my private opinion, a Bonazet or Blanc would have been vastly preferable.

An individual, no matter what his character, position, or line of business, must always be somehow guided and restricted in his actions by certain considerations; whereas a corporation, having proverbially no body to be kicked nor a soul to be saved, is quite free to perpetrate any moral, or rather immoral, villany. Thus, for instance, the old hell-keepers used to present their insane victims, when cleaned out, with a small percentage of the sums which the bank had swallowed, that they might at least be enabled to betake themselves decently to their homes. Fame used to relate how the prince of the fraternity, the late M. Blanc, whose daughters are princesses now, was wont to go so far in his delicacy of feeling in this respect, that certain confidential servants of his had general instructions to search the woods around the Casinoes over which their employer held sway for possible suicides, and eventually to put twenty pounds or so in the pockets of the dead, so that it might appear that despair over gambling losses had not been the determining motive of the rash deed.

But our Casino corporation at Saxon-les-Bains—which, thank Heaven, was kicked out some years ago from its Swiss asylum and last refuge—would have thought it rank madness to indulge in anything like such delicate generosity to living or dead. When an unhappy punter or puntress, as the case might be, had dropped his or her all into the voracious jaw of these vile cormorants, the Administration would present the unlucky individual, upon application in due form, with a *bon* upon the railway office, entitling the bearer to a third-class ticket—value about eight shillings—to Berne, Geneva, &c., and to the munificent sum of sixteen shillings in addition, receivable

at the place of destination. Well, I was told, that victims thus charitably sent home by the Administration had been known but too often to come back with fresh supplies, in the which case they were, after repayment of the twenty-four shillings granted, readmitted freely to the privileges of the Casino—notably, of course, to the high privilege of dropping their money once more. In the event, however, of a victim being cleaned out again, the Administration would sternly refuse to repeat the munificent loan of twenty-four shillings—the so-called *retraite*. A case of this kind occurred at the very time when I was at Saxon. A young student of the Strasburg University, a North German, the only son of a widowed mother, had been in Saxon in the preceding month (August) for the benefit of his health. He had not been able to resist the allurement of the tables, and he had, to his great misfortune, been so "fortunate" as to clear some four hundred pounds on the first day of his initiation into the mysteries of *roulette* and *trente-à quarante*. The demon of play had thus at once secured a firm hold on him. Before eight days were gone he had lost every farthing of his available cash, and deposited every article of value in his possession in the hands of the porter of the Hôtel des Bains, a most accommodating fellow, who would lend you cash upon every description of valuable property. I suspected this grinning hyena with his shark's teeth to be one of the directors of the Administration. In fact, everybody about the Hotel, as well as in the Casino, seemed to belong to the Corporation.

The ruined young gamester, cleared out to his last coin, had to leave his trunk in pledge for two days' hotel expenses, and apply for the *retraite*, to get back to Strasburg.

Here, it would appear, he borrowed money to go home

to his mother, who was dotingly fond of him. He had brought with him to Strasburg a small but select library, which his father had left him. He made the poor lady believe that a judicious outlay of a few hundred pounds upon new purchases to complete sets, would more than treble the actual saleable value of the collection, and that he would find it easy then to dispose of it at its enhanced value. So it was stated, at least, afterwards by the unhappy mother, who trusting implicitly in her darling boy's assurances, sold out part of her small capital in the Prussian funds.

The result was that when we were at Saxon, in the beginning of October, the lad made his appearance there once more, with some £350 in his pocket, besides his jewellery, &c., redeemed.

I knew him slightly, poor fellow—I used to meet him at dinner in the Café de l'Espérance, on the Schiffleutstaden, in Strasburg. When I saw him insanely bent upon ruining himself at roulette and rouge-et-noir, I took the privilege of age, to remonstrate with him upon the folly of his conduct. Dr. H. also, who had great store of sound sense at the disposal of his friends—so much so, indeed, that he seemed to have kept an insufficiency of it for his own private use—did his best to give the greater force to my lecture. But it was all in vain. Every penny the young fellow had went to the d——, beg pardon, the bank. Ashamed evidently to look us in the face, he applied once more for the *retraite*, to take him back to Strasburg—but only to be sternly denied; on principle, yes, even so, on *principle!* The Administration could not, and would not, encourage relapses. To what strange uses the word "principle" may be turned, to be sure. It is almost as useful a claptrap as the word "religion."

Dr. H. gave the poor fellow the means to return

to Strasburg. He vowed by every saint in Heaven that he would never—no, never!—gamble again. I felt almost inclined to trust that the double lesson he had received had cured him of his folly. On our return to Strasburg, about eight days after, I heard casually that his library was for sale. In March, following, when I was back in London, I read in a friend's letter to me from Strasburg, that the wretched youth had blown his brains out. "There, but for the grace of God, goeth Thomas Morus," said one of England's wisest and best men, when he saw an unhappy culprit led to execution. The saying recurred to my mind as I dropped a tear over the memory of the suicide.

To return to Saxon. We stayed there a few days longer. I have already stated that Dr. H. was not by any means an ingrained gamester. He *could* pull up in case of need, though he was obstinate, and had a notion that perseverance would make Fortune change her frowns to smiles. So when he had dropped something like two hundred and fifty pounds over the experiment—Gracious! what a lot of stones might have been bought for the money!—he turned rusty, and would have no more to say to Fortune.

To my intensest relief he paid our hotel bill, and we left for Sion, just too late to do any good; for next morning, when we were on our way at last to the mountain village we were bound for, a fierce snowstorm drove us back, and we had to return to Strasburg *re infectâ*.

Dr. H. also had a system, an infallible system to win, based upon the most patient and careful study of the doctrine of chances. Some fifteen years at least, before this Saxon episode I chanced to have a discussion with Thomas Littleton Holt, whose name has been men-

tioned before, and whom most of my readers will affectionately remember, with his truly lordly presence, his splendid head, his magnificent flowing beard, his solid attainments, and his wonderful kindness of heart—a true Prince of Bohemia, such as Henry Mürger would have delighted to shake by the hand and as Balzac would have loved to draw.

In his exuberant humour Holt would often indulge in sly tricks at my expense. He would pretend to consult me upon some knotty question, placing posers before poor innocent me, which I would gravely set to work to solve in a satisfactory way; when he would coolly tell me, his fat sides shaking with laughter, that I was altogether wrong, and prove it, too.

On the occasion here in question, he asked me what were the chances at *trente-à-quarante*, if red had turned up seventeen times running, against the same colour turning up the eighteenth time; and supposing there happened to be an old ailing man of eighty and a new born healthy infant in the same room, what were the chances that the latter would outlive the former, or *vice versâ?*

I was setting out mentally upon most intricate calculations of chances, when he stopped me, telling me with a smile of superiority, that the chances, however infinitely great or small they might appear to be on either side when embracing an extensive series of events, were exactly the same in any two individual cases pitted against one another. There was, he said, in the cases in point, just the same chance for red as for black, for the old man as for the infant. Of course, calculating the chances upon a thousand deals and upon a thousand cases of old men and new-born infants, the matter was vastly different.

A very little reflection showed me that Holt was quite correct in this view of the case. I have often since

thought that this curious equality of chances, which must be admitted to exist in every and any individual case—where, for illustration, red is pitted against black, as it were—must necessarily materially affect the infallibility of the most infallible system of computing chances at the gaming table.

This was one of my dissuasive arguments with Dr. H. He would not see it, however, at the time when he was bent upon trying his system. He seemed to see it afterwards though, when weighted with the loss of £250 good money.

Having travelled thus far out of the beaten track of chronological order, I would have liked to have added here a few characteristic touches, to give a slight sketch of Thomas Littleton Holt. But I fear this might be thought an unconscionable digression, I will therefore postpone this part of my reminiscences to a later period.

Ho! Westward Ho! I took my first walk to Paris. The recollection of that first great walk through part of France stands pleasingly out from even the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. What a blessed land is France! and what a fine, lovable people the French are after all, despite their Grandomania and other foibles!

It was an exciting time just then in France. The land was passing, in some parts semi-unconsciously yet, through the first throes of the great revolutionary heave that was so soon to cast out, *for evermore*, the impossible element of the elder branch of the Bourbons—that monstrous anachronism in the politico-social fabric of the nineteenth century. The famous two hundred and twenty-one had been triumphantly returned again, and Polignac and his foolish master were cudgelling their poor brains to devise means to meet and repel the imminent onslaught

of the opposition in the newly-elected Chamber upon their cherished mediæval system of government.

I reached the French capital on the 24th of July, in the afternoon. I took a stroll through the Palais Royal. Here, as good luck would have it, I came upon Godefroi Cavaignac, whose acquaintance I had made by the merest chance the year before, when we were both on a flying visit to Strasburg. We had taken up our quarters at the same hotel, the Maison Rouge, where my friend Schneegans was kind enough to introduce me to the distinguished young Republican chieftain—for so he was, emphatically—though my senior by no more than six years. I may, in fact, say, of the crowd of professing Republicans—and most of them sincere in their professions withal—whom I came to know in France in the course of time—to my mind there were only two that were cast in the true antique mould of freedom—Godefroi Cavaignac and Armand Carrel; both fated, alas! to die long before their cherished aspirations had even transiently taken the semblance of form and substance—Armand by the bullet of a clever, unscrupulous political hack and huckster; Godefroi of hope deferred.

I think this is the proper place to mention that I was once a member of the once famous Burschenschaft, an association of enthusiastic young students, who were sanguinely dreaming the sanguine dream of a united Germany—a free Germany—and some of them at least, universal brotherhood, freedom and happiness all over the world. My guardian, on the occasion of my last visit to him at Frankfort, asked me what business I, an alien in Germany, had to meddle with the inner affairs and institutions of that land. He sneeringly dubbed the Burschenschaft the great bib-and-tucker society for the radical reformation of all ills and abuses, and for the

general regeneration of the human race; and he told me, in his insulting way, that it was but idiotic conceit for young fools like them to trouble their small minds about weighty matters of State—young fools who were displaying real aptitude only in making ducks-and-drakes of their private fortunes, and who were most successfully intent upon misgoverning their own small affairs, and wrecking their best prospects in life. I remember how these sneers stung me to the quick at the time, and how I hotly retorted that I had some German blood at least in my veins, and that I had thrown in my lot with the great and glorious people of Fatherland, so grossly and vilely deceived by their rulers, whom they had expended their best blood to keep or replace on their tottering thrones; that the German Confederation was rotten to the core, and ought to be destroyed root and branch, and that it behoved the generous academic youths of the land to stand forth boldly as the redressers of the wrongs inflicted upon the people by the princes, and to upset the wretched rule of pharisaical muckerdom and a petrified bureaucracy. I flattered myself at the time that I had the best of the argument, for my good guardian grew as wroth and red as an irate turkey-cock. At this present time, more than half a century after, when I come to reflect seriously upon this episode of my life, I must confess I feel a little ashamed of my wondrous conceit in those days. My guardian *was* a Mucker and a Pharisee, and an unscrupulous self-seeking man, and a dry-bone Bureaucrat—but I feel compelled to admit now, that he was not altogether wrong in his slighting depreciation of the "bib-and-tucker" movement. I cannot help smiling when I try to think seriously of the extraordinary hallucination which then held possession of my mind—to bring the matter to a personal issue—that I was a species of heaven-born

statesman. Well, I was very young then, and knew no better—which now I do.

However, in 1829 and 1830 I was a most enthusiastic Burschenschaftler, of that more select section of the Society which had the fraternal federation of all free peoples for its ultimate special object.

It was, partly at least, as an emissary of this section that I visited Strasburg in 1829. So it was but natural that Godefroi Cavaignac and I should soon discover the close affinity of our ideas and aspirations. The fact was, at the time, the strongest hope of the advanced party of what I may call the Cosmopolitan Republicans of Germany rested mainly upon an upset in France.

I was that very night (July 24, 1830) introduced to two of the biggest men of the day—Armand Carrel, whose name I have mentioned already a few pages back, and Louis Adolphe Thiers, then joint-editors of the *National*, which the two had started, in conjunction with Santelet, the publisher, on January 1, 1830, and which had in less than seven brief months shaken the artificial, plastered-up, rotten old fabric of the Bourbon *régime* to its very foundations.

To the philosophical student of men and manners and events, the very different after-career and ending of these two men, then so energetically and harmoniously working together to overthrow the wretched rule of the elder Bourbon branch, is fraught with pregnant instruction.

On a certain occasion Albert Smith said to Douglas Jerrold, "You see, Jerrold, we are rowing in the same boat." "Yes," replied Douglas, who could never leave a smart saying unsaid, even for the sake of the best and

dearest friend—"yes, my boy, but with very different skulls."

So it may be said of Thiers and Carrel, that though they also were certainly rowing in the same boat, and embarked in the same enterprise, it was with very different dispositions and widely divergent views.

Armand Carrel was an austere Republican, a Roman of the best period, a single-minded patriot. He had at an early age freely made the sacrifice of a brilliantly promising military career that he might not be forced to do violence to his convictions. He had valiantly fought in Spain under Mina, and had, indeed, only narrowly escaped death by the hands of his French captors in a desperate encounter. France was then under the apparently firmly re-established old *régime*, which had sent an army under the Duke of Angoulême to coerce the unhappy Spaniards who had risen against the wretched seventh Ferdinand of Holy Virgin petticoat-embroidering fame. As is usual under similar conditions and circumstances, the powers that were looked upon a Frenchman fighting on the other side as a most damnable rebel who deserved to be shot. It is always thus with the powers that are. "L'état c'est moi," said Louis XIV. "Love and serve your country, *quand même*," ever say the powers that are in temporary possession in France, adding however, invariably, "And *we* are your country, and if we catch you dissenting from our views upon that point, we'll ram them down your throat with powder and lead if we have the chance."

Armand Carrel escaped narrowly on *that* occasion.

I am proud to say that I knew another noble Frenchman, of half-Scotch (Campbell) descent, young Rossel, a truly antique character, who was basely murdered by

the "Versaillists," in 1871, because he had fought valiantly against them. Thiers, who through life preferred expediency and opportunism to principle, had voluntarily ceded his prerogative of mercy to a Commission *ad hoc*. Yet he might have saved Rossel, had he not been selfishly intent upon what he, foolishly enough, considered his personal interests. So he contented himself with a half-lachrymose appeal to the *feelings* of the bloody-minded Commission created by himself. Of course, the appeal went for nothing. The brave General Cissey *insisted* upon the execution of the "deserter and rebel." Had the Commune but been victorious in the struggle, the brave General Cissey, and the equally brave Vinoy and Gallifet—who mercilessly murdered the poor conquered Communards without even the extremely simple formalities of a drum-head court-martial—would have been among the first to crave position and pay under the victorious Commune. And, forsooth, that chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, the great Bazaine, stood nobly forward on the occasion to advocate a policy of just and rigorous severity against traitors! History is a sickening study, occasionally.

Different men will often look with different eyes upon the notion of country and patriotism.

In the Fall of 1871, a Paris publisher, M. Abel Pilou, brought out an illustrated work on the late Œcumenical Council, with portraits of Pius IX., the eleven popes who have held councils, the sixty then living cardinals, the five hundred fathers of the council who attended, fac-similes of their signatures and autographs, &c.

In looking over this most interesting work, I found, among other curious sentiments, one of the strangest ever placed on record, I believe. It was the autograph and signature of the late Bishop of Strasburg, the Very Reverend Father-in-God Andreas Raess. It is written in

Latin, and bears date, Rome, 16th May, 1870. The English version is as follows: "Wherever thy fatherland be, it is a valley of tears. It is ridiculous to cling to it with obstinate fond affection. One's country matters nought for good nor for evil (*Nullum patria bonum, nullum facit malum*)." Yet this man called himself the "patriotic Bishop of Strasburg," in his Jesuitical machinations and intrigues against the German Empire. But these were dictated, of course, by his intense Romanism.

To return to Armand Carrel. I had reason to believe, nay, I may go further and say that I had reason to know at the time, that splendid offers of office were made by the Lafayette-Lafittists to the brilliant young journalist—he was then only thirty—which he disdainfully declined, preferring to protest with all the energy of his nature and all the fire of his convictions against the trick practised upon France. He opposed the Government of the King of the Barricades—the Roi Épicier, as he dubbed him—*ab initio*—and Louis Philippe knew that he could not possibly have a more formidable enemy than this magnificent incarnation of the very principle of integrity, combined with transcendent talent, and it was from no fault of *his* that the noble Carrel was not placed before a court-martial after June 5, 1832.

Carrel was decidedly against the April rising in Lyons, in which the Republicans and the silkworkers fought side by side—and wondrously hard, too—for five days, and were only with difficulty overcome even then. I was in Algiers at the time, but I knew all the details afterwards from Godefroi Cavaignac. Although this rising had been resolved upon against Carrel's wiser counsel, yet he boldly and uncompromisingly took up the cudgels for the vanquished party. He mercilessly assailed in his

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own free choice and seeking. On the 5th of June, the funeral of the great and good General Lamarque, the ever-consistent opponent of elder and younger branch alike, had led to an attempted insurrection in Paris, speedily suppressed and stifled in much good republican blood; and I was warned by my friends to give Paris a wide berth for the present.

I might, of course, have very well managed to study in Strasburg, which at the time happened to be the, to me, nearest medical faculty in France. But, somehow or other, I thought Montpellier the better school of the two. You see it was a delightful June, and the weather was really too warm for hard study, and it would take me six weeks at least to lounge up to the southern university, which was so much idle time to the good. So, of course, I made tracks for the south.

I naturally took Lyons on my way. Lyons! What sweet memories of the past the name brings back to my mind! It was there that I afterwards lived many of my happiest days.

This was the first time I came to that blessed oasis in the sandy desert of my life.

In the fall of 1831 there had been a most formidable insurrection of the *canuts*, or silk-weavers, of the Croix Rousse, which had raged from the day of its outbreak, Nov. 21, to the day of its final suppression, Dec. 3. It had held its own for close upon nine days against all the forces at the disposal of the Government and the municipality; and it had taken the great Marshal Soult himself and the eldest son of Louis Philippe, backed by twenty thousand men of the army, to put it down at last.

Yet six brief months after all the traces of this truly fearful struggle had vanished! In France, the land and the people have the recuperative faculty developed to the highest degree. What would prove irretrievable ruin to

any other land and people, passes over France and the French as a mere distempered dream, leaving at the most, on awaking, faint traces of remembrance behind.

It is thus that France, after two centuries of twice restored Bourbon rule—since the death of Henry IV.—eighteen years of Orleans' corruption, a blood-spilling Empire, and a debased lower Empire; the sad excesses of one Republic and the equally sad blunders of another—many ruinous wars, and several most fearful and destructive Communist risings—still remains at this present time, under the third Republic, the most blessed land on God's fair earth.

I had been in Lyons about six weeks, and was just beginning to contemplate the desirableness of moving on to Montpellier, when the firmness of my resolution to complete my studies without further unnecessary delay was suddenly and over-severely tested by an alluring proposal made to me by a wealthy Marseillais, whose acquaintance I had accidentally made at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

He was a M. Legros. He intended to embark his large capital in some manufactory or other, and he wished to inspect the industrial establishments of Great Britain. Like most Frenchmen, he was absolutely innocent of any language but his native tongue—and the Provençal dialect. So he invited me to accompany him, upon the principle that he was to pay one half of my expenses; in other words, he engaged to pay three-fourths of our joint spendings on our voyage. This seemed fair enough. Only had I reflected that everything in this world is relative and comparative, I should certainly have inquired first a little into his habits, ere I had consented to this agreement. I should have

reflected also, that I had no business whatever to inspect industrial establishments in England, but was, on the contrary, imperiously called upon to complete my studies, and start on my career in life. However, I strove to persuade myself that this voyage would prove most instructive to me; and what was to prevent me from frequenting the hospitals in Great Britain, thus turning my visit to that land to the very best and most profitable account? But no matter how I took the affair—I accepted and went. It was my first visit to England since the days of my earliest childhood, when I was there with my parents.

We visited London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Nottingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Leicester, Wolverhampton, Portsmouth, Bristol, Newcastle, and a great many more places in England; and Edinburgh, Paisley, Dundee, and Glasgow, in Scotland; and I had a hard time of it, as M. Legros turned out to be a perfect cormorant for information upon the details in every factory we visited. In fact, he wanted to know much more than the owners of the establishments were willing to communicate to strangers. However, we managed somehow to get on pretty well, and, no doubt, I picked up a good deal of miscellaneous information.

It may seem a curious statement to make, but I have always, at some time or other, found a practical use for every scrap and wrinkle of information I ever gathered in the course of my career.

So also with regard to this particular voyage of inspection through Great Britain. Many long years after, Messrs. Morgan Brothers, proprietors of the *Ironmonger*, the *Chemist and Druggist*, the *Grocer* (of which I was the first editor), and other publications, employed me to write a series of descriptive articles on manufacturing and other processes, &c. I then found my

merely casual experience of some thirty years before of great value to me. In 1867, Messrs. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row, republished these papers of mine, together with others contributed by my friends Quin, John C. Brough, Thomas Archer, W. B. Tegetmeier, and W. J. Prowse, in a volume, under the title of "England's Workshops."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," says Keats. A thing of utility, you see, may become a source of profit beyond the instant occasion.

London and the other places which I visited in the latter half of 1832, made a deep and powerful impression upon me.

London, which then numbered close upon 1,700,000 inhabitants, looked to me like a veritable leviathan of a city. I thought *then* that it *must* have attained its highest possible point of development. In fact, I thought it was fearfully overgrown.

Being accustomed to the comparatively small cities on the Continent, the size and the teeming industrial population of most of the British manufacturing and commercial cities impressed me much.

My companion Legros would not, perhaps could not, see matters in the same light. This gentleman was intensely French, and Southern French to boot. He knew only three places in the world—Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. He would admit that Bordeaux and Lille might claim to be named along with these. As for London, he confessed it was rather a largish place, but, bless you, Paris would soon run up to it, and beat it in a canter. As to naming any of the British commercial and industrial centres which, moreover, it was easy to see with half an eye were on their decline, in the

same breath with the chief towns of France, no one but a conceited Britisher would ever dream of such a thing.

Poor Legros! he has long since been gathered to his fathers—and London has kept on growing until it more than doubles Paris in population, and quintuples it in extent. And as for the British and industrial commercial centres, why Glasgow nearly equals the joint population of Lyons and Marseilles; and Liverpool, Manchester, and Salford are on the high road to the same achievement; whilst Birmingham is larger and more populous than either Lyons or Marseilles; and Sheffield and Leeds are fast growing to equal these two chief cities of France, after Paris.

Glasgow, which I may say I saw in 1832 almost in its teens, is positively a marvel of surprising growth. It has very nearly achieved its six-hundred thousand souls. Indeed, there is but one place in the world, I believe, not even omitting the American cities, which spring up like substantial and enduring giant-mushrooms, that outstrips aught else in marvellous expansion—the capital of Prussia, which has more than quadrupled its population since 1830, and is going on fast for one million and a quarter! Berlin thrives, as it were a modern Palmyra, in the midst of a sandy desert, apparently without any of the generally admitted indispensable elements of a great centre of population about it—not even possessing a respectable river, but merely a species of brook which stagnates its slimy slush painfully and laboriously along with the aid of artificial sluices—yet showing an increase within the last half century vaster than that of mighty London, in the proportion of eight to five—of mighty London, with its splendid river and its unrivalled natural site!

However, at the time of which I am writing, this was not dreamt of even in the wildest visions of imagination run mad.

One million and a quarter looks handsome enough, one would think. Yet, some eleven years ago, in December, 1871, Thiers, in his passionate appeal to the "Committee of Initiative" to restore Paris to its natural position as the capital of France, pleaded as one of the chief reasons that should decide the Committee to grant his appeal the "fact, that Berlin, which before the war of 1870 had numbered only 800,000 souls, had doubled its population since!" This affords a curious proof of the lamentable ignorance of even the cleverest men in France, and of their absolute lack of calculating and computing power.

This seems to me the proper place to put in an illustration or two of the brilliant talent of ignorance which so many Frenchmen would seem to make it a point to cultivate.

Dr. Blanchard, of the French Academy of Sciences, was engaged some ten years ago in deep researches anent the *Ureox*. In the course of his investigations he addressed himself for information, among others, to Professor Brand, of St. Petersburg. In his notes upon the animal the Professor stated that the *Auerochs*, or *Ureox*, is found in Lithuania, also in the Caucasus in *Rudeln*, which is simply the dative plural of Rudel, signifying *herd* in German. Well, the eminent French Professor incontinently gave the world the interesting information that the *Ureox* is to be met with in the Caucasus, in a locality of the name of Rudeln! "Dans une localité du nom de Rudeln!"

I cannot exactly call to mind the year in which the Archiepiscopal Palace at Bourges was burnt down. I only know it must have been after 1870 and before 1876. There was a most barefaced assertion published then that an important document, a most invaluable heirloom of the La Tour d'Auvergne family, had perished in the conflagration, no less a document, in fact, than the "Order for the execution of Jesus Christ!" A copy of it was given —"Our Lord Herod, Lieutenant of the Emperor in Judea," the precious piece of humbug began. The fact that Herod Antipas was simply tetrarch of Galilee, and that Pontius Pilate was the Emperor's lieutenant in Judea, might be urged as a trifling objection to the authenticity of the document. But this was nothing compared to the dates given: the 22nd and 23rd day of the Ides of March! What notion could the would-be forger of this "historic document" possibly have had how the Romans counted the days of the month. It is perfectly clear that he knew naught of Calends, Nones, and Ides. Yet this precious piece was given as "authentic" in even respectable French journals, and our own *Pall Mall Gazette* copied it without a word of comment!

My visit to England, though it paid me well years after, was certainly not profitable to me at the time. It was, indeed, one of the most foolish acts of my life. It took away some six months of my precious time, and, owing mainly to my companion Legros' expensive habits, cost me much good money, which might have been employed more wisely.

The beginning of March, 1833, saw me back in Paris, where, in a fit of discontent with myself and my late proceedings, I set to in earnest to complete my medical studies at last, by attending lectures and frequenting the Charité, the Hôtel Dieu, and other hospitals.

The medical faculty of Paris could boast then of such men as Dupuytren (alas! to be removed so soon after), the two Andrals, Orfila, Royer, and other famous professors. There was also my revered master Raspail, the medical philosopher, the justly renowned chemist, whose philosophical system of medicine I introduced some twenty years after to the British public, by his own desire. Dumas was Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, where, among other famous men, Cousin was lecturing on philosophy, and Villemain on classical literature. Here, surely, was a last and a splendid opportunity afforded me to complete and perfect my medical and general education; and I had mustered at last the firm will to do so—at least, I thought I had.

Unhappily, a few weeks after having honestly buckled to work, an imperative summons reached me from Germany.

The academic youth of the great Fatherland had resolved to reply in the sternest fashion to the stern measures taken by the Confederation against all aspirants and aspirations to freedom; notably, to the resolutions of the 28th of June, 1832.

I obeyed the summons, of course.

I do not wish to write the history of the attempt of the 3rd of April, 1833. It was a wretched affair. I feel heartily ashamed of my share in it. I had the good luck to make my way back in safety to France. But the Prussian Government, apprised of my participation in the attempted rising, sequestrated the balance of my capital in the funds, upon information furnished, I had subsequently but too much reason to fear, by my saintly ex-guardian, who also, I learnt many years later on, literally purloined my library—the last remnant of my maternal portion—

the friend, to whose care I had entrusted it, having had to flee for his life, being implicated in the Frankfort affair. I say he had to flee for his life. I am quite aware, of course, that no one was executed, and that an amnesty was granted some five years after; but at the time matters looked very critical and perilous for the poor fellows who fell into the hands of the frightened and enraged Confederation.

In 1840 the sequestration was taken off my investment in the Prussian funds. Allured by offers of larger interest, I placed the remaining balance in a Hamburg house. The conflagration of 1842 made me lose the far greater part of it, and the rest I found it but too easy to spend.

So all I had once called mine was gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream. I was awake now, indeed, though unhappily never wide-awake.

I was back in Paris by the middle of April, with about a thousand francs in my pocket, *pour tout potage,* for sole resource.

Typhoid and marsh fever, euphemistically termed paludian, happened at the time to be rather rife in Algiers, the last glorious conquest of the Bourbon restoration, and the *damnosa hæreditas* bequeathed by the elder branch to the younger. As the experience of the last half century has abundantly proved, these delightful favourite twin-daughters of gaunt death, and their grim sister dysentery, have an ugly partiality somehow for the North African coast, where they would seem to be always rife wherever the French pitch their tents.

In 1833 things were very bad that way, and the French Intendance was put rather hard to it to provide a sufficient staff of medical officers—not to combat with death exactly, but to certify and register it. I say the Military

Intendance, for, strange to say, perhaps, the French army is destitute of an independent Medical Department, the management of the surgical service in the army being placed entirely in the hands of the Commissariat, which, unhappily, is also the worst conducted branch of the military administration.

Upon my return to Paris, I had a notion that, as I was now thrown upon my own exertions, I might, perhaps, find literary employment, which might enable me to continue and complete my studies, and to start somewhere in France as a medical practitioner. My thousand francs I hoped would keep me until Cavaignac, who was kind enough to take an interest in me, might find me employment on some journal or otherwise.

But when I mentioned the matter to M. Andral père, he proposed to me instead that I should go to Algiers as Under-Assistant-Surgeon; he, Bouillaud, Lisfranc, and Honoré, kindly certifying to my capacity. All these gentlemen most kindly pointed out to me how a few years' stay in Algiers, though even in the most subordinate surgical capacity, might serve to pave the way to speedy advancement in after-life. The extensive experience I was safe to gather there in camp and hospital must of necessity facilitate my future examination; and, with the prestige of the experience gathered, I need not fear but that my career in practice would be successful.

So, in June, 1833, I embarked at Toulon, along with fifteen other young men, who could not—nay, not one of them—even boast the very small modicum of medical knowledge and of chemical experience that I had managed to gather in my desultory studies; but who yet, as well as myself, found themselves within a couple of months after our arrival in Algeria placed in most difficult positions, such as might have taxed all the skill and knowledge and readiness of resource of experienced old practitioners.

Indeed, those were awful times during the new French conquest, and soon told disastrously upon even strong constitutions. Some two years after I was the only survivor left of the sixteen—and *I* was almost a wreck.

Upon my arrival in the colony I was assigned first to the Foreign Legion, with Surgeon-Major Cecaldi for my more immediate chief. I had been wofully sea-sick in coming over, and my new uniform had been sadly damaged by the sea-water. This Italian gentleman saw a direct insult to his high dignity in my appearing before him in tarnished regimentals; and he bore me malice from the first to the last day of our acquaintance, and strove to the best, or rather the worst of his ability, to make the service irksome to me. Luckily, I was mostly detached on hospital service, except for a few months, when I had to attend at Moustafa Pasha, and at Camp Kouba; also, for a short spell, at the Infirmary, where, however, my friend Eichacker was my immediate superior. When I was detached, as would sometimes occur, upon an expedition into the Metidjah, or to Blidah, I was my own master, ruling the roast pretty absolutely in the small realm of disease, wounds, and death around me; so that, after all, Cecaldi had it not in his power to work me much injury. On one occasion I gave that gentleman cause for dissatisfaction, but it was unwittingly.

It was just after my return to camp service from the Caratine Hospital, in the City of Algiers, in the Rue Bab-a-Zoun, when I had to make a report to Colonel Bernelle, the then Commanding Officer of the Foreign Legion, whose residence was just outside Moustafa Pasha. Colonel Bernelle was one of the six sons of General Bernelle, an officer of some distinction in the time of the First Empire.

The Colonel was a fine man and an excellent officer,

albeit, perhaps, over much given to martinetism. When I came before him with my report, he was in an awful humour, and exceedingly irritable. The fact was he was suffering agony from a *panaris*, or whitlow. I do not know how it was, but I asked him to let me look at the affected finger, which evidently took him rather by surprise Still he stretched out his hand, and let me undo the bandage. I saw that the swelling was very close upon ripeness, and I asked his permission to open it. After some hesitation—it is a strange thing how men who will bravely face death will often shrink from encountering pain—he consented. It was not an easy matter to overcome my disinclination to perform the smallest operation inflicting pain. In this instance, however, I reflected that the momentary pang was safe to put an end to the atrocious pain of the whitlow, and made a bold cut. The Colonel made a slight grimace, then cried joyfully, "I am in heaven," and warmly thanked me when I had dressed the wound.

Unhappily for me, it turned out that it was Cecaldi who had attended the Colonel, and had not judged proper to lay the abscess open with the knife; for which sin of omission—for it was in that light Bernelle looked upon it—the Colonel now told him a bit of his mind, and imprudently mentioned to him that I had volunteered to perform the operation. Well, I thus speedily became indebted to that small cut for orders to dance attendance every morning upon the road-making detachment—which was a tiresome and tiring job, involving for some six long weeks a three hours' march every morning.

Colonel Bernelle was grateful for the small service I had rendered him, and he wished to give me practical proof of his gratitude, which consisted in his advice to me to leave the surgical department, and enlist in the Legion. He gave me his sacred promise, should I

consent, to push me up the first rungs of the ladder of promotion. No doubt promotion was rapid in the Legion at that period. There were instances of men who had risen within three years from the ranks to a lieutenant's commission, and, with so powerful and influential a protector as the Colonel, I might have had the same good fortune. I am dazzled even now when I think to what height I might have climbed in the military hierarchy of France. Why I knew Négrier and Duvivier as majors or commandants. They were both full generals thirty-four years ago, when they fell, along with several other old Algerian acquaintances of mine, in the frightful days of June, 1848, when striving might and main to put down the formidable Socialist or Communist Insurrection then raging in Paris —the first of a disastrous series, a second of which shook Paris to her foundations in 1871—and of which a third may be closer upon us than even far-sighted politicians can as yet discern.

Lamoricière, also, who in after years, in his proud self-consciousness, spoke so slightingly of Italian generals and Italian troops, and finished a glorious career so lamentably at Castelfidardo, was still a simple chef-de-bataillon when I knew him first in Algiers. Changarnier was a captain then; so was Eugène Cavaignac, after the days of June chief of the French Republic. Bosquet, who, in 1855, shared in the glorious laurels of Inkermann, was in 1834 a simple lieutenant in the Algerine corps of occupation. All these men rose to high distinction—why not I? Had I but taken the Colonel's well-meant excellent advice, and trusted my star, surely I might perchance have lost the battle of Reichshofen; I might have surrendered Metz, after a run of the most astonishing blunders ever known in the history of war. I flatter

myself that I might just have turned out the sort of general to lose a great battle under the most propitious circumstances, like M'Mahon; or to surrender the strongest fortress in the world garrisoned by a powerful army, considerably outnumbering the besieging host, like Bazaine. But it clearly was not to be. I always was a *Pechvogel,* or lack-luck; so I declined the Colonel's kind proposal, and manfully stuck to the lancet and gallipot. You see I have but too often permitted my native diffidence to stand in the way of my advancement in life.

The "Légion Étrangère" was a fine body of men in the main, gathered from nearly every part of Europe. It was formed for service in Algiers, in 1831, at the end of which year it numbered 1,500 men rank and file, which number had at the beginning of 1833 risen to 3,500. In 1834 we had 5,000 legionaries under arms in Algeria. And there were, besides, a few thousands whom we had snugly underground by that time; for fever and dysentery played sad havoc among the ill-fated human cattle shipped from France to the North African death-stores.

There were then seven battalions of the Legion—four German, which included many other nationalities; one Polish, one Italian, and one Spanish battalion. The latter was generously ceded to the Queen Regent of Spain, after Valdes' repeated defeats by Zumalacarregui. Some time after the entire Legion went the same way—to share pretty wellnigh the same sad fate with the English auxiliaries led to the aid of Maria Christina by General de Lacy Evans. Omelets cannot be made, of course, without breaking eggs; but there are really some omelets that had better not be made at all—and this Maria Christina-Isabella Segunda omelet was surely one of them. There are also some eggs that might be used for

better purposes than omelets after the French fashion—*aux déconfitures.*

The men of the Legion were, as a rule, brave to excess—a set of dare-devil fellows. Many of them were above the common herd—men of birth and education, political refugees, for the most part; some had blundered into social sins, offences, and crimes, and had sought and found a refuge from the pursuer without, and the pursuer within their own heart and mind, in a soldier's venturesome life, and in the excitement of fierce strife. There was a notable instance of a Bavarian officer who had made a mistake about the ownership of the regimental cash-box, which he found out a little late in the day, when part of the cash had been spent by him. He had joined the Legion in '31, as a private; yet by the middle of 1834 he was a full lieutenant, with every prospect of a brilliant career before him. He was a full captain when he fell fighting in Spain, in 1836, I believe.

To use a vulgar expression, most of the unhappy legionaries had brought their pigs to a pretty market—at least for so long as they belonged to the mere rank and file. The life and position of these men might be summed up briefly, in a general way, as harassing marches and killing marsh fevers, hard work and harder knocks, small pay and scanty fare, with microscopic chances of rare, telescopically distant loot.

I think the pay and rations of a full private in the Legion were about eightpence a day, with one pound and a half of doubtful brown bread, half a pound of still more dubious meat, about a pint of light Spanish wine, a pinch of salt, an occasional handful of rice, and wood for cooking. On entering the service, the Ministry of War graciously bestowed upon the recruit about £1 12*s.* in articles of clothing, &c., which constituted his kit. This was called "la première mise." To keep himself up in shoes, shirts, &c., one penny per day out of the eight,

was paid into his so-called "masse;" every five days he received the munificent pay of *threepence-halfpenny*, to provide himself with tobacco and other luxuries. One halfpenny, I think, went for washing; the remaining fivepence were spent in the purchase of white bread for the soup in the morning, and onions, potatoes, beans, maccaroni, vermicelli, lard, &c., for the afternoon's meal. It was not, perhaps, quite so extraordinary then, as it may look, that these men should occasionally try to do a bit of looting on a small scale on their own individual account, and that they should develop a tendency to walk off now and then o' nights with a fowl or a sheep belonging to a "friendly" Arab, who would rush into camp in the morning complaining with clamorous lamentations of his grievous loss, and cursing the rascally thief as loudly and deeply as his archiepiscopal Eminence of Rheims cursed the purloiner of his ring—to very little good purpose, however, as it was next to impossible to "identify" the guilty party, with an efficient staff of "alibi-provers" always ready to hand; and as the officers mostly partook of the dainty fare thus surreptitiously provided, it stood to reason that no very strenuous effort was ever likely to be made to bring the offender to condign punishment. I crave permission here to offer a philosophical remark of deep truth: there are certain states and conditions in life in which nothing can taste sweeter than stolen fowl or purloined mutton—properly cooked—*experto crede*.

Algiers has, indeed, from the very beginning, been a *damnosa hæreditas* bequeathed to France by the elder branch of the Bourbons. Clauzel, who was sent by the Government of July to succeed Bourmont, gave it as his deliberate opinion that the best to be done with the new conquest was to restore it to the hands of its former owners. As an alternative, he proposed a *sensible* plan of colonization. Of course, the men of July dared not follow

glorious paper (which I had sent to me regularly in my Algerian quarters) the old senators, the marshals, and high legal officials of the empire, who now sat in the Chamber of Peers in judgment upon so much better and more honest men. The responsible editor of the paper was condemned for these fearless attacks to two years imprisonment, and four hundred pounds fine. He combated desperately against the application of the famous infamous September laws. From this time forward he treated the Government with contemptuous disdain.

After my return from Algiers, when, in Spring, 1836, I came for a short time to Paris, he was kind enough to give me employment on his paper, to translate from the German and English journals into French. I was in Lyons when Emile de Girardin's systematic scurrilous attacks upon the noblest Frenchman of the day—attacks but too obviously inspired by the Tuileries—led finally to the fatal duel of the 22nd of July, 1836. Two days after France lost her then greatest son. I remember well the burning indignation with which I and thousands upon thousands in Lyons learnt the particulars of this—political duel-murder.

Very different was the career of Adolphe Thiers, that thorough incarnation of expediency. But this is matter of history, with which I have no call to meddle, the less so as since my first meeting with the great little man, on the 24th of July, 1830, I saw him only casually, and generally from a distance. After all, he was a wise statesman, and a patriot in his way, albeit self-seeking.

An amusing little anecdote of the earlier times of his political career may not be deemed altogether out of place here.

Who that has ever pursued the noble avocation of a

writer for the press has not had occasion, now and then, to call warm blessings upon the heads of compositors or readers, for some accidental or malicious muddling of his productions, some untoward substitution of wrong words or letters, some awkward transposition of lines? The great *Morning Advertiser* did suffer much in this way in the palmy days of the author of "Random Recollections." Nay, even the leading organ of the world has had to bemoan, on one occasion at least, a compositor's unlucky confounding of two words. Such little mistakes of the press are often calculated to afford the reading public vast delight, whatever the feelings of the writer of the muddled article, or of the editor of the paper may be.

Well, it was in the days of Louis Philippe, on the occasion of one of the rather over-frequent Ministerial crises which marked the "Constitutional" career of that great political meddling and muddling see-saw practitioner, who, in spite of Thiers' axiom, "Le roi règne: il ne gouverne pas," would insist upon trying to govern, most likely because he knew not how to reign. Thiers had had to be sent for. One morning there appeared in the *Constitutionnel* the following startling paragraph:—"His Majesty the King received M. Thiers yesterday at the Tuileries, and charged him with the formation of a new Cabinet. The distinguished statesman hastened to reply to the King:—'I have only one regret, which is that I cannot wring your neck like a turkey's.'" A few lines lower down there was another paragraph running to the following effect:—"The efforts of justice have been promptly crowned with success. The murderer of the Rue du Pot-de-fer has been arrested in a house of ill-fame. Led at once before the Judge of Instruction, the wretch had the hardihood to address that magistrate in terms of coarse insult, winding up with the following

words, which amply show that there remains not a spark of conscience or right feeling in this hardened soul:—'God and man are my witnesses that I have never had any other ambition than to serve your august person and my country loyally to the best of my ability.'"

The printer had just cleverly managed to interchange the two addresses. The cream of the joke was that it was universally known how very little love there was lost between the King and the Minister.

To return to the night of the 24th of July. That night and the day after I saw many other men then rising to fame.

In times of great political excitement acquaintances, and even friendships, are readily made, and Cavaignac's introduction was a general passport to me.

It would be ridiculously presumptuous in me were I to volunteer the least supplemental contribution to the history of the July revolution, which has been written over and over again by infinitely more competent hands.

However, I think I may crave permission to state the impression made upon my mind by what I saw and heard around me during the two days preceding the critical twenty-sixth.

A numerous and, at the time, highly important and influential section of the Opposition—men like Odilon-Barrot, then President of the famous Society, "Aide-toi et le Ciel t'aidera," Montalivet, Secretary of the same Society, Guizot, Duchâtel, and others—barely contemplated even the possible overthrow of the elder branch, and certainly had no notion of the substitution of a republic for the established monarchical form of government. All they wanted, apparently, was to infuse a modicum of constitutional freedom into the charter and the interpreta-

tion thereof, which they sanguinely hoped to attain by moral force alone through the new Chamber. Odilon-Barrot, more notably, strove desperately to save the Bourbons. I have reason to believe that as late as the evening of the twenty-fifth he insisted with his friends that resistance to the Government should be restricted within the narrowest limits of absolute legality. Godefroi Cavaignac and his more intimate friends' hopes and aspirations went very far beyond this neutral-tinted programme. Blanqui, whom I came to know afterwards, consistently rejected and combated to the death all and every system but the extremest socialistic republic, as his life-long political martyrdom had abundantly demonstrated.

Carrel was, like Cavaignac, a republican *pur et simple*, so were Armand Marrast, then on the staff of the *Courier Français*; Cormenin, the two Garnier-Pagès, Dupont de l'Eure, Audry de Puyraveau (within certain bourgeoisistic limits), and some others. Armand Barbès was an extreme republican; but I think he came to Paris after the July days; besides that he was very young at the time, being, if I mistake not, some two or three years my junior. Ledru-Rollin also was still very young, and I do not remember hearing him spoken of before 1832, when he wrote his famous opinion against the state of siege declared in Paris.

Then there were the Elders of the movement, the men who had seen revolutions before in their time—Lafayette, Lafitte, and others; and the important section of the *Politicians* — the Casimir Périers, the Dufaures, the Delesserts, the Martins, the Testes, the Gasparins—to which section the good Adolphe Thiers was only too ready to rally.

The Bonapatrists were prudently resolved to bide their

time. Moreover, many of the old marshals and generals of the Empire cared but little under which *régime* they might have to serve, so long as their position, pay, and pensions remained intact and safe.

Altogether, to sum up briefly, up to the morning of the twenty-sixth, when the *Moniteur* gave the result of the King and his Ministers' deliberations and hesitations, there were but few who thought as yet of carrying the decision of the long-pending contention between Crown and people into the streets. On the contrary, it was almost universally taken for granted that the battle of the Constitution was to be fought in the newly-elected Chamber.

But so soon as the rash ordonnances made their appearance in the official journal, matters assumed a truly threatening aspect—a whiff of 1789 passed suddenly over Paris.

"Le roi fait les règlements et ordonnances pour l'exécution des lois et la sûreté de l'état." In this vague article of the Charter Charles, Polignac, and Marmont had apparently found sufficient warrant for them to arbitrarily annul the late elections, put down the Press, and order a new mode of election, deemed by them calculated to supply the Crown with another *Chambre introuvable.*

With the *ordonnances* for their groundwork, Carrel and Thiers found it no difficult task to get forty-two more of the leading journalists to sign their own dignified though pretty vehement protest against this equally vile and rash attempt to ride roughshod over the dearly bought liberties of France.

What came after is matter of history:—how the Royal Guards, who were the worthy successors of the old Royals of the time of the first great revolution, began the fray by firing upon the people at the Palais Royal; how barricades sprung up as by magic; how the

braggart Polignac and his boastful crew of nonentities ran away frightened when they found that the troops of the line refused to act against the insurrection; how these brave patriotic soldiers at last left Marmont with his Swiss mercenaries and his Garde Royale to fight the battle by themselves, if so they listed; also, *eheu!* how, when the victory was won, the old *meneurs* and the politicians stepped in to filch the fruits of that victory from the people, who had so hotly contested for it, and to palm upon unhappy France another, perhaps even worse, edition of royal misrule.

No doubt Lafitte, Lafayette, and Odilon-Barrot (who, when he found that nothing could save the elder branch, rallied to the younger), Casimir Périer, and others, were honest and well-meaning in their acts and intentions. It required the bitter lessons of dire experience to teach some of them, at least, the futility of the best-intentioned attempts to make constitutional silk purses out of royal pigs' ears.

What I did in the *trois journées glorieuses?* Well—I joined in the fray, although I must admit that, strictly speaking, I had no call or business whatever to do so. As an alien I had no right or claim to meddle even to the least extent of my very small capacity. You see, I felt, somehow or other, that I was a representative youth —was I not a cosmopolitan republican? I also could not help remembering instinctively that I had a quart or so of French blood in my veins. So I went to the barricades with the rest of them.

My recollections of these exciting days are more like a fleeting phantasmagoria than aught in the shape of seizable and palpable reminiscences. They are floating this very instant before my memory like the dim outline

of a dream or vision, of which I in vain strive to fix the details. I have a hazy recollection of combating to the best of my ability, but being speedily called upon to serve the cause in the nobler capacity of attending the wounded, which I trust I did assiduously and diligently, I remember that I was associated in these ministrations with an earnest young man, a student of medicine, whom his friends called Nélaton. Both the fact and the name had for long years slipped my memory, when the famous case of the detection of the bullet in Garibaldi's foot by the great French surgeon Nélaton brought it all back to my mind. I know not to this present day, and I shall never know now, whether the young man who worked so earnestly by my side, on the 27th of July, 1830, was identical with the prince of science, who had achieved a world-wide fame when death carried him off too early for suffering humanity. In 1865 my friend Yapp, the *Daily Telegraph's* Paris correspondent, kindly promised to introduce me to Nélaton, whom he invited to meet me at his apartments in the Place Wagram. Unfortunately, an urgent case kept Nélaton away on the occasion, and I had to leave for London almost immediately after.

Lafitte and Lafayette's most unconstitutional action, and the establishment of the *bourgeois* throne to which it led, hugely displeased all sincere republicans, and, for the matter of that, all true friends of France with their senses about them. I had reason to know that Godefroi Cavaignac and Armand Carrel would rather have kept Charles X. as the less glaringly patent evil of the two. They would gladly have waited a few years longer.

Yet I have reason to believe that in August, immediately after the accession of the Citizen-King, "some one" disinterred from the tomb of the Cent Jours "certain addresses to the French people" by one Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, in which that noble prince of the blood

royal of France most solemnly and vehemently vowed unswerving lealty to the illustrious branch of the elder Bourbons, then more immediately embodied in the slightly unwieldy *augustum corpus* of the Eighteenth Louis, and swore by all he held sacred that no inducement could or should ever induce him to take his seat on the throne of France, unless the direst fate should befall him to live to see the extinction of that illustrious branch, of which he proclaimed himself the most faithful subject. It was audacious infamy to ascribe to his loyal heart guilty wishes and perfidious aspirations. Well, "some one" suggested to Carrel and Cavaignac the opportuneness of having this address reprinted and distributed all over Paris and France—with a rider to it declaring that the new King's present profession, "La Charte sera désormais une vérité," would turn out just as hollow and deceptive as this exuberant and extravagant protestation of loyalty to the Bourbons, placarded all over Paris in June, 1815, after Waterloo. The two noble chiefs of the republican party declined, "C'est une arme sale dont nous ne saurions nous servir pour notre sainte cause," said Carrel. "C'est une arme émoussée," added Cavaignac, "qui nous ferait défaut. Cela pourrait trouver une place tout au plus dans une nouvelle édition du 'Dictionnaire des Girouettes.'"

Cormenin protested impetuously against the trick played upon the country. He emphatically declared that the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France was a flagrant infringement of the sovereignty of the people. He never rallied to the Government of July, and became a sharp thorn in the side of Louis Philippe, whose many acts of paltry meanness and dishonest grasping he exposed in his famous "Lettres sur la Liste Civile," of which the first made its appearance as early as 1831, on the occasion of the debate on the

budget. Cormenin rallied, however, at a later period to the Bonapartist *coup d'état*—a tergiversation which I, for one, could never have believed possible of him.

General Lamarque also, one of the brightest glories of the French army, and many other men of note, disapproved strongly of Laffitte and Lafayette's action. But, unhappily, it was too late. Matters had gone too far for any possible successful opposition to the accomplished fact which saddled France for eighteen years with a corrupt Government of political hucksters and tricksters.

So the republicans decided to submit for a time to the force of circumstances. They set at once to work, however, to organize for future action. It was Godefroi Cavaignac who took the lead in this. It was by his impulse and under his direction that democratic clubs and societies were formed all over Paris and in many parts of France. He and many other sincere republicans found their way into the National Guard (Cavaignac as captain of artillery), where they strove might and main to leaven these citizen soldiers with their own republican ideas and aspirations. But Lafayette and the *bourgeois* element proved too strong for Cavaignac and his friends and followers in the National Guard; so the risings attempted in the fall of 1830 came to nought. Cavaignac was put upon his trial for sedition, but he was triumphantly acquitted by the jury.

I venture to throw these few historic notes on paper here, as all these things passed within my own personal ken and observation, and may thus be permitted to figure among the reminiscences of my life.

I remained in Paris up to spring, 1831, engaged in desultory studies of my profession, and in equally desultory conspiracies. It would have been better for me, of

course, to think seriously of my examination; but, as usual with me, I thought any time would do for that. I knew that I wanted still a deal of hard study and practical preparation before I could venture to face a State examination in Prussia. But I found it so much more pleasant to take several delightful walks through France instead, stopping now a few months at Strasburg, then a few months at Lyons or at Montpellier, for a little hospital practice; with a hurried run to Berlin, just when a cholera visitation was frightening that gay city out of all propriety; but, upon the whole, leading an idle life, and throwing my days away, as had I thousands upon thousands of them to spare.

In the French hospitals, wherever my peregrinations led me, I found Broussais in the ascendant; and what I saw made me less and less in love with my chosen profession, and less and less eager to take the requisite steps to start in practice for myself.

Besides, with all my extravagance, I thought that I could not possibly spend so much but that there should be left standing still a good round sum on the credit side of my account. And really, comparatively speaking, I had lived almost economically on my journeyings through France. So it did not matter much, after all, if I enjoyed life a little longer in the *dolce far niente* style to which I had almost exclusively taken of late.

Having come of age now, I went back to Berlin in the beginning of spring, 1832, to have a settlement with my guardian, whom I found alone, Madame and family being away on a trip to the country. I was prepared for much, but I must freely confess that I felt staggered and faint when the austere, pious, honourable man to whom my poor dead father had so blindly entrusted the care of my person and fortune, coolly explained to me the actual state of my affairs. With a demoniacal grin

on his saturnine face, he laid before me voucher after voucher, to show how I had, almost from the commencement of my academic career, eked out the interest, insufficient to supply the insatiate demands of my blind extravagance, by encroaching upon the capital, which of course had again led to a reduction of the interest, and so forth in the vicious circle. I had receipts laid before me, signed by me, for much larger sums than I remembered having received. Heaven help me and my folly! —in those days I hardly ever cared to look at aught save the bright coins, and I would blindly put my name to almost anything laid before me.

I say in those days—I may go much further: the same foolish carelessness has run, like a damnable *black* thread, through nearly every business transaction of my life, and I have had to pay heavy penalties for it over and over and over again. I may conscientiously aver I never suspected anyone of trickery. Many a time have I consented to do translations at half and third-prices, upon a bare promise of second and third editions, which afterwards never came to be published under my supervision except when they happened to be so thoroughly rewritten in the original that they might fairly pass for new works, the translation of which would involve too much labour for dispensing with my assistance. I once did a couple of grammars for an eminent publisher, at twenty pounds apiece upon the distinct understanding that I was to be paid five pounds in addition on every new edition. I had neglected to have a written agreement, so I never saw a penny of the promised cash, although I saw several new editions. Yet the lesson profited me not. Years after I translated a book for another great publisher at a low rate of remuneration. In this instance the publisher insisted upon a written agreement. All I had to do was to put a half-crown stamp on it. But

why should I do so? Why, indeed? Well, I had to recover my paltry pay by an action at law, and it was only to the indulgence of the Inland Revenue Department that I was indebted for the successful issue of that action.

And how often have I had to work literally *pour le roi de Prusse,* because I would blindly neglect the most common precautions to ensure me the reward of my labour! Yet, on the other hand, I must say that these sad instances were exceptions; as a rule, I have had to deal with honourable men and women whose word was their bond. And truly I know not whether, with all my experience on the darker side, I should even now much care to act differently were I permitted to live my life over again. Better, far better, even foolish universal trust than worse than foolish universal distrust of one's fellow-men.

As for the folly of signing papers of any kind without first reading them over, it seems almost too self-evident to need elucidation or illustration. Yet I had occasion in after-life to see an almost incredible instance of it. I had a friend of the name of Gœtze, the son of the beautiful Madame Zanoli, of the Farina firm of Cologne, by a former husband. Gœtze was in the prime of life when I first knew him, one of the most handsome and accomplished men I ever met in the course of my career. He was under a cloud, it was said, at the time when he came over from Cologne to London, where, however, his talents and acquirements speedily procured him an excellent position as foreign corresponding clerk to one of the largest corn firms. He was a very good linguist.

Gœtze thoroughly understood the corn trade, and he

had a deeply rooted notion that, had he but the capital to start in it, he would speedily realize a large fortune.

Unhappily the head of the house in which he was employed soon came to repose the most absolute confidence in him. He was authorized to open all letters, and his chief signed blindly all and every paper placed before him by this most trusted clerk. This led Gœtze to form a plan of establishing a large corn business of his own upon a self-created capital. Not daring to trade in his own name, he entered into an occult partnership with a Dutchman, who applied to a number of firms in the Baltic and at Odessa for cargoes of corn, referring them for his respectability and solvency to Gœtze's principal. Of course, the replies were satisfactory. Gœtze expected a rise of some four to six shillings a quarter. Large orders were given. Of course this could not all be done upon references and credit. Considerable payments had also to be provided for. Gœtze's principal blindly accepted bills to the tune of some ten thousand pounds. It came to pass afterwards that corn *did* rise in the market; and all would have been well, and perhaps no one ever the wiser for it, had not the Dutchman been an arrant rogue, and had not Gœtze been compelled to accompany a member of the firm on a voyage to Hamburg, just at the critical time when the first cargo came in.

Master Dutchman seized the opportunity to sell this cargo, and to mizzle with the proceeds. He kindly informed his unlucky confederate, per telegram, that the game was up, and advised him to take care of himself. The telegram, by misadventure fell into the hands of Gœtze's chief, and the poor devil only owed his chance of escape to America to temporary hesitation on the part of the latter. I have never seen or heard of Gœtze since; I only heard it rumoured some ten years ago that he was

established at Baltimore. His daring speculation brought ruin upon the unlucky firm in which he had been employed in London.

To return to the settlement with my guardian.

The sad upshot of it all was that I found, and was forced to admit, that more than five-sixths of the ample fortune left me by my maternal grandfather was clean gone—squandered in senseless extravagance in less than six short years. And now it dimly dawned upon me for the first time what a handsome, substantial fortune it had been, and how happy I might have been in life. It was truly a *mauvais quart d'heure* for me when I realized my position in all its naked reality. But I was never overmuch given to crying over spilt milk; besides that I felt perhaps instinctively that, if there was cause for crying, it was rather over my ill-spent youth than over my squandered fortune.

With the innate folly of my disposition, I sought and found consolation in the truly stupid reflection that, after all, things might have been even worse, and that there still remained to me some twelve thousand thalers, and my library, upon which I had spent much good money —chiefly in providing worse than useless rich binding for the rare old tomes left by my maternal grand-uncle.

My guardian was kind enough—may be to appease his conscience—to advise me to sell my books and to invest all that remained to me in the French funds, where he hinted somewhat sneeringly, as was his wont, that it might be safer than within easy reach of the Prussian authorities, who might perchance feel disposed to punish my foolish seditious agitation by the beautifully simple process of confiscating everything belonging to me within their province.

Had any one else counselled me to the same effect, I might perchance have acted upon the advice. But it was my guardian, whom I now thoroughly hated and despised, that counselled me to this course of proceeding, and this was of itself sufficient to make me contemptuously disdain what was most likely meant for my benefit. May be also that, with all my political predilections and prejudices, I had a firmer faith in a Prussian than in a French investment. I had no notion yet of the truly marvellous extent and elasticity of the resources of France, which, indeed, would seem to defy the maddest extravagance of even the most densely and hopelessly incapable government to absolutely ruin them. So I left my cherished library still in the care of my friend Dr. Tuchen, who had kept it for me since my first departure from Berlin; and I appointed an agent to watch over my investments in the funds, and to remit to me abroad the interest and such portions of the capital as I might require in addition.

My last interview with my guardian was stormy in the extreme. I am afraid I was not very polite to the gentleman, and he was kind enough to send me to—well, to Hanover—in return. He was such a loudly professing Christian, and he must have felt how much he had injured me—morally much more seriously even than materially.

I think I had an impression that, if I had to travel that way, I might as well smooth the path in the old-established fashion, and I supplied accordingly material for a few miles of paving. In sober earnest, I formed a great many most excellent resolutions which, had I but acted up to them, would even then still have given a different turn to my after-career—but I simply did not. I went back to Strasburg instead, and renewed pretty much my

former course of life—only that I strove to be a little less profuse in my expenditure.

About the middle of May, 1832, I received a letter from my friend Wirth, one of the intensest Germans I have ever met with in life. He invited me to a great gathering of patriots to be held towards the end of the month at Hambach, near Neustadt-on-the-Hardt, in the Bavarian Palatinate. Of course, I went.

It was a grand affair altogether. The patriotic assemblage numbered above thirty thousand, among whom there figured older and younger students from every German university. Strasburg too had sent representatives; there were also numbers of Frenchmen present, some of them my own intimate friends, and a powerful contingent of Poles. The black-red-gold banner of Germany was raised, and enthusiastic speeches delivered. My friend Wirth spoke, so did Siebenpfeiffer and others. I also—ay, even I felt moved by the spirit to deliver an oration. Next day another meeting was held at Neustadt, where a number of resolutions were carried that ought to have made every individual member of the condemned German Confederation shake in his Imperial, Royal, Grand Ducal, or Princely shoes and stockings—only they did not. On the contrary, the Confederation replied by the wretched coercive resolution of the 28th of June, and ordered the prosecution of the principal speakers at the Hambach festival meeting.

I was back in Strasburg in the first days of June. I intended to go on to Paris, to walk the hospitals there, and work hard to prepare for my examination. Alas! this was also doomed to turn out nought but another magnificent paving-stone for the road *ad inferos*, in this one particular instance not altogether by my

either counsel, and Clauzel had to be recalled. Savary, Duc de Rovigo, who ruled the roast from 1831–1833, tried the iron hand without the velvet glove, and failed most signally. His cruelty, his harshness, his overbearing haughtiness—in brief, his arbitrary despotism, drove the unhappy natives to rise in insurrection. They found an excellent leader in Abd-el-Kader, who actually compelled the proud invaders to acknowledge his absolute sovereignty over the whole of Western Algeria, including all Arabian tribes up to the river Shelif. This was in February, 1834. War soon broke out again; but that is matter of history which does not concern me here.

In 1833 I had, however, to go on service with more than one expedition into the Metidjah, a well-watered fertile plain south of Algiers, measuring some fifty English miles by twelve. We had some fighting there. On one occasion we got rather severely handled, having twelve men killed and about sixty wounded more or less severely—in fact, I have a notion we rather got the worst of it. I was slightly amazed, somewhat amused, and not a little indignant, when I read afterwards in the French papers a glowing account of a severe brush with the Arabs, in which we were stated to have inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy, suffering ourselves very little indeed—only two men wounded. *Sic semper*—"Rien de si menteur qu'un bulletin." It was the same with the accounts of the health of the army, which was almost invariably reported to be good, at the very time when fever, dysentery, and diarrhœa—and Broussais—were clearing our hospitals at a rare rate.

It is always thus with the French—maximizing their successes, minimizing their reverses. With us, in England, the case is very different. We are over-apt to run into the other extreme. We maximize our reverses. An ordinary repulse with us becomes a "disgraceful

defeat," and when we lose men by sickness we have a tendency to double the loss instead of striving to conceal or extenuate it or gloss it over, as the French invariably do. It was so in the time of the Crimean War. Ever since Sterne invented the phrase, the English have had an unhappy habit of exalting the way in which matters are supposed to be ordered in France, and of disparaging the English way of doing things. In the Crimean War, English journalists could hardly devise terms of reproach sufficiently severe to mark their indignant sense of the wretched shortcomings of every department of the British Army management, whilst pitching the key very high indeed in their adulatory strains in praise of the admirable manner in which the French were ordering these things. I, who by experience knew this view of the case to be based upon the merest delusion and deception, used to laugh—but it was a bitter laugh. I can only say that in my time there was not a worse managed commissariat to be found anywhere (I verily believe) than in the French army—and from what I have had occasion of late to see in France there remains much to be done there yet to screw things up to the present British standard. I may conscientiously affirm also, that, although the general sanitary condition of the English army is certainly not always what it might be, the health of the French army, as a rule, leaves still much more to be desired.

The greater part of my time I was detached as assistant to the hospital surgeons, such as Doctors Marjolais and Payen of the Caratine, the elder Moneras or Monneras,*

* My memory in matters of names is occasionally slightly phonetic, especially with reference to the men with whom I came in contact at this period of my career.

of the Salpétrière, Fleschus and Antonini, of the Jardin du Dey, and a few other gentlemen of less note in the medical service.

All these sons of Æsculapius, whom I had to attend as assistant, were—more or less, but generally more—followers of Broussais, and the amount of lancetting and leeching perpetrated under their truly Sangradian sway was something "awfully" appalling.

Many long years after, and many long years since, a friend of mine started an albumen factory in St. Pancras, the technical management of which he entrusted to my hands. We got our "first material" from the London slaughter-houses, but we soon found the price run a little too high for profitable working. So we gave up this sanguinary business. Had we but had something like the Algerian military hospitals in my time to fall back upon for our raw material, at the low estimate in which human blood was held there, we might have driven a roaring trade.

In the medical code of these distinguished men blood was the peccant matter that had to be removed—and it was removed at a rare "gyaun ghyte" gait. The patient, too, was generally removed, but that was no business of ours, so long as he was properly expedited *selon les règles.* And that reproduction of the sap of life might not interfere with the process of depletion, this latter was supplemented by a somewhat arbitrary graduated scale of starvation, ranging from semi to total. One of my chiefs for instance, the elder M. Monneras, of the Salpétrière, would on the fifth or sixth, nay, on the eighth or ninth day, when the fever had seemingly left the patient—I verily believe, sometimes, because there was not sufficient blood and vigour left in the poor fellow to

work out a regular fit—graciously order "la moitié d'une pomme cuite le matin, diète le soir," which gave half a baked apple, two cupfuls of weak broth, and a quart or two of lemonade for whole and sole daily sustenance. Another chief of mine, Dr. Antonini, of the Jardin du Dey, had gained for himself the nickname of "régime maigre," because he used to tack these words almost invariably to the order of "diète absolue," sternly enjoined by him for the first week or so in nearly every case under his medical care. The nourishment supplied to "convalescents" recovering despite fever, &c., depletion, and starvation, was meagre in the extreme. It ranged from four ounces of white bread, divided into two portions for morning and evening, a small basin of soup (rice, potatoes, vermicelli, &c.), and a sip or two of wine, up to one pound and a half of bread, half a pound of boiled beef, and a pint and a half of wine per diem, which was the so-called full portion, as a rule only given on the patient's last day in hospital. The gradations intervening proceeded from the so called quarter portion to the half and three-quarters' portion. Besides this rich fare, each patient had about a pint and a half or a quart of broth. For drink, the fever patients had about half a gallon of lemonade, occasionally with a glass of wine added (limonade vineuse); those suffering from dysentery or diarrhœa had rice water instead, sweetened, and with gum arabic added (eau de riz gommeuse). Patients who had attained the three-quarters had ptisane commune (decoction of liquorice root) for drink.

One of the most truly beautiful features of this "rational" (!) and "physiological" (!!) system of treatment was, that the poor devils who could not take kindly to starvation, had to part with part of their kit (shirt, shoes, &c.), to buy food of the *infirmiers*, or of their fellow-patients in an advanced state of convalescence now,

in their turn, compelled to sell the very food and wine ordered them with a view to the restoration of their strength, that they might thereby procure the means of buying back the shirts, shoes, &c., with which they had parted under the pangs of hunger. For a man who contemned and abominated this vile, cruel folly, it was hard indeed to stand by quietly to see constructive murder perpetrated before his eyes. I found it occasionally so, and I was not always proof against the strong natural temptation to interfere in my small way. On one occasion (as, Heaven pardon me all my transgressions, on many other occasions) I had thus given food and drink on the sly to one of Monneras' patients —that is, I thought I had done it on the sly—but a wretched *infirmier* had detected me, a sycophantic villain, who reported his discovery to the chief. I was *consigné*—*i.e.*, confined to the precincts of the hospital—for eight days, to teach me not to meddle with my chief's system of treatment. In the bitterness of my heart I wrote on the wall of my room, as high up as I could reach standing on my camp bed :—

> "Perturbateurs du genre humain,
> Qui êtes sans miséricorde :
> Eussiez-vous au cou la corde
> Que vous tenez toujours en main!"

This soothed my ruffled feelings.

I wonder whether this silent outburst of my righteous wrath may still be extant. If I have a chance I'll go and see.

Our general pharmaco-medicinal armoury was not over-richly stocked,* our chief sheet-anchors of salvation

* Not that I mean to say we were not amply supplied with all the staple aids of disease and death, which, at the time I am now speaking of, made up our glorious pharmacopœia, but that, as a rule, we dipped only here and there, and rather sparingly, all things considered. And, a fact to be placed to our credit, we eschewed complex prescriptions.

being, in a great measure, confined to sulphate of quinine, a few preparations of antimony, mercury, copper, &c., a small assortment of acrids, narcotics, and narcotico-acrids, rhubarb, and a few so-called bitter tonics, cantharides, mustard, linseed, ointments, liniments, lotions, &c. All these were provided and administered in their various ways by a stiff and starch routine, from which no departure was allowed. I remember how wofully I got snubbed when I once took upon myself to substitute camphor for sulphur and mercury in certain ointments. I was strictly enjoined never to try that new-fangled trick again.

Quinine was of course our great, I may say our only, febrifuge. It was given in doses of from nine to fifteen grains of the sulphate as a rule; pretty stiffish, I think; though I myself, at a later period, have foolishly taken twice and even three times as much at a go—and have suffered for it accordingly.

Blood was drawn by the pound—"Saignée de seize onces," was rather a familiar order to me. In those days many Frenchmen would still obstinately decline dropping the old popular denominations, at least so far as larger weights, &c. were in question.

Leeches, these interesting pretty creatures, whom Harry Leigh so sweetly and affectionately invites "to drink," were ordered in batches of fifteen or twenty on the brow and the temples, and up to thirty and more upon the epigastric region. I do not exaggerate; only that in my division, and in the wards of some other foreign assistants, we juniors, who practically were—at least we thought so—in a better position to judge of the true state and condition of the patients than our chiefs, who saw them only twice a day, and had to trust to our reports, would often

take upon ourselves to mitigate the severity of our orders, and let a poor fellow off now and then with a loss of four instead of twelve or sixteen ounces of his precious blood, and with four or five leeches instead of twenty or thirty. The chiefs rarely cared to see whether their orders had been obeyed; and we had, in case of need, always the capricious obstinacy of the leech to fall back upon, which will often refuse to bite.

In the course of my career through the world, I have had occasion to observe that virtue is generally its own truest reward. Leeches are rather an expensive item, and the liberality with which the Intendance allowed us to expend them upon our patients was a brilliant proof of the solicitude of a paternal government for the well-being of the men who had to fight the country's battles.

Now, as I have just stated, we juniors differed from our chiefs with respect to the expediency of large leechings. The leeches had to be ordered, however, as they were put down in our books. Now the question naturally arose, What was to be done with our rather fast accumulating surplus stock of *hirudines?* We could not well eat them: they are not nice in a stew even, along with snails; nor will frying, along with onions, make them a palatable dish.* To throw them away would have been an inexcusable waste of valuable matter. So we simply sold them back to the *officier comptable* of the hospital at third and half price—a proceeding satisfactory to all parties concerned; the administration getting the required supply of leeches at a moderate fixed rate, the *officier comptable* netting a nice little profit, our chiefs having

* To try and prove all things is a time-honoured injunction. Do not try leeches, I say, except to a very limited extent, in local inflammation and painful swellings. But, whatever you do, do not try them as an article of food. THEY ARE NASTY. *Experto crede.* The grey garden-snail makes a delicious dish, the frog is an acknowledged delicacy—but the leech—Faugh! and avaunt!

the satisfaction of *ordering* a handsome number of leeches in honour of their great master, Broussais, their poor patients having at least some chance left them of recovering, and we ourselves reaping the reward of our "virtue" in a by no means trifling addition to our rather scanty pay.

Dr. Fleschus, one of the two chief surgeons of the staff of the Occupation Corps—Dr. Stephanopoli being the other—secured my valuable services for a time in the officers' ward at the Jardin du Dey, over which he himself presided. Lieutenant-Colonel Neumann, of the Foreign Legion, came in with a damaged leg, and I had the high honour of specially attending to the case of this distinguished officer, who was a German Alsatian by birth. So, for the matter of that, was my chief, whose real name, I verily believe, was Fleischhaus (Fleshhouse). But many Alsatians were at that time rather ashamed than otherwise of their honest German patronymics, and tried to recast them into French.

This has been a human foible at other periods of time as well, more especially in the Middle Ages, and more particularly in Germany, among the learned. In the time of the Reformation, Luther was about the only great man who did not even transmogrify his honest commonplace patronymic by tacking to it a Latin termination at least. His great fellow-reformer in the faith, honest Philip Blackearth (Schwarzerd), must, forsooth, don the name of Melanchthon; Chauvin latinized himself into Calvinus; Kœnigsberg (King's mount) into Regiomontanus; good plain Hausschein (Houseshine), fancied he'd shine more brightly as Œcolampadius; the excellent mathematician Rauchfuss (Reekfoot) essayed to throw dust into the eyes of the world, instead of smoke, by taking upon himself the grand Greek style of Dasypodius. Why, then, should blame attach to Dr. Fleischhaus for passing himself off as Fleschus?

No matter whether Fleischhaus or Fleschus, he was the second chief surgeon of the Staff, and a very great man indeed, and most sound on the Sangrado-starvation theory of the treatment and cure of disease. The Lieutenant-Colonel had some little knowledge of me, and it was by his special request that Dr. Fleschus asked Dr. Antonini to cede me to him for the time of the Lieutenant-Colonel's illness.

Dr. Fleschus was wonderfully stiff and unyielding upon the point of his absolute sway and command of his own wards, and he would brook no remonstrance against his most arbitrary edicts. While an officer was sick and under his care, he insisted upon being obeyedby him in every way.

Now, poor Colonel Neumann found that the damage to his leg did not interfere with his desire for food and drink, but the autocrat of the ward held that eating and drinking, until he thought proper to allow it, would be death to his patient. He told the starving officer roundly that he was quite aware he was the proper man to command a regiment, or, for the matter of that, an army; but he knew nothing of the treatment of disease, and so, until he got better, he would have to command and restrain his appetite.

About the third day of my attendance, Neumann began to fret so much, and to crave so intensely for sustenance, that I was afraid it might injuriously affect the cure of his leg. So I resolved to risk braving the ire of the Jupiter Tonans of the ward. I roasted a chicken in the hospital kitchen, where I was a frequent visitor, shoved the article, along with a loaf of bread and a litre of wine, into my field-bag, and made the Colonel as happy as a king. Fortunately, he was waited on by his own servant, so there was no danger of betrayal. From that time forward I was the Colonel's regular purveyor. He remained

altogether six weeks under the care of Fleschus, who he swore to me would have starved him to death in less than one-third of the time. Indeed, even in the last fortnight of his stay at the Jardin du Dey, the doctor would not allow him more than half a bottle of light wine, with a small modicum of food a day. Fleschus was quite proud of his success in this case. He over and over again told the Colonel, in my presence, that had he eaten and drank as he wished, he would be a dead man by this time. He also told the Colonel that to ensure his orders being strictly obeyed, he had had the servant watched that nothing should be introduced into the Colonel's room surreptitiously. We were quite aware of this fact, as the sergeant of the guard had once kindly warned the servant not to make any attempt of the kind. Fleschus never suspected me; for by that time I had learnt the wisdom of howling with the wolves, and I professed to swear by him and his mode of treatment. It was hard, though, to keep from laughing outright when the dear old man was thus conceitedly bragging, whilst the Colonel was making faces at me. Had it not been for my "gross dereliction of duty," as it might be termed, from a strictly moral point of view, I should like to know what would have become of the unhappy patient in the hands of this blind theorist. Not that it mattered much in the end, for poor Neumann fell afterwards in Spain.

In the fall of 1834, my connection with the Legion was altogether severed, and I was assigned as fixed assistant to my chief, Dr. Antonini, with whom I had become a great favourite, and who promised me that I should at no distant date be promoted to a full acting surgeon-assistantship. But it was not to be.

I found myself suddenly prostrated by a formidable

attack of the worst form of fever. My chief gave me his very best care and attention. A special infirmier was appointed to wait upon me, which I would gladly have dispensed with, as his constant presence in the room, and his unremittent watchfulness, hindered the pharmacien—a good-natured fellow—from supplying me surreptitiously with food and wine, for which I had a fearful craving. Antonini, in his truly murderous kindness, restricted me for days to a few spoonfuls of wretched meagre broth, and half a gallon to three quarts of lemonade a-day—much too little to assuage my unquenchable thirst. In this one particular, however, my infirmier yielded to my supplications, and brought me himself another half-gallon or so of lemonade a-day.

I was bled three times within five days—twenty ounces, and sixteen, and twelve ounces. Antonini, with his own skilled hands put on thirty lively leeches, and kept pertinaciously by my bedside, until the bloodthirsty wretches had all of them had ample time to bite, without my being able to take even one of them off.

Antonini gave me large doses of quinine, and in my anxiety to get rid of this dreadful fever, I managed to procure and to take still larger doses, which I was quite sure the chief would never have sanctioned, had he but known it. It was all in vain—and I simply added quinism to the effects of the fever.

The abdominal viscera swelled beyond all reasonable bounds; my muscles shrank more and more; dropsical swelling of the legs set in, and there were ominous signs of a tendency to anasarca. My appetite erst so fierce, grew less and less, until I at last lost the very desire for food. My strength fell off day by day. I suffered from the most distressing dyspnœa. The wretched fever would now and then cease for a brief period, only to come back again to fall upon me with redoubled force.

In a few short weeks I was a mere wreck of my former self. Antonini decided to send me to Toulon as a last chance of salvation. He really had a liking for me, and I in return loved the man though not the physician. When we parted, we both wept. It was a parting for ever, for we never met again. He was a powerful-looking man. Besides the nickname of *régime maigre*, they used to call him also *le brasseur*, the brewer, on account of his large frame and robust appearance. Yet he also succumbed, as I was informed years after.

Algiers has at all times since the conquest been but a charnel-house to the French. If they could only bring their pride down to the point of giving it up altogether for a bad spec! Why, they are always talking of *revanche* for 1870. Let them offer their brilliant colony as a free gift to the Germans: if they accept, the French will be more than amply revenged upon their hereditary foes.

In Toulon, matters did not mend with me for a time.

To break my back altogether, a humane administration thought it the most merciful course to dismiss me the service, so that I might no longer need worry my mind with anxious thoughts about returning to my duties. There was clearly no more juice left in this particular orange: why not then throw away the useless peel?

The game seemed indeed to be up with me.

It is not an original remark, but it is a true one: I have never feared death, which to me is simply an inevitable incident in life. *Janua mortis, porta novæ vitæ.* But I dread dying, and I have an unconquerable objection to being buried, no matter *where*, on principle; but

at this particular time I abominated the very notion of a grave in Toulon.

At this juncture Dr. Hermann, who had served in the Legion, was passing through Toulon on his way to Paris. He enjoyed the private friendship of the Maritime Prefect of Toulon, whom he had several years before cured of a grave disorder.

He came to visit the hospital, where he saw me—and took compassion upon me. I had been for five weeks his assistant at Camp Kouba, and had given him satisfaction.

Dr. Hermann was a kind-hearted man and a skilful physician. He held Broussais in utter abhorrence, which, indeed, was the main reason for his quitting the French service, as he was at daggers drawn with Cecaldi and the other leaders of the "physiological" school.

He carefully studied my case. The upshot was that he strongly advised me to take arsenic, which will succeed occasionally in desperate cases where even quinine fails, and which is certainly the most efficacious agent against quinism. *Experto crede*—for, though it might seem a risky remedy to take, I unhesitatingly went in for it. I took it in the form of arseniate of soda, which I, for my own person, prefer vastly to the solution or liquor.

The effect was truly marvellous. By Hermann's advice, I took the comparatively large dose of one-eighth of a grain just before my fever paroxysm was due. It remained due, and has remained due now for forty-seven years, and I devoutly wish the debt may never, never be discharged. And this certainly could not possibly be twisted into a case of *post ergo propter*. It was the direct effect of that truly wonderful agent. Hermann at once reduced the dose by one half—one-sixteenth of a grain, to wit. The second day I began to feel again that my

abdomen was not altogether merely a huge liver, but that I had other portions of my digestive apparatus left me. In one week's time my appetite rose to the point "ravenous." As a general rule, I have through life been a delicate eater, rather choice in the selection and preparation of my victuals; but at this juncture, with the fierce arsenic-born craving for food upon me, all was fish that came to my net—all eatables were gladly taken in and done for. They gave me what I asked for, and I am afraid I had hardly ever done asking for more. Poor little Oliver Twist would have been nowhere had he entered into competition with me just then. The distressing dyspnœa left me, and I could once more breathe freely. The swelling of the liver subsided, all traces of anasarca vanished, almost as by magic, and my denuded bones began fast to put on a renewed fleshy covering. I gained strength apace. I could come forth once more from my gloomy sick-room, to walk out into God's all-beautiful temple of Nature, to bathe in the limpid air of the bright Mediterranean shore, to bask in the life-giving beams of the all-glorious mother of our earth. The sensation of recovery from a long racking and sapping illness is indescribably pleasurable. It may seem paradoxical, but I truly believe that people who have never had an hour's illness in life pay a heavy price for the exemption in missing the most exquisite bliss that can be dispensed to man by an all-beneficent Providence.

But now, with the hope of life revived in me, came the racking reflection that I was bankrupt in purse, and that many months might pass ere I could reasonably hope to be readmitted to the service; for in that fierce fight with death, my constitution had been so broken and shattered, and my prostration of body and mind had been

so entire, that I felt instinctively my convalescence must be slow. What should I do then, what *could* I do, to sustain the life yet barely restored to me? In my distress I cast about for ways and means in every direction. By Hermann's advice I memorialized the administration to permit me to go back to the Jardin du Dey, to recover health and strength, and to give my services gratis meanwhile. Antonini, to whom I wrote upon the subject, warmly supported my petition. It was of no avail. I received the usual official regrets, along with a cool intimation that it was strong, healthy, active young surgeons they wanted in Algiers, not broken-down *invalids* (I had been invalidated in the zealous and fearless discharge of my duty—but no matter); that perhaps, hereafter, should I be able to show a clean bill of recovered health and strength, my application might be taken into consideration. Nay, in the heartless impertinence of official officiousness, I was kindly advised to complete my medical studies at Montpellier, a most favourable place for convalescents, pass my examination, and petition the Home Secretary for authorization to practise in France, pleading my services in Algiers in support of my request!

Balzac makes his Gobseck say to Maxime de Trailles, "Ce n'est pas du sang qui coule dans vos veines: c'est de la boue." From my experience of men and their acts and deeds, in the higher and highest official regions in France, I could swear that, in my time at least, it was certainly not the warm life-blood of man, but a sluggish mixture of fish and snake blood with snail slime, which was stagnating through the red-tape and india-rubber circulatory system of the officials.

What ransom will not a man readily give for his life? After a hard inward struggle I resolved to put my pride in my pocket. I sent an urgent appeal to Madame. The

reply came: it was from my saintly ex-guardian. That exemplary man wrote, that although after my disgraceful and ungrateful (!) behaviour at our last interview, he would stand justified before the forum of his own conscience were he to act upon his original resolve never again to hold communication with me, yet as an earnest though humble follower of "Him who both preached and practised forgiveness"—oh! the sickening hypocrisy of these sham-creed-mongers!—he would for this once, in compliance with the earnest wish of his dear wife, depart from that resolution; and in merciful consideration of my present urgent need he forwarded me a draft for 1,000 francs, with the distinct explicit intimation that this must positively be the last time that I ventured to "annoy" them with "begging letters," as no notice whatever would be taken of any future application.

I was in an exceptionally irritable mood when this precious epistle reached me. So, of the several courses I might have pursued in this affair, I selected the very worst. I sent back the draft, torn in pieces, and I wrote to Madame and her saintly spouse separate letters couched in the bitterest language, and accusing them without circumlocution of having cruelly despoiled and robbed me—in brief, closing every avenue to the remotest chance of future reconciliation or reconsideration of our relative positions. I was always wrong-headed, always acting upon the foolish impulse of the moment.

As I said before, Dr. Hermann was on terms of friendship with the Maritime Prefect of Toulon. On the evening of the day when I had so hastily sent off the letters above referred to, he came to tell me that the Duke of Orleans had just arrived in Toulon, where it was likely he would stay for a few days. He advised me to appeal to his Royal Highness for reconsideration of my case. He had already, through his friend the Prefect, secured an audience for me.

The Prefect was kind enough to introduce me to his Royal Highness, who received me most affably, and expressed his sympathy with me and my sad state. He graciously promised to intercede for me with the authorities. The result was that a few days after I received six months' pay, &c. (about £40), and a promise of future reinstatement in the service, conditional upon my perfect recovery.

The Duke of Orleans was then in his twenty-fifth year; he seemed to have the most brilliant prospects before him. He was noble and generous, and the most liberal-minded and open-handed of the family. But for the fatal accident of July 13, 1842, there is a probability that there would not have been a revolution in 1848, or, if there had, it might have eventuated simply in the substitution of the son for the father, and the inauguration of a true constitutional government in France—so that that glorious land might have been spared the horrid nightmare of the Lower Empire.

It was spring, 1839. In the round of my peregrinations through France I had again come to Paris. Though still connected with the republican party, and often employed on republican papers, notably the *National*, to translate from the English and German journals;* I troubled my mind but little about active politics. In

* In the course of my long career I have been employed on journals of every shade of opinion—from republican to absolutist. But in the case of any except republican and liberal papers, it has always been simply in the capacity of a translator, excerptor, or summarist. It was wholly and solely in this capacity that, at the instance of my friend Hippolyte Baillière, I consented to work on the *Observateur de Londres*, a reactionary weekly, started in London in 1848, by Herr von Klindworth, one of the most active and most capable political agents of the period, then a refugee from France, where he had been Councillor of State and one of Guizot's right-hand men. It was Prince Metternich who found the £2,000 to start the

literature and journalism I found ample occupation to give me, despite rather indifferent pay, sufficient means of subsistence.

My spare time I passed mostly in the Charité, in the division of the junior Dr. Andral, still with a view to ultimately taking my degree.

One day the Duke of Orleans came to visit the hospital, when I happened to be there. His Royal Highness, who had an excellent memory for facts and faces, remembered that, and also where, he had met me before. He was kind enough to congratulate me upon my vastly improved looks, and inquired how it was that I had not been reinstated in the service yet. I told the Prince, in reply, that I was still studying for my examination, as I preferred to go back with my full degree. Andral, who was always most kind to me, benevolently remarked on the occasion, that it was my diffidence alone which stood in the way of my going up to pass.

I observed that the Duke looked careworn and that there was a shade of anxiety on his brow—certainly not altogether without cause. Indeed, things did not look particularly bright for the Citizen-King, although it could not well be said that the republican party pure and simple gave special cause for anxiety just then. Armand Carrel had been dead some two years and a half. Godefroi Cavaignac was in London, where he had sought

paper with. It did not take, however, and had soon to be discontinued for want of funds. All I did for it was to write, for meagre pay, summaries of English and German news, dressed up in vernacular French.

A few years after, some of the ultra-austere and immaculate republican refugees in London used to throw this into my teeth as a high crime and misdemeanour. Even some of my best friends blamed me for having worked on the paper. Had I been the editor and manager of the *Observateur*, I could not have been hauled over the coals in worse fashion. Yet I had at the time actually declined an alluring offer made to me by the Prince through Klindworth.

and found a refuge since July, 1835. Heinrich Heine had since 1836 become a pensioner on the Treasury of the Foreign Office. Ledru-Rollin, who had made his mark in 1832 by his famous legal opinion condemnatory of the state of siege then proclaimed in Paris, remained still a simple popular pleader and a rising oppositionist. Louis Blanc had not yet dealt his damaging blow of the "Histoire de dix Ans." Lamartine had not even quite accomplished his progress from Conservatism to Liberal-conservatism; besides, he was more of a poet than of a politician. Armand Marrast, then chief editor of the *National*, the only republican leader *en presence* whose talent and energy might make him formidable to a shaky government, was *bourgeois* to the very marrow of his bones.

I say Lamartine was more of a poet than of a politician. He was a thoroughly honest, well-meaning man, by no means of the very highest order of genius. He was also, in a great measure, weighed down by financial difficulties. He never was a truly dangerous political antagonist. Judged as a poet, I, for my own part, must candidly confess that, with the solitary exception of "Jocelin," which I read in the fall of 1835, when in full convalescence, when *everything* looked bright and beautiful to me, I liked his poetic effusions but indifferently well. I was repeatedly in his company, and I know that he thought no small beer of himself in any line. I verily believe he was possessed by an unalterable conviction that he was first chop at everything—but notably at oratory and high statesmanship. Like Armand Marrast, he was the very incarnation of Philistinism, in the German acceptation of the term. He perpetrated, among other poetic offences, a Fifth Canto of Childe Harold!—a lycopodium-flash essaying to emulate sheet lightning. Well, there is no accounting for the vagaries of men. Did not the late Chevalier de Châtelain attempt Shake-

speare? I do not know how far he went with his version. I think I once came across a translation of "Macbeth" supposed to be by him, which was fearfully and wonderfully done. To give an instance, as far as I can call to mind upon the spur of the moment, the

> "Lay on, Macduff;
> And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold! enough,"

was transmogrified somehow into an invitation addressed to Macduff—I have a violent suspicion it was to M. Macduff—by the murderous thane, to come on "à la bataille," with an intimation tacked to it that the first to give in should be held a "vile canaille"—which certainly made a pretty rhyme. Being on this theme, I remember I once stumbled upon a choice bit of French quotation from Shakespeare. It was in a feuilleton tale by Uchard, based upon the career of John Law, the wondrous Scot who scotched France, the skilled financier who but for lack of success would have turned the Father of Waters into a Pactolus. The distinguished author of this tale rendered "Frailty, thy name is woman"—by "Fragilité, c'est le nom d'une femme."

To return. Notwithstanding this favourable conjuncture and apparently smooth and tranquillizing aspect of affairs, things did not look particularly bright for Louis Philippe.

The King's petty huckstering personal policy and his pertinacious meddling and muddling had in the end made it difficult to find a Ministry that would tamely submit to the Crown's interference in and with everything. And whenever an administration had been formed at last upon the tacit understanding that the chief of the State was to have it all his own way in the Cabinet, such administration could not command the confidence of even

Chambers elected upon the narrowest franchise and by the grossest corruption.

Thus the Ministry presided over by that subtle and supple statesman, *si jamais il en fut*, Count Molé, was forced to give way in the face of a strange coalition of the *doctrinaires* with the *tiers-parti* and the Left.

Molé's forced resignation led to one of the very gravest Ministerial crises in the history of the Orleans rule.

It was terminated provisionally on the 1st of April, by a temporary *provisorium* which truly bore the peculiar character of its date. Some of the small wits of the Boulevards contemptuously dubbed it "le ministère des poissons—d'Avril."

Day after day the crisis continued, and week after week. It was a complete block, and even sedate politicians began to contemplate the expediency of the substitution of the Crown Prince for the King, when suddenly an act of sublime folly changed the face of affairs. Two madmen in politics—honest, stubborn, ever-blundering Auguste Blanqui, and hot-headed Armand Barbès—took it into their confounded noddles to have a Brummagem rising of their own, upon the very smallest scale and in the very worst fashion ever yet attempted anywhere in the world—not even excluding the Frankfort folly of 1833—which would have been contemptible even in a community of the size of San Marino. I knew both gentlemen—for gentlemen they were, ay, every inch of them, and thoroughly honest and well-meaning, and with a world of sympathy in their noble hearts for the lowly and oppressed. Blanqui I had first met in 1830. The acquaintance of Barbès I made only years after.

Barbès was a handsome fellow, a French creole, of Pointe-à-Pitre, in Guadaloupe. He was wealthy, and had

a most charming sister. Both Blanqui and Barbès were utterly unpractical and impracticable men. I had learnt a little wisdom in my career. I was no longer the insensate enthusiast of 1833, who could meditate the overthrow of a confederation of powerful rulers by a few score students and a few thousand peasants.

I esteemed the two men, nay, I loved them, but I distrusted their judgment, and I smiled at their exaltation; they, on their part, liked not what they were pleased to call my cynical ways. So they gave me little or none of their confidence, and I had not even seen either of them for months, when they insanely raised the cry of "Vive la République!" on the 12th of May, 1839, trying their 'prentice hand at a republican rising, which of course ended in overwhelming defeat and calamitous failure.

The immediate effect of this act of worse than madness was the termination of the crisis, and the formation of the Soult-Duchâtel Ministry. Louis Philippe found himself firmly reseated on his throne, and was thus permitted for nine years more to prepare the upheaving of 1848, so disastrous to France in its deplorable results and consequences.

Barbès and Blanqui were tried by the Peers, and sentenced to death. At the intercession of the Duke of Orleans that sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. How both regained their freedom in 1848, and how they used it to destroy the young republic by the insensate attempts of the 17th March, 16th April, and notably 15th May, is matter of history.

I was in Paris last year when Auguste Blanqui died, still conspiring, at the age of seventy-six—poor, honest, impracticable, with his heart to its last beat pulsating with intensest compassionate love for the suffering proletarians. He had in the end grown so secret in his movements that he would not even let his intimates

know his private address, and his death was accelerated at least by an exhaustive night-walk on his return from a meeting, as he obstinately refused to get into a vehicle.

Armand Barbès was sentenced to deportation after the 15th of May. He was imprisoned in Belle-Isle-sur-Mer. Besides being a revolutionary agitator by temperament, he was one of the rankest Chauvinists I ever knew. In 1854, he wrote a letter anent the Crimean struggle, in which he ardently prayed for success in the war against Russia, even though the Second Empire should thereby be consolidated in France. Upon this Louis Napoleon set him free. He died in the year of the overthrow of the Second Empire.

I have already stated that I had not the remotest connection with this absurd playing at revolution by Blanqui and Barbès. Yet the affair affected me personally in an injurious and uncomfortable way.

I was living at the time in the Rue Richelieu. I was working for Dr. Jourdain, the editor of a great number of French versions of German books, notably on homœopathy.

I had been hard at work a fortnight upon a portion of Rau's "Organon," I think.

The doctor was a kind of literary contractor for Baillière. I worked for him for years.

After a fortnight's close application, I sorely felt the need of air and exercise. So, on this identical Sunday, the 12th of May, I left my lodging early in the morning for a long country ramble, from which I returned late in the evening, thoroughly tired with walking. I had not the least cause to suspect that anything had occurred that day out of the common run of events.

When I reached my home, in joyful anticipation of a good night's rest, I found the police in possession. They had ransacked my effects, and seized my papers.

This I had no need to mind much, as I have through life made it a point to burn papers that might compromise me or others. In fact, I may say that I have a tendency to destroy letters and papers in general, which I find now is just as foolish an extreme as the indiscriminate keeping of all correspondence can possibly be, for I am thrown solely and entirely upon my recollections for these reminiscences of mine.

I was whisked off unceremoniously to the Rue de Jérusalem, where they kept me in close confinement for three days, when, finding no just or sufficient cause against me, the noble Louis Philippean authorities declared that I was a crafty and dangerous revolutionary, an alien who was ungratefully abusing the generous hospitality extended to me, and sternly bade me to "get out of *that*," meaning France, where I was doing pretty well at the time.

The *mens conscia recti* may be an excellent theoretical consolation; but I must say it does not answer in the hard practice of life. I felt awfully cut up. I had done no injury to any, either in act or intention. Yet I was driven from France.

I lived to see Louis Philippe an exile in England, and I pitied him from my heart.

I elected to take my way over Rouen and Havre, as it was the longest, and therefore the most convenient, route for me and my settled purpose to disobey the order of expulsion.

I had by this time found out that, with some pluck and a little *savoir faire*, and a dash of brass, it is not so very difficult a feat to defy and defeat the authorities of

a great country. I coolly stopped at Rouen, where some excellent friends of mine, notably Doctors Gros and Delzeuges, and Pastor Paulmier, of the Protestant Church, obtained for me the position of Professor of History and English, at the institution of the Parc des Chartreux, then conducted by M. de Virmontois.

Here I held on for eight months, when an accidental, distant meeting in the street with a "Jerusalemite" from Paris, whose eye I caught "upon me" as Haynes Bailey has it—a kind of Javert, who prided himself upon his vigilance and energy of action—made it so unsafe for me to stay where I was, that I left rather suddenly, making tracks for Havre, on my way to England.

Eh *bien m'en prit*, for my friends informed me afterwards that the Rouen police had been communicated with at once, and that I should certainly have got into trouble had I not taken time by the forelock.

Some thirty months after, thinking, not unreasonably, that the recollection of the May affair had faded away, I boldly ventured upon a long visit to Paris, where I arrived on the 14th of July, the day after the fatal accident to the ill-fated Duke of Orleans. It is not mere idle profession when I say that I felt deeply shocked and sincerely grieved. Since his first great kindness to me, I verily believe I could hardly have brought myself to join in any hostile manifestations or intrigues against the dynasty of which he was the chief prop and brightest ornament. It was this very consciousness which made it so galling for me to be driven out. Now I thought of our last meeting in the Charité, and again upon how, only seven brief years before, I had first seen him in the prime of earliest manhood, with every auspicious star apparently shining brightly upon him; and when I recalled the indulgent smile of sympathy with which he had asked me to state my case unreservedly to him, and mentally com-

pared *then* and *now*, when he lay a shattered corpse, I confess I wept bitterly.

To return. When the kind intercession of the Duke of Orleans came thus most opportunely to my aid, I was, as I have already stated, rapidly progressing on the road to convalescence. I seriously reflected on my position and prospects. I clearly foresaw that I must not hope to be readmitted to the army medical service for eighteen months or perhaps two years to come; and I resolved accordingly to turn the little knowledge which I possessed to the best account meanwhile, not neglecting my hospital attendance whenever a favourable opportunity might offer.

I have a certain springiness in my composition, which I verily believe nothing will ever lastingly tame—a buoyancy of temper and disposition which nothing can long subdue.

I took kindly to literary and journalistic work, and to public lecturing. Yes, Heaven forgive me, I went wandering about France like a travelling tinker, with my "intellectual" wares, lecturing, I am ashamed to confess, upon a variety of subjects of which I knew about as much as Jean Jacques Rousseau did of music when he first took to giving lessons in it. But what of that? What I lacked in knowledge at the time, I amply made up in self-reliance, *vulgo* cheek, which truly is a blessed gift, so long as it is adequately supported by blissful ignorance. It is truly surprising with what ease and freedom people will speak or write upon almost any given matter of which they know nothing, or next to nothing.

With a little knowledge comes a deal of diffidence. I do not deliver lectures now, not even upon cookery and education, which are hobbies of mine. I only wish I

could find my pristine cheek again. I used to make rather a good thing of lecturing in those days; whilst now, when a little chance income from that source would be such a blessing to me—— Never mind; there is Nature's most beneficent law of compensation to fall back upon. If my present store is limited, I have but few teeth left.

For the matter of that, only two wretched stumps—worn-out old servants, to whom I continue to give the asylum of my mouth for auld lang syne. I have suffered fearfully from toothache in my life. At first I had recourse to extraction; but after losing nine teeth in this fashion, I resolved to bear the pain manfully, and keep my ivories. Had I gone on with extraction, I should not have had a tooth left at thirty, whilst by clinging to my cutters and grinders I managed pretty well up to some four years back, when I found myself reduced at last to three stumps, and even the alveoli began to basely take French leave of me.

Well, well! I have no reason to complain. Has not my excellent friend Richardson kindly supplied me with a complete and perfect set of splendid teeth, which I am, even at this present time, ardently striving to get used to! They fit excellently well, and are, in my opinion, the closest imitation of Nature ever yet achieved in the dental line. They are perfect for articulation, and, should the *dea dira duræ necessitatis* ever again drive me to the lecture-hall, they will enable me at least to enunciate distinctly and intelligibly. I have tested their masticating capacity, and they have stood the test given to the extent of a small piece of almond rock, a delicacy to which I was much addicted at an earlier period of my life, and which I continue to affect even to the present day. I have put myself now into a systematic course of training for the wear and *tear* of my Richardsonian ivories,

and I trust, in the course of a few months more, to give that most excellent friend and dentist the pleasure of dining with him, to our mutual satisfaction.

In the fall of 1835 I found myself for the third time in Lyons—dear Lyons! I had been there first in 1832, and had passed through it again in summer, 1833, on my way to Toulon.

When I came back to the great Rhône-and-Saône city in 1835, the traces of another formidable rising—that of April, 1834, in which republicans and silk-workers fought side by side for five days against the combined strength of the Government and the Municipality—had nearly disappeared, all but the line of eighteen detached forts erected on the left Rhône and right Saône bank, to overawe the turbulent population of stout old Lugdunum Celtarum, that has so often defied the powers seated in Paris.

When I was in Lyons, the remembrance had not died out yet of the fearful days of 1793, when the Lyonnese had risen against the Convention, and made short work of their Jacobin Municipality. The Convention—that truly Titanic body which had so greatly dared to fling the severed head of the King as a gage of defiance in the face of coalesced monarchical Europe, and was then combating victoriously abroad and at home—sent one of its improvised armies against the revolted city, which offered a stubborn resistance, but was captured in little more than two months. Old Madame Paillot, a lady of singular intelligence, whose acquaintance I chanced to make in 1838, told me appalling tales of the horrors that had succeeded the capture. She told me how thousands had been slaughtered—among them the nearest and dearest to her; and how she herself had only escaped

as by a miracle. She described the Commissioners of the Convention, Couthon and Collot d'Herbois, as raving and raging maniacs; Fouché as a fish-blooded incarnation of Satan. When she spoke of the horrors of that time, and of the men who had wrought them, she rose erect, and, with the air of a Pythoness, fiercely denounced their ever-infamous memory, and frenziedly devoted their immortal part to the everlasting torments of hell. I have heard Rachel, in her finest moments, heaping imprecations upon Rome, and I have been awed by the concentrated boundless passion of her

> "Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
> Moi seule en être la cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

Yet even she might have drawn a still deeper intensity of execration and exultation from the fierce flaming ire of this old lady's outbursts. Madame Paillot told me, with a strange mixture of burning indignation and ineffable contempt, how the three Satanic emissaries, not satiated with the precious blood of thousands of butchered men and women, had, in their petty anger, taken to assailing stones and bricks, and timber, and Gallic mortar and Roman cement, decreeing the demolition of the most venerable mementoes of the glorious past—ancient edifices, princely residences, and fine mansions—all through the doomed city; how she had seen that vile actor—"acteur à faire pitié, Monsieur; je vous donne ma parole, et que j'ai sifflé moi-même, moi qui vous parle"—lame Couthon, carried about in a sedan-chair from condemned building to condemned building, to devote them to demolition one by one, with a blow of a hammer which he held in his hand.*

* *Relata refero.* This was what old Madame Paillot told me, who professed to have been an eye-witness of the fearful events of the Girondino-Royalist insurrection and its subsequent suppression by Couthon and Doppet. History—I am perfectly aware of it—tells a slightly different tale in so far

Yes, the Lyonnese had hissed Couthon, and this was the disgraced actor's way of avenging himself upon them; and the mean scoundrel did it in what he probably considered dramatic fashion.

This was the way of the Convention to deal with revolted cities. The Government of July proceeded very differently. Far from indulging in such wanton destruction, the powers in Paris endowed conquered Lyons with eighteen substantial forts all along the left bank of the Rhône and the right bank of the Saône. And, as it turned out in the long run, both Convention and King equally to the same little purpose.

It was in 1838 that I knew Madame Paillot first. I lived then for a time in the Cours d'Herbouville, on the right bank of the Rhône. She was my landlord's mother.

I had, unhappily, cause to remember the Cours d'Herbouville. A fire, which broke out one fine evening in the house where I lodged, burnt my personal effects, and consumed my papers—an irreparable loss to me. I would willingly—nay gladly—have given five years of life to save and secure them; I was indemnified for my other losses, but that was very little consolation indeed to me.

Madame Paillot was a superior woman, of surprising knowledge and vast experience of life; she was of strong conservative tendencies and opinions, with a decided

at least as refers to Couthon. The Convention had, indeed, in a moment of fierce anger, decreed the destruction of Lyons; but Couthon contented himself with the mildest and most purely theoretical execution of the terrible decree, by striking with a silver hammer a single edifice on the Place Bellecour. This we have equally upon the authority of professed eye-witnesses, who place the fearful atrocities of the national vengeance wreaked upon the doomed city chiefly to Collot d'Herbois and Fouché's account. Well, Couthon had enough to answer for in all conscience without having the burthen of other men's crimes laid upon his shoulders. So we may readily give him the benefit of the doubt.

leaning to Imperialism. Her son was an ultra-radical; she would mercilessly chaff him on his affectation of republicanism as she called it. In matters of faith she was altogether given to freethought. She had no trust whatever in medicine. At allopathy she sneered; at homœopathy she laughed; and she often made me wince by her uncompromising caustic remarks upon the professors of either or both systems of murder by commission or omission, as she expressed it. She held vaccination in utter detestation.

She had a little granddaughter, a charming cherub of four, with whom I used to romp, and to whom I was warmly attached. Judge of my horror when I was told one day that Madame Mère—for she affected the Imperial style in her household—had taken the poor child to the hospital for the express and explicit purpose that she should catch the small-pox from a young girl there who had the disease in a mild form. When the good lady returned with my pet, I indignantly remonstrated with her upon the monstrous enormity she had, in my opinion, been guilty of. She listened quietly until I had done with my objurgation; then she told me, without the least shade of anger, that she freely forgave me the impertinence of my uncalled-for interference for the sake of the affection I bore the child; but that she would thank me if I would kindly abstain from intruding my opinion and advice in a matter of which I could not by any possibility know and understand one tithe as much as she did. She bade me look at her sons and daughters, who had all of them had the small-pox, and who were handsome and healthy accordingly. She took the exanthematic diseases, especially small-pox, to be Nature's great prophylacticum. She had had small-pox in her childhood, and she had never since felt even a finger ache. Only it was indispensable that the

disease should be taken between the ages of four and seven, if possible, but at any rate before the period of puberty, and that the child should be in good health at the time.

I was shut up, of course. Soon after the child was laid up with small-pox. No physician was called in : Madame Mère took the case into her own hands. She, the mother, and one of the aunts of the child, watched the little patient unremittingly with the tenderest care. When the pustules drew to a head, these three women were unceasingly engaged in opening each pustule with a sharp-pointed gold pin, and squeezing it gently with a cotton pellet. Chamomile tea and elder-flower tea constituted the whole and sole medication. An ample supply of pure fresh air was kept up in the sick room. The usual mode of living was not changed. Everything was done to amuse the little patient whilst awake, and she was carefully watched when asleep. When the itching threatened to become intolerable, relief was afforded by tepid water compresses. The child recovered speedily and thoroughly, and six months after there were but few marks or traces left of the attack, and it was easy to see that these also would disappear in a few years.

It was a lesson to me and a wrinkle. It is many years now that I have ceased to swear by Jenner, as my great master Heim had taught me in my University days—Heim who had been the first to introduce vaccination in Berlin.

To return to 1835. I took up my quarters at my old place, in the Rue St. Dominique, near the Place Bellecour, at the house of a M. Peyrade, whose acquaintance I had made on the occasion of my first visit to Lyons, in 1832. Godefroi Cavaignac had procured for me from a friend a

letter of introduction to Peyrade, who had received me kindly, giving me a tip-top apartment in his house—a garret, not to put too fine a point upon it—measuring twelve feet by twelve feet and eight feet.

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans! and at thirty and forty, for the matter of that. How little one minds the number of steps that lead to the lofty roost, so long as one can take them three or four at a leap! As one advances in years, the joints are apt to grow less supple, until, in life's fall, one finds the climb not quite so genial as one was wont to do in its spring.

Peyrade was a character. He was an accomplished *gourmet*. There was barely a vintage known that his wonderful nose and palate would ever fail to detect. But he was more than a simple *gourmet;* he was absolutely a "creator" of vintages, known and unknown. The vulgar process of blending had, in his skilful hands, gradually developed into the dignity of a fine art; whilst his inventive genius, powerfully aided by a most intimate theoretical and practical knowledge of every branch of the subject, had effectively devised a sound scientific basis for the many complex and intricate operations and the delicate manipulations necessary to the successful cultivation of this very special branch of flattering Nature. Is not imitation the sincerest form of flattery?

I know something of the great Hamburg vineyard, in which so many sorts of wine are made to grow that are innocent of the remotest connection with the juice of the grape. I have been at Cette and at Bercy—*c'est tout dire.* It has been my good or my bad fortune, take it as you will, to watch the fabrication of "fiz," in certain parts of the Palatinate, and I have been specially privileged to see the most gripeful of all gripy wines that I have ever attempted to drink, the famous Silesian

Grüneberger, turned indifferently into Duc de Montebello or Heidsick Cabinet, or any one's Carte Blanche or Carte Noire. But never and nowhere have I met M. Peyrade's match. I truly believe there was not a vintage that he could not "produce;" and his success in ripening and aging young wines was simply marvellous. His immutable principle—and herein lay perhaps the secret of his success—was to confine himself rigorously to the scientific blending of natural vintages, without addition of spirit or any other foreign ingredient, except small quantities of certain aromatic essences, in the preparation and use of which he was a perfect adept.

He somehow took a fancy to me, and we soon became intimate. I had a smattering of wine-lore, and knew something of chemistry, which enabled me to give him advice occasionally in doubtful cases. He was pleased to admit me to the freedom of his cellars, and to let me into some of his secrets. He would even take me on a trip to Burgundy, where he used to buy grape-crops on the vine, to have them cut, &c., under his personal direction.

To give an instance of his marvellous skill in the "production" of famous vintages from inferior growths. He bought on one occasion a grape-crop grown between Beaune and Nuits, which in due course of time grew in his skilful hands into Romanée Conti! Ay, and he sold it too, at a stiffish price, to real connoisseurs of the article! Had I not been cognisant of the matter, I also would have sworn it was genuine Romanée Conti.

When I knew Peyrade first, in 1832, he was a man about fifty, with a pleasing frank countenance, and a merry twinkle in his dark eyes. He was by birth a Massilian or Marseillais, with a plentiful drop of Greek blood in his veins, which might account for the "Greek" element in his moral composition. He was a well-bred, well-educated man, a Bachelor of Arts and Sciences in

fact, and endowed with great natural gifts in many ways —among others, with no mean histrionic ability. He was cheerful and jovial, and, although he had a keen eye to business, and would always take care of his own interest, his natural disposition was generous and liberal.

He was *ancien régime* all over, and had no love for the events of 1789 and 1792, and their outcome, although he made no display of his opinions and feelings, and was always intent upon keeping on good terms with people of all parties.

It was to his kindness that I was indebted for an introduction to M. Vautrinier, through whose influence I obtained pretty remunerative employment on the *Censeur de Lyon*, then the chief Liberal paper of the Rhône Department. At a later period he introduced me to Douiller (or Doullier), a leading Dijon publisher, for whom I translated several homœopathic books into French.

Douiller subsequently recommended me to Dr. L. de L., an allo-homœopathic physician, of Dijon, for whom I translated Hartmann's "Homœopathic Therapeutics." With this gentleman I became rather intimately acquainted. He was an excellent physician. He, to my certain knowledge, disdainfully ignored Hahnemann's infinitesimal craze; and would occasionally give even energetic agents in allopathic doses, though he kept carefully dark about this heresy of his, fearing lest he should run counter to the convictions of his homœopathic clients, who, just at that time, placed blind faith in the German prophet of the new medicinal creed, and in the Italo-French Elisha, whom the great master had found ploughing the allopathic fields, and upon whom he had cast his mantle, Dr. Des Guidi, of Lyons.

Once upon a time, a certain Dr. S., a German, be-

lieved he had found an infallible cure for stammering, which he was, of course, ardently desirous of promulgating at home and abroad, for the benefit of those afflicted with this distressing defect. Being no linguist, he deemed it expedient to engage, for his projected visit to England and France, a companion fully qualified to act as his general interpreter and mouthpiece in these countries. I know there must be many still alive in London who remember Dr. S.'s professed cure for stammering—which, if I recollect aright, consisted simply in a strictly enforced system of slow syllabic enunciation. I have reason to know that Mr. Thomas Wakley, Coroner for Middlesex, was an enthusiastic apostle of the system; and I verily believe he had lists of stammerers made out in the several parishes of his province, simply that he might have them summoned on inquest juries, to try the efficacy of the cure upon them.

Well, in the course of their professional tour, the two Germans came to Dijon, where Dr. S. was taken ill. Dr. L. was called in to attend him, but his ministrations were of no avail. Dr. S. died.

Now there were some suspicious circumstances in the case, which led to a judicial inquiry by the French authorities. The deceased's travelling companion was arrested on suspicion of having poisoned his friend with copper, as chemical analysis detected the presence of that metal in the dead man's stomach and intestines.

It would appear that there had been for some time a want of harmonious feeling between the two travelling companions. Most likely Dr. S. had presumed a little overmuch upon his position as chief, which Dr. R. had resented, as was clearly apparent from certain passages in a private letter sent by R. to a friend in Germany, which was produced in Court to testify against him. There

was one particular passage in this letter laid hold of by the prosecution. It was to the effect that S. fancied he could ride rough-shod over him, but that he would put a spoke in his wheel. "Ich werde ihm aber die Brühe versalzen," were the words in German; literally they mean, "I'll oversalt his broth," an expression which is very often used, and which figuratively means, "I'll spoil his game," or "I'll put a spoke in his wheel;" but which, by a stretch, may be interpreted in a much less innocent sense. The official translator stretched even the stretch, and deposed that the hidden meaning of the passage was, "I'll poison his broth for him;" "I'll do for him."

Copper having been found, it was taken for granted, of course, that R. must have made true his threat, and poisoned his poor friend with copper. The defence suggested that copper might have been medicinally administered, as was, indeed, admitted by Dr. L., only that he deposed he had given it in infinitesimal doses. How the matter might have ended it would be difficult to say, but on the evening of the second day of the trial (I think) the tide had considerably turned in favour of the accused, and an acquittal was anticipated, when the unhappy young man hanged himself in his cell. The true cause of this lamentable suicide was a heartless letter which the ill-starred R. had received that very night upon his return from the court, buoyed up with the hope of acquittal next day.

The letter was from his betrothed, to whom he was most warmly and sincerely attached. It informed the poor fellow, in cold "business" style, that the lady, after long and anxious deliberation and consultation with her family and friends, had come to the unalterable decision to break off her engagement with him, even though he should be triumphantly acquitted, which, of

course, she most devoutly wished and hoped he would be. Even the most absolute acquittal would have no power to alter her fixed resolve to have done with the "inauspicious" connection, for, said the lady—copying, unwittingly, most likely, Cæsar anent his wife—her future husband must never have been even suspected of such a fearful crime as that laid to his charge. She appealed to his manliness and to his love for her (!) to let this be the last communication between them. She entreated him not to break her tender, loving heart (!!) by essaying to address her again in any way. Should he, however, cruelly disregard this most earnest appeal to his good feelings, her dear parents would know how to shield her from all obsession and importunity.

It was a sweet letter for a "tender, loving-hearted" maiden even to copy, and see forwarded to one in a desperately critical position. She surely might have awaited the event, before she put pen to paper to stab her ill-fated lover to the heart. Well, the letter did for him; so you see it saved a world of trouble. Had the victim been a wiser man, he would most probably have considered himself very fortunate in getting rid decently of his engagement to this singularly tender-hearted and most unselfishly loving young woman. Well, well! love is a strange passion, and men—and women too—are fearfully and wonderfully made.

The analysis of the remains of the dead body of S. had revealed the presence of minute traces only of copper, such as might have resulted from an allopathic dose of the poison. Dr. L. affirmed he had only given homœopathic globules. From what I had occasion to know of the practice of some allo-homœopathic physicians, notably of Dr. L. himself, I felt more than half inclined to attribute the presence of the copper to an allopathic dose of the metal—administered, perhaps, in

this instance, by inadvertence. I felt equally disposed to impute the cause of death simply to typhoid fever, as maintained, in fact, by the defence. It was a very sad affair, take it as you may. Even to this present hour I have never been able to divest my mind of a more than half-conviction that the ill-fated R. should not even have been put upon his trial for the offence imputed to him upon insufficient suspicions, which might surely have been explained and cleared up on more than one other at least equally admissible theory.

However, the accused committed suicide. So there was an end of him and of the case.

There would seem to be a curious affinity between love and suicide. Even from my own limited experience of life I might adduce several instances in support of this notion, more particularly one which happened in the early part of the spring, of 1839, in Paris, and which I will give here, as it made a most sad and lasting impression upon me.

I rented a small apartment in the Rue Richelieu, *au quatrième au-dessus de l'entresol,* tantamount to the fifth floor. Immediately underneath, on the fourth floor, lived a young law-student, with whom I soon became intimately acquainted. He was handsome, clever, and accomplished, and about twenty-three years old. He was what is called in France a *fils de famille.* His father owned a small estate, some twelve miles from Paris. We had barely known each other four days, when he made me the confidant of his joys, and griefs, and sorrows, and anxieties.

Poor Jules—I omit his patronymic, for obvious reasons —had what is generally known as a *passion malheureuse* for a pretty girl in an advanced stage of emancipation, who had very considerably crossed the narrow boundary

between grisettism and lorettedom. This young lady, who could proudly boast of having several wealthy beaux to her string, after being Jules' *bonne amie* several months, suddenly found that, as she felt no real love for him, the connection was simply disgraceful. So she dropped the poor *fils de famille,* to take up instead with a *père de famille,* a peer of the realm, who could afford to raise her to the position of a *dame à voiture à quatre chevaux.* This drove Jules wellnigh out of his mind.

I had been introduced to the young lady just before this latest exchange of "lovers." She was wondrously pretty and attractive; but, as it seemed to me at least, thoroughly heartless. Why, in the very presence of the man who would gladly have laid down his life for her (alas! he actually did afterwards) she had the hardihood to invite me to a *tête-à-tête* supper *sans-façon,* which made the poor young fellow thoroughly unhappy, even with all he knew of her.

I had a shrewd suspicion that all this was done by the woman in pursuance of a fixed purpose and well-defined plan of hers to entangle Jules in a matrimonial engagement. She told me herself that she was tired and ashamed of the life she was leading, and that she was sure she could take kindly to any one who would woo her *pour le bon motif,* and make a proper marriage settlement upon her.

Now Jules was so absolutely and blindly infatuated, that, to call her all his own, he would certainly have married her, had the French law only permitted it. But in France no marriage is recognized as legal and binding which has not the express consent of the parents or their lawful representatives. This rule is rigorously applied till the age of twenty-five, after which the party desirous to contract marriage may, if opposed still by his or her parents, serve upon the objectors three *sommations*

respectueuses, declaring his or her fixed purpose to contract the union objected to.

Jules was only twenty-three, as Mlle. Madeleine knew perfectly well; she knew also that he was solely dependent on his parents, and that a marriage settlement was altogether out of the question without their consent. But she knew that his parents were passionately fond of their son, and she hoped that he might succeed in persuading them to consent to the marriage with her, if he would only be sufficiently earnest and urgent in his supplications; and to stimulate him to the utmost exertion in this direction, she essayed by every means to inflame his passion and excite his jealousy.

All these elements of the drama I learnt from Jules, as much as from Mlle. Madeleine herself.

I tried the power of reasoning upon my friend. I essayed to open his eyes to the truly sordid nature of her whom he worshipped. It was all in vain. He even quarrelled with me for daring to speak ill of his divinity. Still, as he could not do without a confidant, his ill-humour lasted only a day, after which he came back to me, to tell me his latest and bitterest grief. He had had an explanation with his parents. They, and his two sisters, most charming girls, to whom he had introduced me, had categorically declared to him that on no consideration whatever would the family ever consent to the disgrace of an alliance with a woman of Madeleine's stamp. His father had even threatened him with his parental curse, and that he would cast him off if he persisted in his insane attachment. He had also had an explanation with Madeleine. He had offered her a secret marriage—the ceremony to be performed in England—and that he would marry her once more in France after his legal emancipation. He would meanwhile secure to her four thousand francs a year out of the ample income allowed him by his father.

It was no use whatever; the young woman simply laughed in his face. She impudently told him that her present admirer thought little of making her an allowance more than six times that which he (Jules) so generously offered to her.

The poor fellow was driven to the verge of madness between the two. I made another endeavour to bring him to a more sensible view of the position. The more I argued, the more he raved. Nothing would do to calm him. He swore to me at last that, as his parents had declared that they'd rather see him dead in his coffin than bring this indelible disgrace upon their ancient honourable family, he would take care they should see him dead in his coffin—and pretty soon, too. I took this threat for the mere idle ravings of a half-lunatic.

This was about the middle of April, in the morning. When I came home in the afternoon, as usual, I knocked at Jules' door on my way to my own apartment, as was my wont. He was rarely out at this time. Receiving no reply, I turned the handle of the outer door, which opened freely. In trying to open the inner door leading to his sitting-room, I found that the opening was resisted by some heavy weight on the inner side. By a desperate effort, inspired by a dread foreboding, I succeeded at last in forcing the door back and my way into the room; and there, to my intensest horror and grief, I beheld the dead body of my unhappy young friend, suspended from a hook fixed in the wall close to the ceiling.

My first impulse was to alarm the house; I thought better of it. With my dagger-knife I cut the body down, and placed it on the couch. I undid the rope and anxiously essayed whether life might still be lingering. Alas! it speedily was but too plain and clear to me that the body had been dead at least an hour.

My next most anxious thought was what had best be

done to spare the unhappy family as much horror and suffering as might be feasible under the circumstances.

I knew the *commissaire du quartier*—not very intimately, indeed, still sufficiently to have reason to think him a kind-hearted and sensible man. I went to see him, and he at once returned with me. At first the red-tape routine of his office made him upbraid me almost harshly for having dared to take upon myself to act without first communicating with the authorities, and awaiting their arrival! I replied that I had hoped my poor friend might still have life in him, and that I wished to spare the bereaved family the additional horror of publicity. Then the *official* made his exit, and the *man* came in, and a true man he turned out to be. He took the entire conduct of the matter into his own hands, and looked to every detail himself. Through his action and influence the cause of death was officially and medically declared to have been serous apoplexy.*

* The ancient Saxon institution of coroner's inquest is practically unknown on the Continent—at least in the English sense of the term.

I remember—not the 5th—but the 9th of November, 1851, when I attended a great meeting of German exiles, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, in memory of Robert Blum, done to death three years before, at Vienna, by Prince Windischgrätz. It was a public meeting. Dr. Arnold Ruge, one of my oldest and dearest friends, was in the chair. Dr. Tausenau had just delivered a brilliant English oration, and the meeting was beginning to promise being a great success, when suddenly Captain Atcherley (I think I am correct in the name,) an eccentric gentleman, who used to go about in those days, striving to ventilate, in and out of season, a certain lamp-of-life and various other crazes, pounced upon the meeting with an address upon the ancient institution of coroner's inquest, which, he maintained at disastrous length, had it existed in Austria, must have saved Blum's life, or at least avenged his death upon his murderer. It was a sad thing for the committee, who had contracted with the establishment for the supply of one hundred suppers, I believe, at five shillings a head. As the captain would not respond to the Chairman's passionate entreaties to "shut up," and as it was not thought expedient to expel a free-born Briton, *vi et armis*, from a professedly public meeting, the lecturer triumphantly held his own; but the audience gradually melted away, and at least fifty expected partakers of the supper ordered and paid for by the committee did not come back, so that the unlucky members had to pay some twelve to fifteen pounds out of their

I will not attempt to describe the harrowing scene when the bereaved father stood by the side of the corpse of what but a brief space of time before had been his living son—so full of promise then—and *now*—And the stricken old man was raving and raging against himself for his rash and impious threatened imprecation upon his unhappy boy. He had wished him dead in his coffin, rather than wed with a courtesan. Now he was lying dead before him, and he called frantically upon his Jules, his love and pride, to come back to life, and he should have his way.

I thought it incumbent upon me to acquaint the true cause of all this misery with the awful catastrophe. The callous wretch showed very little emotion indeed: nay—which may seem barely credible—she actually congratulated herself upon her lucky escape from a lunatic, who might, perhaps have killed *her* in a fit of jealousy. "Il s'est pendu, Monsieur—*eh bien! tant pis pour lui,* tant mieux pour moi!"

Ay, a thousand times preferable to see the young life extinct—to see the body dead in the coffin—than that he should have made this woman his wife. This I said to the bereaved father when I told him of my interview with this Magdalen of the Paris gutter; and the old man was comforted.

pockets for the maniac captain's whistle. However annoyed by this madman's interruption of the proceedings, we were all of us present most willing to admit that a coroner's inquest is a great institution; and I, for one, thought that it would be practically impossible for a death not clearly due to natural causes to happen in England without a coroner's inquest being held.

I thought so up to within the last few months. In one of the fierce autumn gales last year a boat approached the Kentish coast, with two unhappy men in it shouting louder than the fierce blast for help in their extremity. The shouts were heard, and the look-out of the coastguard was eagerly appealed to. In the plenitude of his imaginary wisdom and pretended extensive experience, this individual pooh-poohed the appeal. He thought it was all imagination; so the two shipwrecked men were quietly let drown. No coroner's inquest was held. Why not? Simply, perhaps, that it was feared a verdict might be found censuring the Coastguard?

Many years after, in 1850, I was in Paris with George Augustus Sala. We took rooms in the Hôtel d'Espagne, Rue St. Jacques. Just as we were entering the portals of the hotel, a coffin was carried out, pauper fashion, attended by a *sergent de ville,* as solitary (official) mourner. On inquiry of the servant, that damsel told us, in the most unconcerned manner, that it was the funeral of a Pole who had killed himself with charcoal fumes. "Il s'est asphyxié" (astfissié, she called it), "Messieurs; *eh bien! tant pis pour lui.*" This was the poor Pole's funeral oration. Sala was disgusted and angry with this callous heartlessness. So was I.

Later on Madame Bresson, the proprietress of the hotel, told me that deceased was a Polish officer, who owed her two months' rent, and had behaved very indelicately to her, and most ungratefully. "For," the good woman said, "not satisfied with swindling me of the rent due, he must, forsooth, bring discredit upon the place by committing suicide in his room, instead of drowning himself in the river, as a person of proper sense and feeling would have done. Mais ça n'a pas de cœur, ces Polonais, voyez-vous, Monsieur; c'est un tas de vauriens."

Poisoning cases have always had a powerful attraction for me. In the Lafarge case I took a special interest, because my revered master Raspail was connected with the scientific part of it. Marie Cappelle was married in the French fashion—which means without having her heart or affections consulted in the matter—to an iron-master in Corrèze, a M. Lafarge, a man antipathetic to her in every way, and who on his part only cared for her dower, to repair his shattered fortune. The marriage took place in 1838. He brought his young wife home

to his old seigneurial mansion, where everything was gloomy—including a more than gloomy mother-in-law. In December, 1839, Lafarge went to Paris on business. His wife sent him a cake from Glandier—a cake baked by her. I think it was intended for a New Year's gift. Lafarge fell ill. He returned to Glandier, where he died January 15, 1840.

The family, conscious, most likely, how much cause the widow had to dislike and detest every member of it, and more especially the dead man, who had made and had let others make his unhappy wife's life miserable, imputed the cause of death to poison administered by the wife in the cake she had sent her husband to Paris.

Marie Cappelle Lafarge was arrested on suspicion. A post-mortem examination was made, with full chemical analysis.

Four gentlemen, who fancied themselves physicians because they had acquired the right to write M.D. after their names, gave it as their deliberate opinion that deceased had been poisoned with arsenic, of which metal they professed to have found notable quantities.

The friends of Marie Cappelle submitted the matter to Orfila, the great toxicologist, also one of my masters, who found that the four M.D.'d gentlemen ("des hommes qui se parent du titre de docteur," he expressed it) had made a mull of it, as, with their superficial and accordingly lamentably defective knowledge of chemistry, they had used antiquated and doubtful methods of detection, and had *fancied* they had found arsenic where there was none.

This looked bright and cheering. But the prosecution now had recourse to a clever move: they placed the analysis in Orfila's own hands.

Orfila was honest, and he was, perhaps, over-eager in his desire to prove himself honest. He made what he believed a most careful chemical investigation, which

resulted in the discovery of a minute trace of arsenic in the remains of the late Lafarge. The doom of Marie Cappelle was sealed with this discovery, the more so as a female friend of her youth came forward to fasten a robbery of diamonds upon her, which, of course, could tend only to strengthen the bias of the jury against the unhappy widow.

But my revered master Raspail was coming to the rescue. He had taken the trouble to trace the zinc wire with which Orfila experimented to the shop where the great toxicologist had procured the article, and he found that the said zinc was impure, containing arsenic enough to account for much more even than Orfila had detected by his analysis! Orfila had used Marsh's test, which, if arsenic is present, terminates in the production of an arsenical mirror—an infallible test, provided the sulphuric acid and the zinc used as reagents in the process be perfectly free from arsenical admixture—which they only too frequently are not.

Raspail, having placed his singularly extensive and profound knowledge of chemistry, and his discovery of arsenic in Orfila's reagent, at the service of the defence, was on his way to Tulle, where the assizes were being held, when an accident delayed his progress; and the unhappy Marie Cappelle was found guilty meanwhile, and sentenced to hard labour for life.

Raspail arrived a day after the fair. Still he strove to save the condemned woman, and to redeem the wrong cruelly inflicted upon her by a mere mischance. I remember how hard he strove. He pointed out the admitted fact that arsenic has not unfrequently been found in the human body without having been administered as a poison. He indignantly protested against the use of doubtful reagents in medico-legal analyses and he caustically remarked that, with reagents such as

Orfila had made use of in this sad case, arsenic could easily be detected anywhere, even in the leg of a wooden chair.

The "noble profession" at once laid hold of this. They triumphantly asked what reliance could be placed upon the statements of a chemist who professed he could find arsenic in wooden legs. It was revolting—but, bless you, it was after all in human nature: the ignorant smatterer will assail and try to run down the profound scientist.

Here, strange to relate perhaps, I have reason to believe that Orfila, who was a loyal gentleman, fairly admitted his error, and joined Raspail in a professional report to that effect. Now, one would think that, after this admission by the principal witness for the prosecution, the case would have been reconsidered. No, nothing of the kind. They have a Court of Cassation in France, to which an appeal lies in criminal cases; but, alas! the appeal lies only where certain formalities prescribed by law have not been duly observed. Thus, should it, for instance, turn out in a case of murder that the principal witness upon whose evidence the accused has been found guilty, has been totally mistaken, or that he has committed the grossest perjury, the party convicted and condemned upon that evidence may be guillotined for aught the Court of Cassation will or can do to save him; whilst the least disregard of any little matter of form prescribed by the law will suffice to vitiate the proceedings, and send the case back before another tribunal. You see, they order these things, like everything else, of course, so much better in France than in other lands. So, in the Lafarge case, though the judges in Cassation were told that the poison supposed to have been found in deceased's body had really been in the zinc wire used by the chemical expert,

it made no difference. There had been no default of form, and the verdict and sentence must therefore stand; and poor Marie Cappelle had to pass five years of her wretched broken life in the Montpellier house of detention or correction, after which the Government graciously permitted her to suffer on in the convent of St. Rémy. In 1852 they set the unhappy victim free at last. Had they only waited a few months longer, her death would have saved them the trouble and the inconvenience of a partial admission of a judiciary mistake. For in France they are still more reluctant than even in England to admit that proverbially blind Dame Themis will occasionally fatally blunder. Look at the most lamentable case of the Courrier de Lyon, where it took the family of the legally murdered man some sixty years, I believe, to force from the reluctant authorities even the paltry concession of the rehabilitation of his memory.

Justice is but too often a mocking misnomer, and, like law, occasionally worse than a lottery—a hazard, indeed, played with loaded dice on the side of Dame Themis.

In the year 1845, John Tawell, a member of the Society of Friends, was charged with the wilful murder of his mistress, Sarah Hart, at Salt Hill, near Windsor, if I remember rightly.

Tawell had been an apothecary at one time. In the earlier part of his life he had committed an offence which had led to his deportation beyond the seas. He had made some money in Australia, and had, in due course of time, returned to this country, where he got entangled in a fatal connection (as it turned out in the end) with the woman Hart, which weighed heavily upon him, more particularly after his marriage with the widow of a

member of the Society of Friends—a Mrs. Cuthbert, of Berkhampstead. John Tawell had, after his first transgression, been excluded from the Society of Friends. After his return to this country he strove eagerly and perseveringly to obtain his re-admission: his marriage with Mrs. Cuthbert placed him in the position of a tolerated member on probation.

Tawell was emphatically a weak man. Sarah Hart, who had two children by him, threatened him, it would appear, to reveal his connection with her to his wife, and to the Society. Nay, she did worse. I had evidence placed before me to show that she had obscurely instigated him to the murder of his wife. I never had any call or desire to examine into the question of John Tawell's guilt or innocence of the crime laid to his charge. What I was concerned about, was simply the glaring insufficiency and untrustworthiness of the medical and chemical evidence upon which the man was convicted and hanged. This insufficiency and untrustworthiness it would, in the opinion of many men qualified to judge, have been easy to demonstrate at the trial. Indeed, the defence had present in court at least seven professional experts of the highest reputation and attainments, such as Professor Graham, later on Master of the Mint, and others of equal eminence. Why were these witnesses not called? That is a most difficult question to answer. Tawell was defended by one of the most eminent of English barristers, subsequently a distinguished judge, who, in his discretion, declined calling these witnesses, electing instead to rely upon a pathetic speech, a few theatrical tears, a white pocket-handkerchief, and an ingenious, though, unfortunately for his client, slightly untenable theory of the conversion of harmless apple-pips into a deadly poison—a theory, mind, advanced before one of the acutest, and most clear-headed and logical judges that ever graced

the British bench—the late Lord Wensleydale, then Baron Parke.

I had, upon application to me, given an opinion on the chemical evidence adduced by the prosecution, an opinion which I was ready and prepared to defend and uphold in open court. However, as I have just now stated, no professional evidence was called by counsel for the defence.

After the trial and verdict, the defence resolved to make an appeal to the Home Secretary, then Sir James Graham, and I was asked to write a pamphlet embodying my views of the case, duly supported by fact and argument. I wished in this pamphlet to confine myself within the strictest professional limits, to avoid touching in any way or respect the question of the guilt or innocence of the condemned man, and to take my stand simply upon the just maxim that a conviction on a charge of murder should be arrived at only upon the very clearest evidence, and upon the self-evident proposition that, if people were to be convicted and hanged upon such insufficient and fallible evidence as in this Tawell case, no accused man's life and honour would be safe, no matter how innocent he might be.

It was, however, pointed out to me that a purely platonic expression of opinion, as contemplated by me, must naturally carry much less weight with it than if supported by an affirmation of my firm belief in Tawell's innocence of the crime of which he had been convicted. I argued that an expert should never act as an advocate; but I was over-persuaded. It has but too often been thus with me: *Meliora vidi, deteriora secutus sum.*

So I wrote my pamphlet accordingly. It would be unbecoming in me to dwell upon its contents here. But I may be permitted to say that there were in it asseverations of certain facts and circumstances which ought to have been investigated. For instance, Baron Parke had

in his summing up dwelt with considerable force upon the extremely minute dose of prussic acid—the poison said to have been used by Tawell—that suffices to kill—the one-seventh of a minim or grain of the acid, the learned Baron informed the jury, taking his stand upon the notorious case of Magendie's eleven epileptic patients, who had all of them succumbed to this very minute dose, as reported by Dr. Taylor, then and for years after a murderously high authority in medico-legal cases.

Now, knowing something of prussic acid, and of the case of the epileptics, the assertion rather startled me. Upon reference to Taylor's work, I found that he had simply made a barely excusable blunder in his English version of the fact as stated in French. The dispensing apothecary had given the unfortunate patients the *acide cyanhydrique médicinal au sixième*, in lieu of Magendie's syrup, and so every one of the eleven victims had had administered to him ONE AND A THIRD GRAIN of pure anhydrous acid—that is to say, more than nine times as much as Baron Parke, upon Taylor's authority, told the jury was a killing dose!

I had reason to believe at the time that my pamphlet was laid before the Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, along with the concurrent opinion of Professor Graham and three other eminent chemists, and that there seemed to be a hope of a favourable consideration being given to the matter. However, the judge's opinion was adverse. Baron Parke, I was informed by a gentleman who took a deep interest in the case, and who had had a personal interview with him — whilst admitting that there had been grave laches in the prosecution, and that the professional evidence might not have been absolutely faultless—yet he, who had the whole case before him, with the strongly corroborative collateral evidence, had, after the most anxious consideration of

all the circumstances, come to the conclusion that the verdict and sentence ought to stand.

So the law was let take its course.

I had occasion to go down to Berkhampstead on the eve almost of the fatal termination. I saw the unhappy man's sorrow-stricken family. It was a most harrowing experience to me. I had not unfrequently seen men about to die a violent death. Had I not had to attend military executions in Algiers? But never yet had I beheld the agonizing grief of an affectionate family about to lose by the dread process of the law a beloved member. And that John Tawell was dearly beloved by his family, and by his servants, and liked by his neighbours, I can conscientiously affirm from personal observation.

After the execution the chaplain of the goal stated that the condemned man had made to him a confession of his crime, which he, however, refused to produce, rather electing to lose his position as gaol-chaplain. Lord Nugent, one of the county magistrates, affirmed afterwards that the confession had been communicated to him, and he imparted it to the broken-hearted widow, and to the brother and sister of the dead man. This confession, I was given to understand, whilst admitting the killing of Sarah Hart, completely negatived the theory of the prosecution and the professional evidence given in support of it, as to the mode of the administration of the poison.

After this unhappy affair, my friends were kind enough to bestow upon me the style and title of "the poisoners' advocate."

Years after occurred the famous Palmer case. Before the trial came on, my friend T. L. Holt introduced a gentleman from Birmingham to me, the solicitor for the

defence, who wished to engage my services, offering me a fair remuneration. However, in this particular instance, I had no doubt on my mind of the accused's guilt. So I declined, frankly explaining to the legal gentleman how, with my convictions all the other way, I knew that my advocacy of his case would be worse than useless to his client; which, I think, ought to be held to show how little I deserved the name of the poisoners' advocate. In this case also the chemical evidence was not free from blunders, which might, indeed, have led to a miscarriage of justice.

Again, years after, there was another famous alleged poisoning case, that of Miss Isabella Bankes, in which Thomas Smethurst, a surgeon, was put upon his trial for wilful murder, convicted and sentenced, and within an ace of being legally done to death on the gallows, upon evidence so obviously tainted with suspicion of blundering, gross carelessness, lamentable ignorance, and most unfair prejudice against the unfortunate accused, and so full of contradictions, that no considerate man would have consented to see even the lowest cur hanged upon it.

In Tawell's case I had been moved simply and entirely by the defectiveness of the professional evidence brought forward against the accused. I could not bring my mind to believe in the statements and opinions of men who, with the revelations of the post-mortem before them, could go on testing for arsenic, opium, corrosive sublimate, and, of all things in the world, sulphuric acid! and who only tried for prussic acid upon the suggestion of the chemist who made the analysis under their direction and supervision. But here in Smethurst's case, all my sympathies were roused, and my burning

indignation, when I saw the unhappy man put in jeopardy of his life and fair fame by professional ignorance and conceit, by every conceivable wile and dodge of an unscrupulous prosecuting counsel, and—alas, that it should have been so!—by the barely disguised adverse bias of the presiding judge. I make no hasty or inconsiderate charge here. I am ready to prove every word of this before any fair and competent tribunal. I say it deliberately and advisedly, had Smethurst been hanged, it would have been an indelible stain upon the administration of justice in this country.

Happily, there were many others who felt with me that a judiciary crime was about to be committed, and who deemed it every true man's duty to strive might and main to save an innocent life. That mighty engine for good—albeit, unhappily, occasionally also for evil—the Press, with the *Telegraph* and the *Star* in the foremost rank, stood nobly forward in defence of right and justice, and many of the leading members of the medical profession voluntarily placed their opinions on record in refutation of the medical and chemical evidence upon which the unfortunate accused had been convicted and sentenced.

Several brilliant writers on the *Telegraph* and the *Star* held nightly consultations at the Lyceum Tavern, in the red room, which had at one time been temporarily used for the convivial meetings of the famed Beefsteak Club, but was then rented by the Savage Club, of which these journalists were prominent members. They were pleased to believe in me, and to take from me such information on points of science and practice as it was in my humble and imperfect power to give.

I also ventured to take an independent step at this most critical juncture. Years before I had given lessons in German and French to many ladies and gentleman,

among others to the present Sir Gilbert Frankland Lewis. I had thus had occasion to become known to that most excellent gentleman's elder brother, then Mr. George Cornewall Lewis, who had more than once done me the honour of conversing with me upon history, statistics, and other subjects with which he was kind enough to think I was tolerably well acquainted. He was, at the time of Smethurst's case, Home Secretary.

Well, I addressed a memorial to him upon the case, carefully reviewing every part of it from beginning to end, extenuating nothing, nor setting down aught in malice.

I have reason to believe that the Home Secretary gave his very serious attention to the facts averred in this memorial, which was, along with other documents, transmitted to the illustrious Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, after mature consideration, gave it as his decided opinion that the professional and scientific evidence was glaringly insufficient to support the conviction.

The Home Secretary, therefore, granted Smethurst a free pardon—for not having committed the crime imputed to him. I have reason to believe that an important personage suggested, nay, urged, a commutation of the sentence to the next highest punishment in the scale—an act of monstrous injustice which Sir George indignantly declined to perpetrate.

I never knew Smethurst; I never even saw the man either before or after the trial; and I certainly derived no personal benefit whatever from my exertions in the case: the very reverse. In Tawell's case a very highly-placed legal gentleman took me severely to task for "turning," as he was kindly pleased to express it, "the talents which it had pleased the Almighty to bestow upon me to the very worst account, by misusing them in the interest of murderers." The same gentleman, having chanced to hear of my connection with the Smethurst case, of which he unfortunately took a most preju-

diced and absolutely wrong view, ungraciously declined, at a subsequent period, interesting himself in my behalf in a matter of great moment to me. Yet the proud consciousness of having contributed to the best of my small power and ability to save an innocent man's life was, and is to the present day, my sweetest reward.

In the early part of July, 1864, this giant metropolis of ours was suddenly startled from the dull decorous routine of everyday life by the report of an atrocious murder committed on the North London Railway. The dead body of a gentleman named Briggs was found on the line murdered somewhat in the same fashion as Mr. Gold was last year by Lefroy. Franz Müller, a German journeyman tailor, who a few days after the murder had taken his departure for America, was suspected of the crime, brought back to England, tried, convicted, and executed. I followed the proceedings with some attention, without, however, taking the least personal interest in the matter, except, perhaps, in so far that I could not help remarking the almost universal bias of the public against the accused, and the somewhat glaring defects and mistakes of the defence.

A few days after Müller's condemnation I was on the point of starting for Paris, when, on the very eve of my departure, a deputation from the German Legal Protection Society, consisting of Dr. Juch, Baron von Erlanger, Mr. Osterroth, Dr. Bizonfy, Mr. Hegewald, and others, called upon me at the Gordon Hotel, Covent Garden, to request me to write a pamphlet in defence of the condemned man, with a view to a revisal of the trial. I represented to the deputation, which took me completely by surprise, that I knew no more of the case than what I had read in the newspapers, and that I had not that absolute conviction of the condemned man's

innocence which they seemed to have, and lacking which I was afraid I could not write anything that would carry conviction into the minds of others; besides that, I was quite sure that all the pamphlets in the world would avail nought at this stage of the case, even though they should be written by much bigger, and cleverer, and a hundred-fold more influential men than I could pretend to be. I told the gentlemen also that I had made all my preparations to start that very night for Paris.

They insisted, however; they powerfully argued with me, and placed before me a vast amount of oral and documentary evidence calculated to give the case a different complexion. I strove hard to get out of it. I urged anew all my objections upon them, and I pleaded the shortness of the time left me for the task. It was no use; they persisted, they even accused me of sharing the general prejudice against the condemned man. Well, it has been my weakness through life to give way before pertinacious pressure. So I consented. It would be untruthful and mean in me to disguise the fact that the offer of thirty pounds in hard cash for my work may have had some slight influence with me.

So I buckled to at once; and with the aid of a tub of cold water to keep my feet in, and about half a gallon of black, strong coffee, made from my own mixture and prepared after my own receipt,* I achieved within twenty-four hours a pamphlet extending over some fifty pages in print, which was at once submitted to the committee of the Society, and approved of.

* Take of perfectly dry old Mocha six parts, of Jamaica Mountain and Java five parts each. Bring the Java and Jamaica to the same state of dryness as the Mocha, by heating the raw berries gently on a porcelain plate. Roast the mixture to the bursting and scattering of the silver skin; grind hot in a good fine mill. Place the powder in a double muslin bag, and suspend the latter in a coffee-pot; pour boiling water over it, and let the extraction proceed a minute and a half. The proportion of coffee and water depend, of course, upon the strength of the infusion desired. I use one ounce and a

It seems hardly credible that the prejudice against that poor journeyman tailor was so general and so strong, that three printers refused the committee to have anything to do with the pamphlet, and that *I* had to find a printer willing to take the job. I left at once for Paris, with my thirty pounds in my pocket—the largest sum I was ever paid for twenty-four hours' labour in the course of a working career extending over close upon half a century now.

I was subsequently informed that the committee found the same difficulty in procuring a publisher for the pamphlet.

The end was what I had foreseen; Franz Müller was hanged in front of Newgate. The German pastor who attended him to the drop stated that, at the supreme moment, with the death-cap drawn over his head, Müller had muttered a few words in German, implying a confession of his guilt. Dr. Juch told me, however, afterwards, that Dr. Cappel, the clergyman in question, had subsequently admitted to him he *might* have mistaken the import of the condemned man's indistinct mutterings, as he himself was at the time in a state of highly nervous excitement, and perhaps over-eagerly bent upon obtaining a confession in some shape or other, to save at least the immortal soul—*Relata refero.*

The Müller pamphlet was a *tour de force* of mine, of which I was capable in the olden days—

> "Ere age, with his stealing steps,
> Had claw'd me in his clutch."

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half of coffee powder to a pint of boiling water. But twice the quantity of water will still give a cup of excellent coffee. Always roast and grind your coffee fresh. Do not spoil the infusion by sweetening. Use cream or a teaspoonful of best Swiss milk (prepared in Switzerland) to a half-pint cup of coffee. If you take cognac in your coffee, burn it over the coffee. Do not use too much cognac, and sip the delicious beverage hot.

I had to pay for it though; for the unnatural nervous excitement, which alone had enabled me to achieve the task, would not be calmed down at will and pleasure, but persisted in keeping me two days and two nights after its completion in a state of extreme liveliness.

I had now returned to Paris after one of my long rambles in the south of France—I had been away for about four months, enjoying myself rarely in the *dolce far niente* of roaming from place to place, longer, indeed, than I had intended and was prepared and provided for—to find that I had for the nonce repeated, on a small scale, my old feat of outrunning the constable. I sanguinely expected to find my usual employment in Paris at once; but, instead, I found, to my bitter disappointment, that neither Baillière nor Dr. Jourdain had occupation for me just then. Lessons could not well be picked up at a day's notice, and there was, to my intensest regret, no vacancy for translations on the newspapers for which I occasionally worked. A half-Bohemian friend of mine, Dr. Rother, who would now and then give me an article to write for some medical or scientific publications with which he was connected, had himself but little to do at the time. He kindly volunteered, however, to advance me fifty francs upon future work, reading me at the same time a most serious lecture upon my folly in spending all my means, trusting to good luck for the replenishment of my emptied purse. He had known me in the ancient days of my grandeur and splendour; and he himself was just Bohemian enough to sympathize with me in my altered fortunes, yet not enough so to pass over without reproof my light-mindedness and thoughtlessness. I promised him that I would strive to mend

in future, and I meant to keep my promise—another paving-stone.

I took a small room at the Hôtel du Nord, in the Rue de la Parcheminerie, Faubourg St. Jacques, for the modest rental of ten shillings a month. I had a dinner every other day at the hotel—charge $7\frac{1}{2}d.$, inclusive of discretionary bread, which, I am ashamed to say it, I ate with very little discretion indeed. You see, breakfast and supper would have been luxuries in which I had no call to indulge, particularly as I always had a breakfast on the off-days, when I dined luxuriously upon $\frac{1}{2}d.$ fried fish, $\frac{1}{2}d.$ bread, $\frac{1}{2}d.$ fried potatoes—oh! weren't they nice and crisp!—and a bottle of the best Paris beer at $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ Said off-days' breakfast I got at a small *crèmerie* near the old Morgue, long since removed to more commodious quarters. The place was called Café de l'Économie, which was not a misnomer, as $2d.$ sufficed to pay for a cup of milk-coffee and a (very) small roll—butter the wise Bohemian eschews, for his scientific education teaches him the fearful and wonderful components and composition of that staple article of food. The roll was *rayther* small, as I have already insinuated, but you had the splendid chance afforded you of taking off half your appetite by a visit to the Morgue before partaking of the frugal meal, or of consoling yourself there for its shortcomings after by the contemplation of the nothingness of all things human and terrestrial.

Then there were my social expenses, and my *menus plaisirs*, or small amusements, to be provided for. For I had of course to go into the fashionable society of the Boulevards and the Champs Élysées, which necessitated a daily outlay of $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ for the glass of absinthe, which in the olden days—gone, alas! now, never to return—would enable a man to luxuriate an hour and a half or so in the gay panorama passing before him, and to im-

prove his mind by reading the papers nobly provided by the proprietor of the café.

The total absence of all amusement is apt to make Jack a dull boy. Now I have a natural antipathy to dulness; so I had my ½*d.* at *Guignol,* and another ½*d.* with the strong man who used to break stones with his fists, and lift a quarter-ton weight with his teeth or with a lock of his hair. I watched this marvellous man assiduously for several weeks, trying to find out his *modus operandi* for the latter trick—for I saw at once, of course, that it was a trick; yet there seemed to be no doubt about the weight, as he invited the bystanders freely to essay to lift it off the box on which it rested. I, for one, tried, and failed lamentably. At last I fancied I heard a slight clicking sound whenever Hercules put down the weight, and that he seemed to fumble about the fore-part of the box whenever he set to to lift it. So I came to the conclusion that it was simply a hollow case, locking with catch and spring to the actual weight in the box. Well, I did not peach, nor even did I impart the secret of my observations and conclusions to the poor performer, lest it should make him nervous. But I continued to give my halfpence nobly, fully satisfied with the pleasing thought that I had detected the trick.

This, with about ten shillings a month for washing, boot-cleaning, and almsgiving—none so poor but there are still poorer—brought my expenses up to two guineas a month—just about two guineas too much for me, who was then positively earning nothing.

Now, in these olden days I was still a very primitive Bohemian—a mere first-stager, in fact—living as yet in truly paradisiacal ignorance of the bliss of *credit* and the torture of *debt.*

Oh! the cruel torture of *debt.* To be painfully—nay, agonizingly—conscious that you owe what you *cannot* pay!

"Das Leben ist der Güter höchstes nicht,
Der Übel ärgstes aber ist die Schuld."

"Life is not the highest of blessings, but the worst of all evils is indebtedness!" This is not the true rendering of the citation; still it may be so translated.

There was clever, bright Henry Newt Barnett, now no more, a member of the Savage Club, a man of singular ability, originally a Baptist or Independent minister, who had left the Church for the literary career, an acute reasoner, a clear and logical writer. He was Bohemian to the backbone. It was a pity, but he was married, and had a family. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven: now, Bohemia is certainly not heaven; so when a denizen of that land marries, he should, in my opinion, make up his mind to emigrate to more fertile fields and fatter pastures.

Poor Barnett was in permanent pecuniary difficulties. He was a big powerful-looking man, and it gave me the shivers one day when he cried before me like a child, grievously lamenting that his debts would not let him sleep. Just then one of his creditors pounced upon him in the very club-room. I shall never forget the unhappy man's pathetic outcry to the bloodsucker, an eighty per cent. bill discounter. "Gracious heavens, sir! were it possible to coin the agony of mind I have undergone through that cursed bill, there would be ample funds to pay you and your whole tribe a hundredfold!" I cannot say whether this cry, wrung from a tortured mind, made a very deep impression on Mr. Eighty per Cent., but he contented himself, for the nonce at least, with murmuring something about wanting only what was fair, and he yielded to my rather pressing invitation to leave the club-room, where he had no business. I

learnt afterwards that it was all about a thirty-pound bill, discounted originally at twenty per cent. for three months, and renewed six times, with total payments of close upon forty pounds, yet leaving the unhappy acceptor still indebted to the full tune of the original thirty—of which he actually had got only twenty-five.

Alas! at the time when this occurred, my own paradisiacal innocence of debt had long, long been lost. So I could fully and acutely sympathize with my brother Bohemian and sufferer.

There was Johnny Clarke, as fine and thoroughly natural an actor as ever trod the stage, and as good-hearted a fellow as one could wish to meet anywhere. He had once been on the high road to most brilliant success in life, when a sad accident laid him on his back for many months. When he arose at last from his couch of suffering he was lame—he, one of the most accomplished stage-dancers, the "king of the break-down!" Yet this did not stop him in his career, in which he soon achieved even a higher and more solid and legitimate reputation than ever before.

Well, somehow the dire goddess dogged his footsteps. He fell into difficulties and debt. I remember meeting him once in Covent Garden, walking like one abstracted, and with deep lines of care in his kind funny face. It grieved me to see him thus, and I essayed the soothing spell of Bohemian sympathy upon him. He told me how the vulture of debt was preying on his vitals; how he had fallen into the hands of bill-discounting blood-suckers, and the whole lamentable tale which I knew but too well; how he had been advised to apply to "companies" (limited and unlimited); and how they had well-nigh driven him now to the verge of madness, by ex-

acting life-insurances, and no end of collateral securities, in addition to the solid guarantees offered by him. He was then on his way to an Advance and Discount Company, whose secretary we both knew as an amateur actor of no mean talent. A few days after, I met Johnny again—radiant and happy. He had succeeded at last in finding "loaners" who were not skinners by profession.

But, as I have said, in those olden days I knew nought of borrowing; so when, after some weeks' patient waiting in Micawber fashion for something to turn up, the only thing that did turn up was my landlord's polite request to settle the month's rent, I had to look up my relations. Had I been in London, I should have gone to my uncle. In Paris I had to cultivate my aunt, who came nobly to my assistance, only asking a pledge of my affection in return. There is a difference between uncles and aunts: the former are more open-handed, as a rule; the latter less extortionately usurious. In the olden days twenty per cent. was the London uncle's charge for taking care of your deposits. I understand it is now twenty-five. Aunt in Paris is satisfied with nine per cent. On the other hand she is apt to put a very low estimate upon your intended pledges of affection.

I once had occasion to ascertain the deposit value of a dress suit. I found it to be three guineas in London to fifteen shillings in Paris.

So, you see, with Amita Lutetiana, I had to make large inroads upon my personal property, just to raise the wind to blow me over a few months.

After nigh upon four months' enforced idleness in this most unsatisfactory fashion, it was becoming rather close running with me, and I was getting uncomfortably near

the end of my tether, when one morning early Dr. Jourdain knocked at my door like unto a messenger bringing tidings of comfort and joy. He had work for me—hurrah!

It was that gentleman's habit to divide a book into six, seven, or eight parts, as the case might be, and distribute these parts among the same number of trustworthy competent translators, reserving for his own share the general editing of the book. In this way Baillière, for whom the doctor worked, was enabled to bring out in a few weeks translations of brand-new foreign works.

On this occasion the doctor brought me the sixth part of a pretty stiffish volume to do, asking me at the same time whether I could recommend some other competent translators for two more sixths to be done in a fortnight sharp. I proposed to take the half-volume, faithfully promising it should be done in time. After some demur he consented.

I set to work there and then. I got in coffee, spirit of wine for my little boiler, oil for my lamp, and a tub of cold water to put my feet in.

Nought else I needed. Eating and drinking draw the blood from the brain to the stomach, interfering thus injuriously with the operations of the higher organ.

I sat down to my work about nine in the morning, and continued at it for thirty-seven consecutive hours. It was ten o'clock in the evening of the second day when I had actually accomplished close upon one-third of my task. I felt my brain in a whirl; the pen dropped from my cramped fingers. An irresistible impulse seized upon me to rush forth into the street; and nothing would serve me but I must make my way to the Rue de Bourgogne, where Jourdain lived, and ring his bell at eleven o'clock P.M.!

The valet was rather staggered when he saw me: so was his master, who came out in dressing-gown, slippers, and nightcap, marvelling much what could possibly have brought me there at such an unconscionable hour; which just then dawned upon me, and made me feel and look more than embarrassed. He was a sensible man, however, and kind-hearted withal. "I suppose you need money," he said, to my great relief. "Reverà," I cheerfully replied, "rem acu tetigisti." He handed me two hundred and fifty francs, with which I rushed away as madly as I had come.

Sleep, in my then state of *surexcitation*, being out of the question, I sat down again to work, and continued without intermission till two P.M. next day. It was only then that I thought of going in for an afternoon's rest and recreation.

I felt more than peckish, I was downright ravenous for food; and no wonder: I had tasted nothing but coffee for some sixty hours. I had ere this been obliged occasionally to dine upon a penny loaf and a vivid imagination; but coffee, as an article of food, must yield the palm to the staff of life.

James Hannay came one day to the club in a high state of classicity. "What do you think, boys, I dined on yestere'en?" "The princely turbot or the royal salmon," I replied at a venture. "No, sir, nothing of the kind—no fish, no flesh, no pulse, no cereals: upon the second satire of that grand old poet Horace—'Ambubaiarum collegia.'" "Take anything with it?" asked Draper, the only other member present besides me. "Take anything with it, sir? No, nothing; yet it was a glorious feast." "A satire and nothing with it don't look to me a great feast, Hannay," cried Draper, "Now, we at

home dined upon a paradox to-day, but we had green peas with them."

For my own part, I must candidly confess that I would rather soberly dine any day with a sensible Amphitryon, like Draper, upon a pair of ducks with green peas than gloriously feast with a classical nuisance upon the very best satire ever written—which would look to me a satire upon feasting.

On this occasion I was, as I have already intimated, downright ravenous for something solid and substantial—yet was I mindful of my promise to my friend Rother, then away from Paris on a long visit to Normandy, to recruit his somewhat impaired health—so I wended my way to a tiptop restaurant in the Palais Royal, where all the delicacies of the season, wine included, with discretionary bread, might be enjoyed at the moderate charge of two francs.

I felt quite proud of this noble resolution of mine to forbear going in for luxurious and extravagant expenditure.

Just then I unexpectedly came across a dear old chum whom I had not seen for more than a twelvemonth—Baron Bronikoski or Bronikoczki, a Polish refugee, whose acquaintance I had made at Leipzig, when we were both students there. He was an orphan then and his own master, with an estate in Lithuania which brought him in something like four thousand pounds a year. But he passionately loved old Sarmatia's white eagle, and he execrated the White Czar. He fought with Bem at Ostrolenka, and was Uminski's aide-de-camp when the insurrection was finally drowned in blood by Paskewitch, that most over-rated of Russian commanders, who could not possibly have achieved the feat with twice his host and three times his

capacity, but for the criminal folly, the wretched self-seeking, and the petty rivalry and jealousy of the Polish leaders.

The baron had to seek safety in flight, leaving the noble Nicholas to nobble his estates. He made his way to France, where the Government allowed him 100 francs a month. It was years after I had parted from him in Leipzig that I met him again at Dijon, where he was working at press as a journeyman printer for Père Douillier; and now I met him unexpectedly once again —evidently in a state of slight dilapidation as to his toggery, which looked suspiciously like approaching that last stage of the shabby-genteel when the genteel is clearly on the point of departing, leaving the shabby behind.

He told me, with his customary charming naïveté, that it being close upon the end of the month, his money had run out, and that he had had a frugal breakfast the day before, and nothing since. I knew that he was as proud as Lucifer, and would never accept assistance even from his intimates, nay, not even from Adam Czartoryski, whom he revered, and who greatly esteemed him. Still he was always open to an invitation to dinner by an old chum, which he would scrupulously insist upon returning in some shape upon the first opportunity that might offer.

Now was it at all likely that I, with golden coin in pouch, should take a dear old friend and whilom brother-student to a low two-francs restaurant? The thing would not bear thinking of, So the *par nobile fratrum*, he and I, went to claim—*moyennant finance, bien entendu*—the fraternal hospitality of the "Trois Frères Provençaux;" and we had a nice little dinner, at the trifling charge of 40 francs for the two.

Just when we were stepping forth from the portals of the famous brothers, arm in arm, and perhaps slightly

elated, who should pass by and spot me but my friend Rother, just come back from Normandy, whose reproving glances I caught pretty plainly and unmistakably? It was something like the Devil meeting Brothers the prophet in Tottenham Court Road, when—

> "The Devil saw Brothers the prophet,
> And Brothers the prophet saw him."

And I dare say Brothers the prophet did not like it. As for me, I'd as lief have seen the devil just then as my accusing conscience walking about in the shape of Dr. Rother. Yet, how *could* I have helped it?

Before we parted, my Polish friend invited me for the approaching first of the month, when his allowance fell due, to a little dinner *en famille*, in his own "apartment," Rue St. Denis. He confided to me the exact state and condition of his domestic arrangements, and how Mademoiselle Aglaé, a young modiste, "qui avait des bontés pour lui," would kindly consent to act as hostess.

Punctual to appointment, I presented myself at five P.M. sharp, at the baron's somewhat lofty residence—*au sixième*, in fact, in a mansion of very humble pretensions.

Bronikoski received me in full rig—braided coat and all. He had, of course, that morning had the first of the two customary monthly interviews with his kind aunt of White Cloaks Street.

He looked resplendent. He was descended on the mother's side from the Niesvicz branch of the Radzivils, who have always had the reputation of singular courtliness. The baron did the fullest honour to this reputation. He received me in his humble (very humble indeed) apartment with the same stately grace as had it been in his old seigneurial castle in Lithuania.

He was, indeed, a worthy representative of the glo-

rious Sarmatian nobility. Fallen from fortune to penury, he never was guilty of an act of meanness—he was, in fact, incapable of it—to better his position. But he would nobly eke out by the labour of his brain and hands the small pittance granted him and his companions in misfortune and exile by the French Government. At Dijon I found him working at press. Here in Paris he was giving fencing lessons, being a most expert swordsman. Only just at this juncture his pupils were out of town.

In genuine old Court fashion he introduced me to two very pretty little grisettes—Mademoiselle Aglaé and her friend, Mademoiselle Héloise—who had been expressly invited to meet me, that we might form a snug little *partie carrée*. The baron intimated hurriedly to me in German that Mademoiselle Héloise was in search of *une passion sérieuse*. Forewarned, forearmed, I thought; and I resolved to be strictly serious with the young lady, but quite unimpassioned, as semi-marital entanglements, in my then position and with my roaming disposition, could not possibly have suited my book.

Well, we went all on very well together, and I passed a most happy day, though I had some slight misgiving at first.

There could be no doubt but the baron was very poor at the time, and the pretty hostess, I was informed, had been indisposed and out of work a month or so. Well, in the matter of dinner parties, poverty, they say, will make people acquainted occasionally with strange table services, and Bohemia is not Belgravia. So I was ready and willing to make the most liberal allowance for shortcomings in the matter of plate and plates and platters; but I must say I was not quite prepared to find the soup served in the wash-hand basin, and the salad mixed in an improvised bowl with a still more suspicious look

about it. However, as the two damsels assured me that "la vaisselle avait été lavée à l'eau bouillante et à trois reprises," I let the water wash away a deal of natural squeamishness, and Christian charity cover a multitude of repellent reflections, and I allowed the young ladies to help me to soup—ay, even to salad.

We had six litres of the very best red and white wine that could be procured, in those glorious days of cheap living in Paris, at eight sous the litre. Alas! now-a-days you pay double the price, and you get muck—*liquid sourcrout,* as a distinguished Hibernian lady friend of mine used to call it, with a gesture of ineffable disgust, when we were in Paris last year.

The empty bottles made splendid candlesticks afterwards for the solid moulds laid in by the baron, which gave our supper-table later on a most resplendent aristocratic appearance.

I mixed the punch and the spiced wine in the soup-tureen and salad-bowl, with the most perfect freedom from any squeamish association of ideas. In Bohemia one gets soon accustomed to things as they are. We sang songs and spouted sentiments. Czar Nicholas caught it hot, you may be sure, more especially from the young ladies, who seemed to have a notion that he had horns and a tail.

Poland was exalted to the highest skies, and Russia damned to the lowest depths of Pluto's realm, though the damsels, I verily believe, had not the least idea of the whereabouts of either country in the world's map. Some young students joined our jovial party about two in the morning, when the fun grew fast and furious, and the *quatrième* and *cinquième* sent up indignant protests against our "drunken riot," as they, in their selfish desire to sleep, termed our happy little party. At last, about five in the morning, we were peremptorily

summoned by the *concierge* to separate and depart. It was perhaps all the better, for me at least, for Mademoiselle Héloise was growing alarmingly affectionate. I was beginning to call her "mon petit chou," which she but too eagerly reciprocated doubly by claiming me as her "gros chou-chou"—

> "The baron gave a party;
> Where is that party now?"

And where are they all that were gathered there? In the grave—all, except myself. But I hate being sentimental.

I have been destined in my travels along the highways and byways of life to meet with many *desdichados.*

Once upon a time, many long years ago, I lived in one of the small Walcot Cottages, off the Kennington Road. Next door to me lived, in two rooms measuring together some 250 square feet, a gentleman descended on the father's side from Edward I. and Isabel of Aragon, on the mother's side from the Knights of Glyn branch of the Fitzgeralds.

His name was Gustavus Butler Hippisley. He was the head and the chief representative of his family (see Royal Red Book), so that, to make an extreme and most unlikely yet not absolutely impossible supposition, had all and every member of the Guelphs, Plantagenets, &c., been swept away, before his own demise, he might have been king of these realms! Yet he was then vegetating upon the bounty of a distant relative, and upon his literary contributions to magazines. Many and many a time have I seen him perambulate the small square of the cottages in dressing-gown and slippers, *vestes cæteræ tubulo,* the rest of his toggery being up the spout. At certain

fixed periods of the year he would walk forth in full rig into the great world of the Upper Ten, to dine with a wealthy relative.

His father, he told me, had spent a fine fortune in the service of the South American republics, having raised at his own expense a full regiment of soldiers to fight for liberty and fame under his personal command. He, Gustavus Butler, the eldest son, had bravely taken his share in the fighting, and in the ruin ultimately brought upon the family through the non-fulfilment of the republican engagements. It had been even worse for him than for his father; for having outstayed his two years' leave of absence, he had lost his commission in the British army.

During the time of my acquaintance with Colonel Hippisley—he ranked as lieutenant-colonel in the South American and in the Spanish service, having fought in Spain under Evans—I had a windfall of a few pounds. So I thought a nice little dinner to my neighbour Hippisley and a few more friends would not be a bad move to show my gratitude to fate for the unexpected favour. A distinguished general, whilom in the Portuguese service, but of Irish descent and wondrously Irish ways, used to visit the colonel. I understood he also was under a cloud at the time. I invited him. Then there was another rather distinguished friend of mine, an ex-member of the Stock Exchange, who had at one time stood possessed of a quarter of a million, and had unhappily come down to an allowance of one pound a week, settled upon him by an old friend.

He had introduced me some time before to another stray of fortune, a gentleman of the name of Sutcliffe, if I remember aright, an ex-admiral in the service of Peru or Chili, I could not for the very life of me say which. I only was told that P. or C., as the case may be, had

diddled him out of a ship which had cost him some fifteen thousand pounds sterling, and out of three years' pay. He had come over to England to attach certain funds of the republic lodged in a London bank. Some months after I was told by a mutual friend—the ex-Stock Exchange member—that the poor man had elected to accept 1*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, and his reinstatement in the naval service of the republic, in full discharge of all claims and demands! What else could he do, poor fellow, as he was growing old and had no other resources? I know that at the time when I made his acquaintance he was so hard up that small loans of lowly coins would be acceptable to him.

There were five of us assembled, then, in my grand dining-saloon—14 feet by 10—five men who had seen better days, to put it in a very mild way. Yet, I verily believe, the five of us could not there and then have raised among us a five-pound note, nay—not to save our lives! And how jolly we were, to be sure, and how the magic of a few bottles of wine carried us back into the glorious past, to revel in the remembrance of what had once been. *Eheu! tempi passati*—even these, for me—again the sole survivor. The general, the admiral, the colonel, the quarter-millionaire are all gone to their last call and account: the old Bohemian alone is left.

To return once more to earlier days:—

In the fall of 1836 I went on a lecturing tour from Lons-le-Saulnier, over Besançon and other places, to Strasburg. Years before my friend Johann Heinrich Schnitzler, then a young man, had half jocularly half seriously advised me to take to that pursuit. He was a great historian and statistician, as the world-wide fame achieved by him subsequently in these important branches

of human lore has amply established, and he was indulgent enough to give me credit for some proficiency in these favourite branches of his own studies. Well, Schnitzler expressed his belief that I might advantageously lecture upon these subjects.

By a strange coincidence I happened to be in Strasburg, as correspondent for the *Aberdeen Free Press*, when my old friend suddenly died, in the seventieth year of his most laborious, most useful, and most gentle life. It was in November, 1871; I had not seen Schnitzler for many, many long years, though I had heard how the Russian Czar had bestowed upon him the highest Orders of the Empire, such as the St. Vladimir, the St. Stanislaus, the St. Anne set in brilliants, &c., and how, had he but chosen to stay in St. Petersburg, the highest offices in the State might have been open to him. He was not only a splendid historian and statistician, but one of the most elegant and correct French writers it has ever been my good fortune to know; and, what is most rare in an Alsatian who has acquired a perfect mastery of French, he handled German also with easy grace and fluency, such as is not often found even in German writers of the highest standing, as his innumerable contributions to the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, extending over many years, amply testify.

A few weeks before his lamented death, I met this great scholar and brilliant writer, accidentally at President Möller's, when he was kind enough to recognize my humble person, despite the ravages which years and suffering had wrought in me. He even accosted me with a hearty—"Herr je! alter Knabe, lebst Du denn auch noch?" We had in days of yore, in a moment of mutual expansion, drunk brothership, as the Germans have it. He was, in fact, one of the three with whom, to the best of my own recollection, I ever performed that

ancient rite, Brunikoski and Dr. Joseph Hamm being the other two. I met Hamm in 1851, in Paris, along with Carl Schurtz, Braun, Eugene Oswald, and a few more ardent Germans—good and genuine fellows all of them, but more especially Brother Joseph Hamm—and, alas, I know not lives he still or has he also since been absorbed in the ever-growing majority.

Well, brother Johann Heinrich had, half in joke, half in earnest, advised me to take to the lecturing line, which he assured me was not by any means a difficult nor altogether an unprofitable pursuit, if the lecturer could but manage to attract an audience, and put himself in thoroughly harmonious accord with that audience—a comparatively easy task, he said, if the lecturer would only bear in mind the golden rule that he should never attempt to lecture his hearers, but lecture to them, or rather address them as a special pleader would a bench of judges, striving to propitiate their goodwill by judiciously humouring their likely likes and dislikes, their patent predilections and prejudices.

Schnitzler was a wise man of Alsatia, up to snuff in every way, as the vulgar saying hath it, and a large pinch above. He knew the French thoroughly and all their little foibles; yet he loved them dearly, and would compassionately tolerate their shortcomings—somewhat in the fashion as a sensible good-natured husband, though he may be over-painfully conscious of the faults and follies of his beloved wife, will yet indulgently humour them.

So he cautioned me most emphatically, should I ever have to lecture to a French audience upon French history, notably upon French wars, never to let facts stand in the way of the very largest sympathetic appreciation of the sublime grandeur of the great French nation, the supreme strategic genius and exceeding tactical

skill of French commanders, and the all-conquering irresistible valour of French troops, particularly *à l'arme blanche*, in bayonet charges.

"Always bear this in mind," he said to me, "that the French do not like being beaten. They can stand defeat, indeed, when there is positively no help for it, and when no ingenuity will serve to explain it away; but what they cannot and will not stand, is to be told of it to their faces, more especially if the party cheeking them thus expects to be paid for the information."

Being now absolutely thrown upon my own resources, I remembered Schnitzler's advice, and acted upon it to the fullest extent, and I may say I was fairly successful. But, ye gods! what sad havoc I made of the facts of history! what awful liberties I took, to be sure, with the fame of anti-French commanders; I may claim the proud distinction of being one of those who managed to inflict a defeat upon Vilainton at Toulouse, and I would have beaten him at Orthez too—nay, for the matter of that, at Salamanca and even at Vittoria—but that I found this *too* hard a nut to crack. Shade of the great commander! forgive me. You had gained so many glorious victories that I thought you might generously afford to spare me one or two of them to make the pot boil. As for Blücher —or Bluckaire—I despoiled the great Marshal Forward even of the right pronunciation of his honest name, you see—he was nowhere. He never won a victory over the French, nay not even at the Catsbrook or at Möckern. It was simply that Macdonald and Marmont threw away these battles through their insensate blundering and remissness, and *ce sacré Prussien* (this always draws with the French; it is a capital trump card to play for a lecturer who would place himself in perfect harmony with the feelings of a French audience) was left to pick them up. No, no! he had not *won* these battles;

the French commanders had simply *lost* them, which was truly a distinction with a difference, doing credit, at least to my thorough appreciation of brother Schnitzler's counsel.

As for Waterloo—why, of course, had it not been for Napoleon's strange "unconsciousness" of the fact that he had inflicted a *crushing* defeat upon Blücher at Ligny and St. Amand, on the 16th, and for his inexplicable delay in despatching Grouchy to Wavre to finish despatching the routed Prussians there; and had it not been for Grouchy's treacherous refusal "*de marcher sur le canon de l'Empereur*," and for various other untoward circumstances; and last, though certainly not least—which, however, from a proper regard for the sensitive feelings of my hearers, I prudently omitted to mention, for the unreasonable obstinacy of the thick-skulled and dense-brained Britishers, who could not be made to understand that they were thoroughly defeated, *selon les règles*—why I managed to make it appear as plain as a pikestaff, had it not been for all these little things, there surely could have been no doubt but that the great Napoleon would have marched triumphantly to Vienna and to Berlin, and to ever so many other capitals, not even excepting London, that gloriously "lootable" city, as old Lebrecht of Wahlstadt proclaimed it to be; for, of course, the Emperor would then have availed himself of the American Fulton's steamers to carry his victorious legions across the Channel.

My peroration to this grand "historic" lecture I boldly and bodily stole from Æschylus. It was not England and Prussia, Wellington and Blücher, who overthrew France and Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo; but it was Fate, which broke the beam of the balance, and made the coalition's scale sink.

Anent the alleged unconsciousness of Napoleon of the *crushing defeat and total rout* he had inflicted upon the Prussians on the 16th of June, as even certain English historians, with the true facts of the case, and the Duke's famous despatch of the 19th of June to Bathurst before their eyes, brazenly venture to assert, it may seem most strange, but it is nevertheless true, that Blücher himself also had not the least notion how very badly and crushingly he had been beaten, and that the great Duke equally shared in the absolute unconsciousness of this—French fiction. In his despatch he says, *totidem verbis*, "The Prussian army maintained their position" (at Sambref, with the village of St. Amand and Ligny in front) "with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers." No doubt the old marshal lost heavily in men, as he was fearfully outnumbered, his fourth corps, under Bülow, not having joined him at the time. The Duke continues in his despatch, "Although Marshal Blücher had maintained his position at Sambref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest, and he determined to fall back and concentrate his army upon Wavre, whither he marched in the night *after the action was over*"—which certainly does not look much like a rout—nor does the marshal's promise to "support the Duke, in case he should be attacked, with one or more corps, as might be necessary." Surely, surely! some people ought not to take upon themselves to write history. To *lecture* upon it is of course quite a different thing: "verba volant, scripta manent."

It is a trite old saying, that men's views, impressions, and opinions of other men and their doings, and of things in general—nay, even of the most patent facts—will differ, there being, generally, two sides to them, the objective and subjective; and it is but in human

nature that the latter should somehow override the former. Oliver Goldsmith, if I mistake not, was to that prince of coxcombs, Horace Walpole, nought but an inspired idiot! Gracious heavens! the immortal writer of the immortal "Vicar," the sweet singer of "Sweet Auburn," an idiot! inspired, true; but still an idiot! Porson, whom I somehow believe to have known Greek better than his mother tongue, sneered at Gibbon's English!* but then Porson swore by David Hume, I have heard.

The late Mr. William Whately, Q.C., who was a pupil of mine in German and French, told me that he looked upon Lord Brougham as one of the greatest lawyers that ever sat on the woolsack, while Sir Bernard Bosanquet, another pupil of mine, expressed to me his hearty concurrence in the bitter criticism passed upon the great Harry by an eminent rival of his, Lyndhurst, I believe—viz., that he was the merest sciolist, with a smattering of well-nigh everything—except the law.

Mr. Whately was a sound scholar, an acute legist, a learned jurisconsult, and an adroit, eloquent advocate. He was a kind friend to me. He told me many amusing stories of the law and lawyers, more particularly of the famous Chitty—how that bright legal luminary had, in his sharp fishings for flaws in indictments, successfully urged upon courts the 'cute distinction between a duck and a drake, between a living and a dead sheep; how he had got a murderer off by an appeal to ordeal by

* Spurgeon made a caustic and most cutting remark the other day upon the recent Revision of the New Testament. Translators, he said, in his sly, humorous way, should possess a perfect knowledge of both the language from which, and the one into which, they translate. Now it seemed to him that the revisers, who were most likely excellent Greek scholars, had but an indifferent knowledge of English.

battle, based upon an unrepealed statute of King Edward I., and other similar *tours de force et d'adresse*. He told me also a little achievement of his own. He was counsel in a case in which the defendant, his client, was called upon to answer, *inter alia gravamina*, a charge of having spit in plaintiff's face. Both parties were Pershore men.

In the course of his address Whately urged that, as to the spitting, however objectionable it might appear from an æsthetico-ethical point of view, yet it was, after all, but a time-honoured Pershore custom, as a monkish historian of olden time plainly told us: "Homines de Pershore cum irritati seu exasperati, inter se salivam expuere solent."

It would appear the quotation answered its intended purpose.

When he told me the story, I must needs ask him, with the ingenuousness of innocence, to vouchsafe me some further information anent the said "monkish historian." Well, he gave me *such* a look. I must plead guilty to an inconvenient foible that way: I always want to know more. However, I am not the only one afflicted with this objectionable habit. Many years ago I told my lamented friend William Brough the story of the Emperors Francis and Alexander and the King of Prussia; how they, in 1814, taking an early walk through the streets of Paris unattended, met an urbane gentleman, who obligingly constituted himself their cicerone, simply asking after the names of the three gentlemen whom it had been his good fortune to meet on this auspicious morning. François, Empereur d'Autriche; Alexandre, Empereur de Russie; Frédéric Guillaume, Roi de Prusse, was the reply severally given with the utmost apparent simplicity. The Parisian, convinced in his mind that the strangers were ungratefully making fun of him,

ironically congratulated them upon their agreeable occupation in life, and walked off slightly ruffled. Alexander called him back, to ask him to whom he and his two friends were indebted for so much courtesy. "Who I am? Why, the Great Mogul," capping thus the three jokers, as he thought them to be.

Well, William told this little tale to a Scotch gentleman, who listened attentively, nodding approvingly; then, after a brief pause of pondering, asked with anxious eagerness, "And *was* he the Great Mogul, Mr. Brough?"

Mr. Whately also told me some anecdotes illustrative of the marvellous skill in imitating handwriting for which Sir Frederick Pollock was famed—then Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer; for instance, once upon a time Sir Frederick had audaciously perpetrated a legal opinion in Sir William Webb Follett's handwriting, but couched in the most outrageously obscure and involved phraseology, which being subsequently submitted to poor Sir William for "reconsideration," that brightest of legal luminaries could not, for the life of him, account for the strange state of hallucination in which he must have penned the precious document.

On one occasion, Mr. William Whately entertained as guest a leading solicitor from Liverpool. He took this gentleman to Westminster Hall with him, to the Court of Queen's Bench, where the Attorney-General (Sir Frederick Pollock) was just then conducting an intricate law case. At his visitor's urgent solicitation, he sent a slip to Mr. Attorney, asking him for a sample of his skill in imitating handwriting. The gentleman from Liverpool appended his name to the paper. A few minutes after, the slip was returned, with a few words added, expressing Sir Frederick's regret that he could not just then comply with the request.

Coming out of court after, Mr. Whately and his provincial friend met Sir Frederick in the Hall, who, to the two gentlemen's intensest surprise, smilingly asked them how they liked this sample of his skill, producing at the same time the original slip sent up to him, which he had so closely imitated that neither Mr. Whately nor his friend had the least suspicion of the fact.

Andrew Halliday had a pretty talent of his own that way. He also could imitate any handwriting at a moment's notice. I once defied him to imitate mine. A few days after Jamie Grant took me severely to task for certain breaches of the laws of orthography in an article sent in by me to the *Morning Advertiser*. Upon my indignant denial that I had sent in even a line, the copy was produced. That wretch Halliday had perpetrated one of his vile forgeries; yet I could have sworn to my own handwriting.

My connection with the *Morning Advertiser* extended over many years, and it was almost uninterruptedly of a pleasant nature. James Grant, with his little foibles, which were all of them excusable, and most of them harmless, was a right good fellow in the main, and by no means over-exacting as an editor. Mr. Smalley, the Secretary, was an excellent man, with an intelligent appreciation of the occasionally pressing wants of literature; and my much-lamented dear friend Colonel Alfred Bate Richards, was emphatically a gentleman.

Under his editorship I worked on the paper at home and abroad. The biographic sketches of men who have made the new German Empire appeared first in the *Morning Advertiser*. The Colonel was a very old friend of mine. I knew him when he was editor of the then newly-started *Daily Telegraph*, poor Sleigh's unlucky lucky venture, to the starting of which the great Richard Cobden had contributed certain funds—a

fact but little known, with which I became acquainted through my friend Julius Faucher, then Cobden's Secretary, an eminent German political economist and leading free-trader later on, and up to the time of his decease in Italy a few years back, a distinguished Progressist Member of the Prussian Commons. The *Star* was in gestation then, and Dr. Faucher advised Cobden to help Sleigh to start the *Telegraph* as a *ballon d'essai.* Wheels within wheels, you see.

After my lamented friend Richards' death, a new editor of the *Morning Advertiser* was appointed—a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, nor cared to know him, so my connection with the journal ceased.

To return.

Why, I have even heard the immortal Milton spoken of rather slightingly, and Byron exalted to the highest of all skies, by no less a personage than Dr. Maginn, the very man who had assailed the Childe's Don Juan, and other high-class productions of the noble bard, in the very bitterest vein of hostile criticism.

It was many years ago, *Eheu! fugaces anni labuntur*—when I was with the late James Fraser, that I made the acquaintance of Dr. William Maginn. His charming and most amiable daughters were among my pupils. Poor Fraser, one of the kindest and best friends I ever met in life, was then dying, slowly but surely, of an English gentleman's ferocious brutality. It was on a glorious summer night when there were assembled in the parlour behind the shop in Regent Street, the proprietor of the establishment and of the then famous *Regina Magazine;* that noble Irish Corinthian glorious Father Prout, William Maginn, Charles Ackerley—Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the lords of the land—who had run

over from France on a flying visit, in bold defiance of a host of sheriffs' officers on the look-out for him; the future sage of Chelsea, with the budding honours of "Heroes and Hero Worship" still fresh and green upon him; Thackeray, that wondrous luminary, one of whose resplendent rays was just then bursting upon a pleasingly dazzled world of readers, brightly reflected from the polished facets of the great Hoggarty diamond; and my own humble self: specially retained on the occasion to prepare an iced cup, for great was my fame in those days for this noble branch of practical ethics. It was a glorious night, a blessed night, which will ever weigh heavy in the scale of my most blissful reminiscences. Poor James was exceptionally bright and sprightly; his saccharometer had that day given him hope and happiness. Nimrod told adventures of field and flood in his own inimitable way. The Father gave us his famous receipt for brewing a bowl "fit for the gods on high Olympus, and the men then socially assembled in the *Regina* parlour," which he said differed from Schiller's equally famous receipt only in the unimportant omission of the "aqueous" element, "every dhrap of wather you add spoils the punch." Tom Carlyle grew exuberantly enthusiastic upon Milton, coming down upon the company somewhat heavily, and perhaps unseasonably, with long quotations from the two Paradises, and "Samson Agonistes," interspersed with English-German compounds of inordinate extent, until somehow the Doctor's wrath was kindled, which he proceeded to wreak upon the immortal bard. I verily believe I remember he called him a puritanical prig, I would not be sure, however, it is such an awful thing to contemplate, and I know he did not mean it.

Now the late Lord Chelmsford would have taken the

sage to his heart there and then. *He* was the most absolute votary at Milton's shrine I ever met with. He knew at least the whole of "Paradise Lost" by heart, and could and would repeat any passage from it called for at random. I gave lessons in Mr. Thesiger's family, and had the proud privilege of passing now and then an hour or so in his society. He told me he had committed to memory the whole of the immortal epic by bits whilst shaving in the morning!

Lord Chelmsford was one of the best of men, and a truly kind friend to me. When he was Attorney-General, he recommended me warmly to Sir James Graham, for a professorship at one of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland then about to be established. It was with a beaming countenance, reflecting his own sincere pleasure with the good news that he showed me Sir James' favourable reply. Alas! it was not to be. The monstrous coalition between the then yet uneducated Tories following the lead nominally of the man of stable mind, but in reality of Mr. Disraeli, and the Whigs and Cobdenites combined, succeeded in driving from power one of the best, most honest, and most patriotic Ministries that ever presided over England's destinies.

Sir Frederic would occasionally tell me Milton anecdotes. Thus he told me how Lord Thurlow, when still an undergraduate, had got so absorbed in and carried away by the divine description of the divine encounter in heaven, that he exclaimed excitedly, "A fine fellow," meaning Satan; "by God! *I wish he had won!*"

Sir Bernard Bosanquet, a retired judge, who studied German with me when a septuagenarian, and—*mirabile dictu*—acquired it, told me a companion anecdote to this. Baron Richards, one of his colleagues on the bench, got so carried away by the perusal of the ever-memorable Bardell and Pickwick case, that when he came

to the verdict, he jumped up excitedly, and, dashing the book into a corner, exclaimed, "What the Dickens could Gaselee be about, and the jury? why, the verdict is against evidence—it cannot stand!"

The different appreciation by different men of the doings and productions of others is, after all, simply a matter of opinion, and therefore easily accounted for. But when it comes to matters of fact patent to the senses, to events and occurrences passing in sight and hearing of the parties relating them subsequently to others, it seems rather difficult to realize the subtle subjectivity of views and impressions which must underlie the more or less widely divergent descriptions of different professed eye and ear witnesses. *Tot capita, tot sententiæ,* seems to be the general rule, concurrent accounts the exception. So, in my "rectifications" of historical facts, I might be pretty sure to have always some "authority" or other concur with me, to fall back upon in case of need in support and justification of any lapses I might choose to tumble into.

At a later period in life I had occasion to become myself an authority—albeit on a small scale—on certain historical events and occurrences then actually taking place within the sphere of my own ken and observation; and I only wish I had then been so wise as to liberally extend the practical application of my friend Schnitzler's sage counsel to my reports of what I saw and heard in those days. It would certainly have been so much more profitable to me. But what would you have? I never knew how to be worldly wise.

In 1866 I was sent out by a leading London paper

as special correspondent to report the doings of the Prussian army in what turned out to be the ever-famed seven days' campaign in Bohemia, and seven weeks' war between Prussia and Austria and her German allies. (It may be counted seven weeks dating from 7th June, when Manteuffel marched into Itzehoe, to the 27th July, when Marienberg, the fortress defending Würzburg, was cannonaded a few hours by the Prussians.) In the course of my experience in these most exciting times I had occasion to observe several curious instances of the wonderful power of what I crave permission to term "hallucinative impressiveness" in the genus "special correspondent," variety "graphic." One of the most distinguished of these gentlemen persistently presented General Edelsheim, commander of the Austrian cavalry, with a complete "run" of brilliant victories, strangely enough, always ending in the victor's run in advance to the rear. Another equally distinguished gentleman accomplished the truly stupendous feat of slaying *three* battalions out of *two* of a famous Magdeburg regiment engaged in the battle of Sadowa and Chlum, giving the "graphic" leader-writer of the organ which he represented abroad—in this particular instance very much abroad indeed—the opportunity of writing a splendid leader anent *Pyrrhic* victories. At the time when this gentleman's correspondence was just on the point of being published in a German version at Berlin, I happened to meet there an old friend of mine, who was charged with the responsible task of translating the English letters into the German vernacular. It was upon my recommendation that this graphic episode was left out of the German translation. Though I got but small thanks at the time, it turned out afterwards that the German Staff were somewhat of my opinion, reducing in their official account the "fearful" losses suffered

by the unlucky regiment to remarkably small proportions.

I have made few enemies in the course of a pretty long life—none ever wilfully or wittingly. But the few who have ever chosen to take a dislike to me have always gone in for it with a will. However, it is unprofitable work to rake up dead ashes and stir dying embers, and I will not import an element of bitterness into these reminiscences. I really would pass this irksome subject over altogether in silence here, but that I would wish to account for the omission of certain episodes in my life which I could not possibly touch upon without bitterness.

Pity that the political director of the journal which I was sent out to represent had a personal dislike to me; that he, according to his own admission *after* the crash of Sadowa, knew very little of or about Germany; and, lastly, that the general tendency of the paper was anti-Prussian and pro-Austrian, with an almost incredible excess of Napoleomania. Had it not been for these little trifling drawbacks, my correspondence might have proved more useful and more acceptable.

I was sent out without a line of introduction to any one. I tried my chance with Prince Frederick Charles. I found it no go, to use an expressive vulgarism. I did not blame the great general for his point-blank refusal to allow me to attach myself to the fortunes of his army. I must confess that correspondents at the seat of war are sometimes most inconvenient plagues to military commanders—nay, that they may unwittingly do much harm. In this very campaign, the special of a leading English journal once discussed in his letter from Brünn the imprudence of King William to expose himself there

to capture by an Austrian cavalry raid, and speculated upon the momentous consequences such an event would be likely to produce.

I had the good fortune of meeting some dear old friends of mine in Breslau ; among others, Professor Tellkampf—now, alas ! no more—who was then Member of the Prussian House of Lords for the University of Breslau—and Privy-Councillor Löwig. I also knew Professor Römer, Dr. Carus, and others, through whom I obtained an introduction to the Zwinger Club, to several high officers, to Dr. Hobrecht, Mayor of Breslau, to the editor of the *Breslau Gazette*, Dr. Stein, and to other leading members of the Silesian press, also to the saloons of the Countess Oriola. I found myself thus placed in a most favourable position for obtaining the earliest and most trustworthy intelligence from the seat of war.

Still I tried my best to be permitted to accompany the Crown Prince. On the 22nd June I went to Neisse, furnished with letters of warm recommendation to the prince's physician. When I reached Neisse, the prince was addressing the authorities of the city, in the open place before the War School. I took notes of the heads of his address, and took a short walk afterwards round the fortifications, to let a proper time elapse before presenting my credentials.

I had known Neisse in the olden days—the fortress as designed by General Wallrab, the famous military engineer.

Wallrab was a favourite with the great Frederick. He was a man of expensive tastes, so he sold the plan of Neisse to Maria Theresa. He was found out. The King wished to spare him, and afforded him a *locus pœnitentiæ*. Wallrab was a Freemason—so was the King. At a meeting of the lodge Frederick made a statement to the effect that one of the brothers had committed a

fearful breach of trust, and he urgently invited that brother to obtain his pardon by a free confession. Wallrab kept his peace: when he left the lodge he was arrested, and confined for life in the Star fort of Magdeburg.

Since I had seen Neisse last, very considerable alterations had been made in the fortifications. Little was I aware, all the time I was thus gazing around me, of two spying eyes that followed my movements.

When I went to deliver my credentials, the doctor was not in, and I was told to call again in an hour. I went meanwhile to a confectioner's to refresh. Here I found myself suddenly arrested as an Austrian spy. The Austrian *visa* on my passport was to the acute police mind confirmation strong as Holy Writ.

The day before, a friend of mine, Mr. William Black, the distinguished novelist, who was out there as special correspondent for the *Star*, I believe, had been arrested somewhat in the same fashion.

I was led before General Lewald, the commander of Neisse, who bullied me wofully, threatening to have me shot, but proved amenable to reason in the end, when he turned the vials of his high wrath and displeasure upon the over-officious policeman, who had a bad time of it indeed. I was permitted to depart in peace, without a stain upon my character, as they say in the courts.

There is a story told of a gentleman who engaged a car in Dublin, for an extreme distance of four miles, having unfortunately, only *6d.*, the legal fare, in his pocket. When he tendered this small coin to the driver, the unhappy man cried, with pathetic grief and an appealing glance to heaven, "Ah! your honner, by the Holy Virgin, I wish only you had left me where you found me!" When we had left the general's presence,

my captor and ex-custodian said to me, with a grunt of utter disgust, "Devil take it, sir, I wish I had only left you where I found you." Meanwhile the Crown Prince had left Neisse, and I had to return to Breslau *re infectâ*.

Baffled in my purpose to attend the army under the command of the Crown Prince, I had to await the course of events in Breslau, where I found myself placed, however, in the very centre of trustworthy intelligence from the seat of war, as nearly every scrap of official and authentic information was benevolently communicated to me. Even Prince Adolphus Hohenlohe, an old Prussian cavalry general, who happened to be in the Silesian capital at the time, would not deem it too much condescension on his part to give a call at the Golden Goose when there was anything of special importance to impart to me.

Here I also met General Klapka, passing through Breslau on his way to take in hand the organization of the Hungarian prisoners of war, which Bismarck and Moltke were contemplating at the time—one of the most perilous moves that could be devised against Austria, and which I am convinced had a preponderating share in bringing about the rather sudden conclusion of peace. However, I must say that I had reason to know that the general pretty clearly foresaw that his intended expedition would most likely be nipped in the bud, and that he was by no means over-sanguine or enthusiastic about it.

I faithfully transmitted all information to my employers in London. Well, somehow or other, I could not succeed in giving satisfaction at headquarters. Could I but have managed to let the "veterans of Austria" be victorious in every encounter with the "hasty levies of Prussian tailors and shoemakers, tinkers, and bakers, and candle-

stick makers," as our "political director" had so confidently predicted they would be, and as, to speak the honest truth, nine people out of every ten in England at the time wished and expected them to be, I am quite sure it would have been all right with me. Reuter's monstrously exaggerated despatch anent the battle of Trautenau, went down with my employers and with the British public like fresh butter: my plain unvarnished account of the true facts of the affair was contemptuously ignored.

After Sadowa, King William, in his despatch to Queen Augusta, said that twenty Austrian guns had been taken. This was simply a clerical error, the number being two hundred, as I knew and reported upon the very highest authority. Well, I got a severe reprimand for my "gross exaggeration." What mattered it that it turned out in the end that I had been right? Not even a line of apology was vouchsafed to me.

However, it is unprofitable to dwell upon such petty drawbacks in the experience of a "special" abroad, where the Jupiter Tonans at home is so hopelessly abroad in everything.

A few days after the titanic struggle at Sadowa, I went to inspect the shady and seamy side of war—glorious war!—to gaze on the sad battle-fields, and on the mournful graves; on the promising crops trampled down, and foreshadowed hollow-eyed famine staring threateningly instead; to view the hospitals and ambulances, where thousands of men, that a brief fortnight before had moved about in the full prime and pride and vigour of life, were expiring in untold agony, or passing slowly to the unimaginable misery of having henceforth to fight the hard battle of life with maimed body or shattered constitution.

O the sight of war stripped bare of its glittering

trappings!—Mokanna's face, with the silver veil lifted off—

> "With features horribler than hell e'er traced
> On its own brood!"—

and the unspeakable misery of the after-crop! In 1871, when I was at Elberfeld as correspondent for the *Aberdeen Free Press** I had occasion to call upon a gentleman residing in the immediate vicinity of Barmen. He was temporarily absent when I called, and I was received by a young lady in deep mourning, whose thin, pale, half-transparent face bore the unmistakable mark of a threatening early death. I had called for some special information on the subject of the relief of the poor in Elberfeld and Barmen. As the young lady was unable to give me the papers referring to the matter, I was shown into a room, to await the return of the master of the house. There my eyes fell on a large family Bible which lay on a side table. It has always been a

* I am proud to say I have been connected for years with this leading organ of Liberal opinion in the north of Scotland, and may claim to be on terms of cordial friendship with the editor, Mr. William Alexander, and the publisher, Mr. Alexander Marr—although, strange to say perhaps, I never saw either of these gentlemen, and they are equally ignorant of my own personal presence. It was in 1870, just before the outbreak of the Franco-German War, when my lamented friend Andrew Halliday asked me to write the weekly London letter for the *Free Press*. It was in that paper that I boldly and uncompromisingly predicted the German successes and the downfall of the French Empire. It was at a time when most British editors would have looked upon my vaticinations as the outcome of political madness. Mr. Alexander inserted them in the columns of his paper without the omission or alteration of a word. So did the Liverpool *Porcupine*, for which also I was writing at the time. I have had the misfortune of having to send my views and impressions to certain other journals, whose editors would never permit them to go in without having first undergone a cruel process of excision—by way of editing!—based mostly upon a blissful ignorance of the subject-matter to which they related.

I trust, D.V., to soon resume once more my old connection with the *Aberdeen Free Press*.

weakness of mine to thrust my nose into every book I see, even though I may have read it before, and over and over again. I have a notion that there is always something to be got out of almost any book, some new information or new light upon some subject or other, which may not have struck the reader before. So I opened the book at the title-page, which showed that it dated from the commencement of last century. Between the title-page and index a few fly-leaves had been inserted, bearing usual records of the family. As I felt that I had no business to pry into these, I turned them rapidly over, and went on to the index, when my eye was irresistibly attracted by the numerous ominous black crosses which marked nearly every entry on the page facing the index. I *could not* resist the temptation to read. I found that the gentleman for whose arrival I was waiting there had had a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters. His wife had died some twenty years ago, and all the daughters in their childhood. Of the sons, the eldest had fallen at Düppel, in the Danish war of 1864. Following the entry of his death, the father's hand had traced these words :—" Woe is unto me ! the pride of my house is laid low, and the prop of my age hath been taken away !" In 1866, two sons, the one an officer, the other a soldier in the Prussian army, had met their death for King and Fatherland—as they have it here—the one at Gitschin, the other at Königinhof. Here, again, the joint record of the father's bereavement was followed by a few words of intensest grief, but also pious resignation :—" Lord, Thy hand is heavy upon me. My misery is more than I can bear ; yet Thy will be done. Thou knowest best." Then came the entry of the marriage of the youngest and last surviving son, on Sunday, 17th July, 1870, with the broken young rose whom I had seen—there could be no doubt

about it, as she had told me her *father* would soon be back—and then came the final entry:—"My Oscar, the youngest, the last, the best-beloved of my sons, died on the 21st August, of wounds received in the accursed battle of Mars-la-Tour. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away. Praised be the name of the Lord!" But the entry was blurred and scarcely legible, bearing witness that, however willing and stout the spirit had been to bear, the flesh had given way. I closed the book with a feeling of deep sadness, and rapidly regained my chair, trembling lest the bereaved old man should suddenly come in, and read in my troubled face some tell-tale indication of the indiscretion which I had committed in reading his family records. I had, however, fortunately ample time to recover my composure before the gentleman made his appearance at last. He was a tall old man, but wofully bowed down, clearly less with age than by sorrow and suffering. He received me with great urbanity, and kindly placed at my disposal all the information which it was in his power to give on the subject of my visit to him. When I left him, I pondered deeply on the melancholy results of the mad ambition of princes, and the wretched love of glory of nations. Here was a whole once happy family laid low in the brief space of a few years. However, this is a subject which will not bear much thinking on, and had therefore better be let alone.

No matter! Carnage remains, after all is said and done, "God's daughter," as the "gentle Wordsworth" hath it; and the true philosopher and philanthropist must even, however reluctantly, admit that it is a necessary, nay, a most beneficent institution; being, indeed, seemingly the only effectual means of shielding mankind from the perchance still worse horrors of over-population.

Before starting from Breslau, acting upon the sage advice of my friends there, I endeavoured to give myself somehow a semi-military appearance, to which end I had my grey coat faced with green cloth, and procured the loan of a skull-and-cross-bones cap from Lieutenant Auerswald, whose acquaintance I had made in the famous Golden Goose Hotel.

Many years before, I had known, as a simple captain, the General Auerswald who in 1848 was one of the prominent leaders of the Prussian wing in the Frankfort Parliament, and who, unhappily, was brutally butchered by an excited mob outside the gates of Frankfort on the 18th of September of that year. I was in Strasburg at the time; and from all I could hear of this most sad affair, the general, whom I knew to be a *gentle* man in every sense of the term, of courteous demeanour and urbane manners, would have been permitted to ride on his way unhurt, nay, unmolested, had it not been for the haughty arrogance and provoking intemperate conduct of his companion in misfortune, Prince Felix Lichnowsky, whom I had also known many years before, when he was a mere lad of about fourteen or fifteen, some seven years or so my junior, I think, and whose imperiousness of temper and disposition was even then truly Claudian.

When I first cast eyes upon Lieutenant Auerswald, at the Golden Goose *table d'hôte*, something in the appearance of the young man reminded me so strongly of the general that I could not refrain from asking him whether he was in any way related to my old friend. I then learnt that he was the late general's son. We soon grew intimate. I have now in my possession two photographic groups, in which my counterfeit presentment figures, along with his and that of Lieutenant Wittich, a young dragoon officer, who had been wounded at

Nachod. Auerswald had been sent to Breslau to be treated there for a severe ophthalmic affection.

Professor Tellkampf, of the Breslau University, a very old friend of mine—now, alas! no more—kindly lent me a belt, with two revolvers and a dagger stuck in it, to shield my precious life, in case of need, from injury, as travelling in Bohemia was not very safe just then, of course.

At Freiberg I chartered a conveyance, not over-comfortable to ride in, and rather given to jolting, but drawn by two very decent horses, and with a most honest Jehu —one Joseph Haynichen—to drive.

The first place I came to in Bohemia was Trautenau, a small but very wealthy manufacturing town near the Silesian frontier. It was here that the Prussian corps under General Bonin had, on the 27th of June, sustained the only partial reverse in this brilliant seven days' campaign.

Reports had been sown broadcast over the land how Dr. Roth, the Burgomaster of Trautenau, had treacherously concealed a large Austrian force in the houses of his city; how these Austrians had, after the due and fair surrender of the town, fallen suddenly upon the unsuspecting Prussians; and how the vile citizens of both sexes and all ages had poured molten pitch, and boiling water, and oil of vitriol, and other unwarlike abominations, upon the devoted heads of Bonin's unlucky men.

These reports were wonderfully circumstantial; and the arrest of the unhappy burgomaster, whom I happened to meet on his dolorous way to Prussia, where he was to be tried for his alleged heinous misdeeds, certainly seemed to give them a substantial backbone of credibility. Yet upon searching inquiry and diligent examination of all the alleged facts and circumstances on the scene of

action, I soon found that they were, for the most part, the most monstrous romances ever concocted. Indeed, the Psalmist, who is reported to have said in his haste that all men are liars, might conscientiously have repeated the assertion at fullest leisure, had he happened to pass through Trautenau at the time.

The truth of the matter was that Bonin had simply blundered in his tactical movements, and had allowed Gablentz to outwit him. He might have succeeded in accomplishing the task allotted to him in the great invasion of the 27th of June, as fully as Steinmetz and Augustus of Würtemberg succeeded in forcing the passes of Nachod and Braunau, had he not been over-anxiously intent upon making war with rosewater-scented, kid-gloved hands. He lost more than two precious hours ere he would decide upon an indispensable artillery attack upon the Chapelmount which commands Trautenau. He was reluctant, forsooth, to shock the religious feelings of the Bohemians by firing upon the chapel—a wretched wooden structure that might have been rebuilt at a cost of considerably under eighty pounds sterling. The almost inevitable result of this fooling, and of Bonin's declining the proffered aid of the Guards, was that he was driven back in the afternoon upon Goldenöls—the only partial reverse suffered by the Prussians in this war.

Poor Dr. Roth was subsequently honourably acquitted of the charge so foully brought against him.

From Trautenau I pursued my melancholy way over Alt-Rognitz, Neu-Rognitz, and Burgersdorf—where a fierce battle had been fought, on the 28th of June, between the Prussian guards and the tenth Austrian corps under Gablentz, the victor over Bonin on the day before—a battle which had terminated in the total rout of the

Austrians—to Königinhof (Kralowé Dwor, or Queens-court), which the Prussian guards had stormed on the 29th of June. Hence over Horzitz and Milowitch to Sadowa and Chlum, and Lippa and Nechanitz, and Prim and Problus—the several scenes of the fiercest fights waged on the momentous 3rd of July from early dawn to dewy eve.

On my way up to the valley of the Bistritz I found everywhere ample marks of the disastrous rout of the Austrians, such as the gutted remains of knapsacks, képis, cartridge-boxes, &c., mostly stripped of every-thing in the shape of iron, steel, brass, or usefully available leather about them; also, here and there, carcases of horses slain and flayed. But the men, at least, who had fallen in the fights from the 27th to the 29th of June, had all been decently interred, and the tumuli that marked the spots of their last resting-places were, indeed, calculated to excite a melancholy interest; but there was barely a mark left here and there to inspire horror or disgust.

Far different was it on Sadowa's sad field—although when I came there the sun had risen and set seven times since the battle-day, horrible signs of awful carnage and utter devastation were plentifully sprinkled all over the vast field—extending some nine English miles in length from north to south, by from six to eight English miles in breadth from west to east. Dead horses were still abounding above ground; and dead men also, most of them stripped to the skin, or barely with a tattered shirt or the remains of a pair of drawers left on the poor slashed and smashed body to run a race of corruption with it, were yet lying unburied here and there, in ditches and hollows, and out-of-the-way places. I counted fifteen of them collected in one spot near Chlum; eight on a heap behind Lippa; and I shudder

even now to think how many more by twos and threes and fives elsewhere all over the wide area over which the battle had ranged and raged, more particularly to the right of the village of Problus and in Prim Park.

There they were, these poor remains of what a few short days before had been living strong and valiant men —ever ready to meet death at the trumpet's call, or at the roll of the drum, though many of them verily without the remotest notion of what the row in which they were being butchered could possibly be all about.

Some had their heads carried off; others simply their skulls dashed in; others, again, were battered by grenades into a hideous shapeless mass; some had their legs smashed; from others the life-blood had flowed through gaping gashes. It was a brave sight to feast one's eyes upon—an elevating, an ennobling sight! If an Arthur Schopenhauer had been there to gaze upon this choice sample of man's favourite pursuit in life, he might have had a good time of it, *emphatically;* it would have practically enabled him to add a few pregnant chapters to his pessimist philosophy.*

Yes, there they were lying putrescent on the ground which even seemed to deny them a grave; blackening under the scorching rays which a sun almost tropical in

Many years before, when a student in Berlin, I had attended the lectures of this wondrous anatomist of life, who, after half-a-century of almost contumelious neglect, is now universally acknowledged the true and legitimate successor of the immense Immanuel of Königsberg—and even as a far greater than his predecessor on the throne of speculative philosophy. Unhappily, he was the very incarnation of theoretical and practical universal mistrust and distrust; and, I confess it to my shame, there was something repellent to me in every outer manifestation of his inner being, which made me abandon his lectures, and stick to the infinitely smaller man and mind that went by the name of Hegel. I wish most sincerely now it had been otherwise. Arthur Schopenhauer might, perchance, have taught me to think. But, alas! I was a young fool at the time, and the deuce is, I do not know whether I am much wiser now.

the blazing intensity of his heat was darting upon their naked flesh and into the deepest recesses of the wide-gaping wounds. There they lay, infecting the air and enwrapping the land for miles and miles around in a poisonous pall.

No wonder that cholera, in its worst and most virulent form, had made its dread appearance, striking down strong men, in robust health apparently, with appalling swiftness, as I had only too ample occasion to observe in my visits to Horzitz, and Nedelist, and Nechanitz, and Gitschin, and other places on this accursed plague-line.

On starting from Freiberg, I had prudently made provision of eatables and a few dozen bottles of wine; but the claims of the sick and wounded appealed so overpoweringly to my better nature that I soon dispensed to the last crust and the last bottle among the unhappy sufferers.

Unluckily, there was no possibility, apparently, of replenishing my store. Neither love nor money could procure a drop of wine or beer, or even a loaf of good, wholesome bread. The articles were too scarce just then in these parts, and what there was come-at-able was imperatively needed for those with a better claim to be attended to than I could urge.

So we, Joseph Haynichen and I, had mostly to rest satisfied with an occasional doubtful crust and a drink of still more doubtful water. Indeed, there were plenty of cherries and cucumbers to be had, as the army surgeons, with perverse blindness to the true cause of the cholera scourge, had placed these harmless and refreshing commodities under the strictest interdict.

But then, you see, one cannot be always eating cherries; and cucumbers, without salt and oil and vinegar not to mention tomatoes—all of them articles next to

impossible to procure just then and there—are not very inviting. So our dietary was rather restricted.

Now it happened also that the water in Prim Park was more than brackish. An over-free indulgence there in the luxury of a cool drink brought upon me an attack of cholerine. My camping for several nights *sub Jove*, with the scanty shelter of my vehicle, was not exactly the thing best calculated to cure me of this most inconvenient disorder—to speak in the mildest terms of it; nor did it tend much to woo "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," to my aching, wakeful lids.

By this time I had finished my hurried visit to Sadowa, which lay almost deserted, the great Urbanec sugar refinery and other large industrial establishments being abandoned for the time; Chlum, which also had suffered fearfully; Lippa, Briza, Wschestar, Nedelist, Sendraschitz, Maslovied, and Nechanitz, which latter I found to be a small, melancholy-looking little town, with a church built in the common, most unprepossessing Czecho-Slavian style. At the time, however, it did this much good, that it accommodated several hundreds of wounded men. The town-house also had been turned into a temporary hospital.

In the park of Przim, or Prim, Castle, the fight had raged fiercely. All the farm-buildings were burnt down, as was also the large, then well-known distillery of Prim. The castle alone, with the chapel, both turned into temporary hospitals, and a few barns and small cottages, had escaped comparatively unhurt.

Wherever I went, and wherever I sent my glances around, I saw everywhere the same picture of desolation and misery unspeakable. Never mind! Was it not the second rung on the ladder that led Prussia's king to the German Empire's resplendent throne? Life and

suffering are, according to Schopenhauer, interchangeable terms. All pain is positive, all pleasure merely negative, and the resolution into nothingness—the Nirwana of the Hindoos—is the highest and only rational aspiration of mankind. What matters it, then, if death stalk through the world—so long as the dead lie still and are happy in their annihilation! lying and rotting in cold obstruction, as Shakspeare has it?

I made up my mind at last, to Joseph Haynichen's great joy, to make tracks in search of fresh fields and pastures new.

Skalitz was the next place to which I ordered Joseph to drive.

Now the man Haynichen had never been in Bohemia before, at least not beyond Nachod and Trautenau; and I was accordingly, obliged to direct him in all his movements, which I accomplished from old recollections of the different localities, aided by reference to an excellent map of the country which I carried with me.

My charioteer was a very good fellow, and he was willing to believe in me to a considerable extent; but he dearly loved his horses, and he was acutely apprehensive lest an untoward encounter with Austrian patrols should imperil his possession of these darling coursers of his. Now the fortresses of Königingrätz and Josephstadt were still held by the Austrians in respectable force, and our road to Skalitz, Joseph had a notion, lay in suspicious proximity to possible reconnoitring parties from either.

Besides, Joseph unfortunately had some slight knowledge of the Slavo-Czechian tongue, and he was rather given to the vanity of showing off his great gifts in this respect. His faith in the uprightness of human nature in general, and in Bohemian nature in particular, was by no means small.

When we started at dawn of day from Nechanitz, I

gave Joseph the minutest directions how to drive on to Kukus, on the Elbe, and thence to keep on to the east. Tired out completely with three nights' continual sleeplessness, and enfeebled by the effects of cholerine, I fell fast asleep in the carriage.

I was suddenly roused from my peaceful slumber by a violent jolt of the vehicle over a large stone in the road, and the sullen boom of a by no means distant gun. I started up, rubbed my eyes, and saw before me the well-remembered steeples of Josephstadt, and found, to my intense annoyance, that my unlucky Jehu, sweetly unconscious of the imminent proximity of danger, was just driving me into Jaromirz!

It turned out that poor Joseph, on arriving at Kukus, reluctant to wake me, had asked and confidingly obeyed the guidance of some rascally Bohemian, who had directed him to turn sharp to the south, instead of pursuing his course eastward, as I had told him to do. The scamp had made him believe that the town he saw before him to the south was Skalitz; chuckling, most likely, in fancy over the poor fellow's dismay when he should discover that he and his fare and his beloved horses were betrayed into the hands of the Austrians.

My temper, albeit naturally sweet, will occasionally turn rather short, and on this particular occasion it was indeed roused into red-hot anger. "What cursed folly is this, you idiot?" I shouted. "What do you mean by driving right into the lion's den, you double and triple fool? Can you not see that we are only just a few hundred yards from the suburb of Josephstadt?"

The instant Joseph's ear caught the ominous sound of the name of the place, he turned the horses sharply round, and made them gallop furiously back the way they had come; nor did he draw rein until we were safe again at Kukus. He was thoroughly frightened; not

that he cared for the danger to his life and limbs and liberty, for he was a very brave and fearless man, but solely on account of his darling horses. I verily believe he would sooner have parted with his life than with his team.

The gun whose boom I had heard had clearly been fired at some reconnoitring party of Prussians—certainly not at us; but Joseph, once he had caught the notion that the Austrians in Josephstadt would be glad of his horses, could not be argued out of the conviction that the shot had been intended specially for his trap, and that we should soon have all the cannon of the fortress thundering after us. His simple trust in the uprightness of Bohemian nature was rudely shaken, and he emphatically declared that he would never again believe a Czech, even on his most solemn oath. He penitently promised for the remainder of our trip to be guided solely by my directions.

So we went on our way, endeavouring to reach the high-road leading to Skalitz. But as there was no beaten track, we had to turn off occasionally to seek a more practicable driving-path; and so it came to pass that, on emerging from a small wood, a truly Arcadian scene suddenly met my delighted eyes—a charming farmhouse, with substantial outbuildings, and a pond in front, with a dozen or so ducks swimming on it.

I sincerely love animated Nature, and I think I may conscientiously affirm that, if it depended anyhow materially on my example, I would rather turn vegetarian than encourage the slaying of animals for food. But I was ravenously hungry at the time; so I mentally addressed the poor swimmers on the pond before me somewhat after the fashion of the famous tabbinet-maker

of Dublin, the late Mr. Reynolds, whilom M.P. for the Irish metropolis.

When, more than twenty years ago, the late Mr. G. Hamilton, then member for Dublin County, was proposing a highly penal measure for the suppression of sheep-stealing in Ireland, the witty and eccentric member for Dublin City rose to tell the House of Commons candidly that if he saw a sheep on the other side of the way, and happened to be starving at the time, he should tell that sheep, "I'll take care, my friend, that I live longer than you."

With this bright example in my memory, I also resolved mentally to take care to live longer than some, at least, of the interesting birds swimming so temptingly before my longing eyes. The important initial point, however, was how to get at them. If money and good words could accomplish it, I was most willing to spare neither.

So, by way of indispensable preliminary, I shouted and hallooed to attract the attention of the inmates of the farm. After a time an old woman made her appearance slowly and with obvious reluctance. She was a fearful old hag, who looked, indeed, the very incarnation of Goethe's Mephistopheles in the guise of Phorcyas.

She had only one eye, and that one an evil eye; and only one tusk in the fearful cavern of her mouth, but that one tusk seemingly fit to rend and tear whatever might come within its reach. She grinned at me a most horrible grin. I, though involuntarily shuddering at the unwelcome sight, addressed her with the utmost courtesy, calling her madam, and offering to pay anything in reason for a couple of ducks, and to add a large fee if she would graciously consent to roast them for me.

Perhaps she would not object, I trusted, to add a salad and a bottle of wine or beer.

I might just as well have talked to the ducks, for any sign of comprehension on her horrible old face. Her grin simply expanded into broader malignancy; and she muttered a few words in Czechian, which my faithful Joseph told me were to the effect that she did not understand my gibberish.

Then Joseph took her in hand, diving into the deepest recesses of his boasted Slavic lore; but to no purpose. The monstrous hag only continued to grin maliciously, and to shake her ancient head violently from side to side, striving to look right through me all the time with that basilisk eye of hers. Somehow I got impatient at last; I lost my temper, and began to play, half unconsciously, with one of the revolvers in my belt. I must candidly confess I cannot say what I might not have done. It was rather a mean thing to do to try to frighten an old woman with a revolver, and I felt half ashamed; but I was so awfully "riled."

However, the old woman had barely caught sight of the revolver when she gave a loud scream, lifted up both hands entreatingly, and cried to me in Saxo-Bohemian German, "Schiessen Se ner net, mein juotes Herrche, schiessen Se ner net, I will joa jehe un de Herre ruofe." And with this she rushed wildly back to the farmhouse.

A few minutes after, a man of decent appearance, well, though plainly, dressed, came up to me from the house. He looked much troubled and annoyed, but he addressed me with great civility notwithstanding. He craved my pardon for his old servant's offensive conduct to me, and for his own apparent want of courtesy in keeping me waiting so long. But really he had congratulated himself upon having, by a lucky chance, escaped hitherto all war visitations, and he could not

help feeling it deeply disappointing and disheartening to find that after all an officer of the provisioning department had succeeded in getting to his little farm, on requisitioning thoughts intent.

I hastened to reassure the good man. I earnestly disclaimed all and every connection with the invading army; promised him on my honour that no one should know from me or my driver aught anent the whereabouts of his farm; and I politely repeated my request that he would kindly consent to sell me a couple of his ducks.

His brow cleared. He stretched out his hand to me, and courteously invited me to honour his humble dwelling with my august presence. He extended the same hospitable invitation to Joseph, whose good grace he cleverly managed to obtain by an adroit encomium upon the "splendid appearance" of his horses, and a warm offer to have them properly fed and looked after if we would kindly consent to unyoke them.

Less than an hour after, a glorious feast of roast duck and green peas and asparagus, with a delicious cucumber salad, and cherries and fresh butter, was placed before us, and ample provision of the best Pilsener beer and Vöslauer wine rejoiced our hearts.

Our hospitable host was the son of a German; and his maternal grandmother had also been of the same nationality, so that he had not much Czechian blood in his veins.

Phorcyas—who, by-the-bye turned out to be a splendid cook—continued to grin, indeed, but with benevolence now, instead of malignancy, and she talked Saxo-Bohemian German by the bushel, and declared on her solemn oath that she had never seen two men to whom she could take so kindly and gladly as to Joseph and to me; an assurance which made both Joseph and me look rather

anxious, for fear lest she should take it into her head to give more active and impressive expression to her deep affection for us.

Our hospitable host would not hear of our leaving his place till next day. So we, nothing loth, stayed over night.

On our departure in the morning the worthy man firmly declined receiving even the smallest sum in payment for our noble entertainment. On the contrary, he would insist upon replenishing my store of provisions and wine and beer; and he would take no denial.

Phorcyas was quite indignant when I attempted almost to force a thaler upon her—nay, she looked so deeply grieved, that I forebore insisting upon her acceptance of the gift. I shook hands with her instead, and Joseph did the same, which made her quite contented. The only party in the house who could be made to accept a trifle was the servant who had attended to the horses. So we went on our way rejoicing to Skalitz.

A few days after, I reached Nachod.

The old Wallenstein Castle here had also been turned into a temporary hospital, which I, of course, visited, and where I unexpectedly saw old Field-Marshal Wrangel. This more than octogenarian leader had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the army to the field—as a volunteer! And here I found him dispensing kind words of sympathy and encouragement, and trifling money gifts, to the sick and wounded. He did not see me, however, as I forbore obtruding myself upon his notice.

I had not seen the wonderful old man since many a long year back.

I think it must have been about 1829 that I had the honour of a personal introduction to Major-General

Baron Wrangel, then still in the fullest vigour of manhood, and the *beau idéal* of a cavalry commander.

It was, if I remember aright, at Baron Altenstein's, then Minister of Public Worship, &c., that I first met the general.

On September 20, 1866, the day of the triumphal entry of the Prussian army into Berlin, I saw the old marshal again, high on horse, firm in the saddle, riding with all the nerve and skill of an accomplished young cavalier, and gallantly blowing kisses to every pretty girl his lively eyes could espy in his ride along the Linden alley.

A few days after, Professor Tellkampf, a *persona gratissima* with the marshal, took me with him on a visit to the somewhat musty queer little house in the Pariser Platz, to present me to the ancient warrior, and to the countess, a fine old lady, on the shady side of sixty apparently.

Tellkampf told me that Wrangel prided himself upon his retentive memory for faces, and that he would maintain he never forgot a man whom he had ever seen, though even only once.

I smiled; I was positively convinced he would not recollect *my* face and appearance.

To my utter astonishment, the old gentleman, after closely scrutinizing my face a minute or so, exclaimed, with his wonted brevity, "I have seen you somewhere before." "Yes, Excellency," I stammered, "but it must have been close upon forty years ago." "No matter how long ago," replied the marshal, somewhat sharply; "only I have seen you before. But," he added, unfeelingly, "how old and grey you have grown, to be sure!"

Six years after, in January, 1872, the late Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to the Court of St.

James's, to whom I had become known in London, made a temporary stay at Berlin, where he took up his quarters at the Hôtel Royal. Here the old field-marshal paid the Count a friendly visit; he came on foot. It was one of the coldest winter days, even for Berlin—something like 4° Fahrenheit! Yet there the old man was in his thin military undress coat, without great coat or wrapper about him, and with his spiked helmet tightly fixed on, as usual.

The day after he went on a visit to the Crown Prince, in an open carriage, in which he might be seen sitting stiff and grim, with the same scanty protection against the cold as the day before, yet apparently not the least heeding the cutting, icy wind blowing right through him.

If ever man seemed to be cut out for a centenarian, Field-Marshal Wrangel surely was the man. Yet he died ere the completion of his ninety-fourth year—of a slow fever, which suddenly seized on him in autumn, 1877. Still his immense vitality kept death at bay for several months.

I think it was in February, 1878, that a friend of mine wrote to me from Berlin, how the last days of the old man had been embittered by the vile conduct of a spendthrift nephew of his, who had tried his hardest and worst to extort money from his aged relative—a hopeless task, any one who knew the marshal would have thought. The nephew, however, went so far in his efforts to achieve the impossible, that he actually sent his more than venerable uncle a challenge to fight him! So the authorities had to lay him by the heels, as a public nuisance, which served the scamp right. The marshal left a grandson, who is in the diplomatic service.

Nachod was so chokeful of invaders of all kinds and classes, that my hardest efforts to find shelter in any of the inns of the place, or in any private house, were doomed to failure.

I was told, however, that there was a cotton-spinnery not very far from the town, whose foreman was an Englishman, who might perhaps find accommodation for me for the night.

On our way to the spinnery, it so happened that I espied a small inn lying a little off the road, and I thought at once it would be as well to see whether I might not stay there over night, instead of having to claim hospitality of a private gentleman.

Mine host of the inn, who was a full-blooded Czech, declared at once, with great alacrity, that he could accommodate me for the night, and that he had ample store of provisions and wine and beer in the house; so I told Joseph to unyoke.

But here I met with unexpected opposition on the part of my faithful driver—his belief in Bohemian loyalty had been too rudely shaken to trust himself with a Czech. The instance, which I quoted, of our generous host of a few days back, did not apply here, he argued, the said generous host having very little Czechian blood in his veins, whilst the man who kept this inn was a full-blooded Slavo-Czech. The inn was lying off the road; it was a solitary place; the man had a treacherous look about him; we might both be murdered in our sleep; he, for one, would not let his horses incur the danger of having to change masters; the poor dear beasts would never survive being parted from him; and a lot of nonsense of the same kind.

He entreated me, with tears in his eyes, not to stay there, but let him drive on to the spinnery. But I had

made up my mind to stay where I was; and, as my mission was ended now, I at last told the obstinate man peremptorily that he might go if he insisted upon it, and leave me behind. This, however, the faithful fellow would not do.

He told me it was not his way to leave one in the lurch who had been so kind to him as I had been. Besides, he had promised the Herr Professor, who had come with me to Freiberg (Tellkampf), to bring me back there safe and sound, and he was resolved to do so. Therefore, if I would stop there, why, he must even stop along with me, but the whole responsibility would rest on my shoulders.

So he unyoked his horses, and consented even to share the ample supper which our host placed before us. Nothing could induce him, however, to sleep away from his horses that night. He made me quite savage with his dread forebodings of impending evil; but, somehow or other, he succeeded after all in inoculating me, in a measure at least, with his own apprehensions, which kept me awake long after I had sought my couch. When I fell asleep at last, I had uneasy dreams. Suddenly I awoke with a fit of coughing. I fancied I heard a creaking noise outside my door. I started up in bed and listened intently; I have naturally an acute sense of hearing. There could be no doubt. I distinctly heard some one threading his way cautiously along the narrow passage leading to my room. I crept with equal caution from my bed, and made my way to the door as noiselessly as I could, opened it very gently, and stepped out into the passage.

It might be near two o'clock in the morning; the sky was overcast with clouds, and the night happened to be exceptionally dark for the time of year. Still, when I

reached the top of the staircase leading down to the ground floor, I distinctly beheld a shadowy figure just disappearing through the back door out into the courtyard. Somehow it occurred to me that the said shadowy figure was that of our Czechian host, who might, for aught I knew, be actually on his way now to the stables, on murderous thoughts intent.

Poor Joseph! Had his sad presentiments been right, then, after all? And was this treacherous villain of an innkeeper even now on his way to execute his dread purpose? No, no! this must not be—not if I could help it.

So I resolutely made my way down the staircase and through the back door out into the courtyard, never thinking, in my precipitation, to take dagger or revolver with me. Yes, there could be no mistake—there was the intending murderer silently creeping along to the stable-door, which he swiftly opened, to disappear in the stable. I followed cautiously, yet rapidly. Lifting the latch of the door, I beheld the murderous wretch crouching like a tiger. It was evident that he had heard some one following him. I resolved to give him no time for further preparation. I threw myself upon him, and grasped him by the throat. At the same moment I felt a desperate clutch on my own throat. I silently strove to make my grasp tighter. I knew that I might need all my breath for the struggle, and that I had none to spare for shouting. But the detected would-be assassin was clearly of a different way of thinking upon that point—fortunately, as it turned out.

"You vile Bohemian hound!" he groaned painfully, under the gripping pressure of my fingers, "would you murder your own guest?" and he made a desperate effort to shake me off. Good God! it was my poor Joseph

whose throat I was clutching! "Joseph!" I gasped out, letting go my hold, "can it be you?"

"Gracious heavens! how come you to be here, sir?" Joseph shouted, removing his desperate clutch from my throat. Fortunately we could not gaze upon each other's faces; for I am sure we must both have looked extremely foolish.

When we had regained our breath, Joseph explained how the dread that I might be in danger had not let him sleep, and how he had at last been irresistibly impelled by his growing apprehensions to make his way to my room, to see whether all was right and well with me. He had heard me cough, which had allayed his fears for my safety, and he had then wended his way back to the stables slowly and cautiously. He had soon become aware of some one following him, which some one, in his prejudiced frame of mind, could of course be no one but our treacherous Boniface with the murderous look on his face.

Thus we had simply each mistaken the other for a bloodthirsty assassin, and had thereby lost the best part of our night's rest and got a painfully sore throat in the bargain; and served us perfectly right too, for harbouring such uncharitable thoughts of one who had given us no reasonable cause whatever for suspecting him of evil. I had reason to feel still more ashamed when our worthy host handed me the bill in the morning. It was the most moderate hotel bill I had ever had to settle in a life of pretty extensive travels.

For the appeasement of my conscience, which upbraided me for my cruel suspicion of this honest man, I gave a shining thaler to his little son, to which Joseph, who now declared that he had never seen a more thoroughly honest and genial face than our host's, added

the munificent gift of a florin, to the lad's intensest delight and the father's astonishment.

After many warm handshakings with our host, who, happily unconscious of our evil thoughts of him the night before, energetically vowed on his part that he had never met with two heartier or more pleasant men, we took our departure on our way back to Freiberg.

END OF VOL. I.

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